Benedict Arnold

The Proud Warrior

by

Charles Coleman Sellers

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BENEDICT ARNOLD

A Character Study
by Gladys Lloyd

BENEDICT ARNOLD
The Proud Warrior

By
CHARLES COLEMAN SELLERS

"For war, so exciting, he took such delight in,
He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting."
—Barham: *The Black Mousquetaire*

MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1930

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TO

MY MOTHER

AND

MY SISTER

26994

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BENEDICT ARNOLD

BENEDICT ARNOLD

CHAPTER I

CAPTAIN CROSKIE APOLOGIZES

It was merely convenience, no doubt, which decreed to the gentlemen of a more fastidious age that the early hours of the morning should be the time when they must meet for the shedding of one another's blood in the maintenance of that uncertain bundle of emotions which they called their honor. And yet in the time one can find a poetic appropriateness to the settlement of these inconsequential affairs of life and death. For to each contestant is brought the dawn of something new: a proud vindication, the indecisive disgrace of defeat, death, perhaps,—Fate, the whimsical arranger of these encounters, only knew. Great men, men whose sense of responsibility outweighed the niceties of the code, rarely trusted themselves to the whimsical arranger, and thus the world at large, interested, horrified, admiring, saw after all but one new day of many to come, and each petty, flaring broil passed in its brilliance and took its meager place in history.

History has taken no notice whatever of a hostile meeting on a tropic shore, when two sea captains of the old West India trade fought upon a point of honor. But the tradition which has come down to us in the family of the victor may be relied on to give a creditable account of a not improbable affair. It occurred in the day when England was vying with her American colonies for this southern commerce, and Captain Croskie, it seems, was one of those rough, determined, impatient British mariners who had given so much to the greatness of their empire, while Captain Benedict Arnold without doubt belonged to those plaguey, law-

defying Yankee skippers, who were doing so much to tear it asunder.

It was on the Bay of Honduras, as the story is told, on a radiant tropic evening, the ships swaying gently at their moorings on the infinite blue of the sea, beyond them the dark shore, behind which the sun had vanished in its sudden glory, and through their spars and over the water, the fireflies rivaling the brightness of the stars. But the gentlemen of this age, and least of all, Benedict Arnold, were not greatly moved by these, as they sometimes referred to them, grander prospects of nature. Arnold, as the story is told, was in his cabin, preparing for the final homeward departure of his ship. He was sitting at a table, perhaps, this short, heavily muscular man with the bronzed, commanding countenance, a lantern from the ceiling dimly lighting the room, a pronged brass candlestick on the table throwing a red gleam into decanter and glass, shedding its yellow light over the litter of papers before him: letters from his agents and the masters of his other vessels, accounts of purchases and sales, a tangled record of human desires, of fish and horses, cotton and rum and ginger, mahogany and logwood and Braziletto wood of Honduras. And then, as the Captain is well settled to his work, comes the opening of the cabin door and the presentation of a note from Captain Croskie, inviting his fellow adventurer on board to a social evening with a company of gentlemen. The note is hastily read and laid aside. The sailor retires, and Arnold, whose energetic soul ever subordinated pleasure to business, works on under the yellow gleam, quill scratching fiercely under the strong hand, to the faint creakings of his ship and a murmur of voices from the deck.

Morning comes, and Arnold, having breakfasted, tied his queue and adjusted his attire, enters a boat and is rowed to the side of the British merchantman, the tarry pigtails of his white-clad, bristle-faced sailors thumping their backs with every rhythmic pull on the oars. He boards her and inquires for the captain, to whom it is his intention to express an apology for his failure to answer the

invitation of the night before. After a delay of some minutes, Croskie emerges from some dark recess, florid, and in none too good a humor after the jollities of the evening. Captain Arnold presents his excuses. Captain Croskie replies by swearing roundly that his visitor is, among other things which have not come down to us, "a damned Yankee, destitute of good manners or those of a gentleman." Blunderingly, Captain Croskie has thrust his great fist into the tenderest part of a sensitive and defiant soul, Benedict Arnold's pride in his honor. Benedict Arnold is a man of honor. He is a man of standing and education, a man who has traveled and read and made a place for himself in the world. Without a word, without a change in the suddenly hardened face, he draws off a glove, hands it with a slight bow to the somewhat astonished Englishman, and descends to his boat.

In due course the representatives of the principals confer, and the meeting is arranged, for the following morning, at dawn. The place is to be a small island in the bay. Each is to be accompanied only by his second and a surgeon. Through the day, pistols are oiled and tested, as two brave men prepare for battle. Captain Croskie suspects his damned Yankee of plotting foul play, and Captain Arnold is none too trustful of his opponent's sense of honor. The night passes, and the swinging bats and the fireflies vanish again before the sudden splendor of the dawn. A jolly-boat is launched with a splash and slides over the gilded water.

Arnold is the first upon the field of honor. In a small boat, with his second and a surgeon, he passes across to the little island, green and golden in the brilliant morning sun, and awaits his adversary in the cool shadow of the palms. There are the click and splash of oars at last, and the Englishman swings into view, seated, with his two aides, in the stern of a large boat manned by half a dozen swarthy natives of the shore. Refusing to allow his enemy the benefit of any possible doubts, Arnold walks down upon the sand and demands why the natives have been brought. Captain Croskie has some surly excuse, but the three men land at

the pistol's point, and the dusky crew of the boat are commanded to retire on pain of death.

The ground is chosen and measured, and the principals take their places, the defiant Englishman glaring into the frowning face before him. It has been decided that he, as the recipient of Captain Arnold's challenge, shall fire the first shot. The word is given, he aims, and fires. The thick-set body of the American is uninjured and unmoved. The dark face shows no emotion of triumph or relief. Another shot breaks the silence, and the Englishman stumbles back, cursing, slightly wounded, into the arms of his surgeon. The sharp, strong chin of Arnold falls a trifle, his lips parted in fierce satisfaction at the sight. There is a hawklike mercilessness in his sun-browned face, the black hair, the bright eyes, the aquiline nose, the set white teeth.

He calls upon Captain Croskie, whose wound has been dressed, to resume his place and make ready to fire again. "I give you warning," the proud, contemptuous voice concludes, "if you miss this time, I shall kill you." Captain Croskie steps forward and utters his apology.

In such wise was the honor of the American preserved, that its glitter might catch the wonder and scorn of America and England in later years. This brief flash of battle, seen so vaguely through the mist of time, strikes a keynote for the wild career that followed. Here was an adventurer and, like all adventurers, a man of destiny: a cruel, malevolent destiny that urged him, impetuously hopeful, toward great things, and always snatched them from him when he came too near. Fate, it seemed, was already busy with this grotesque game of hers, when pistols cracked and blood flowed for the honor of Benedict Arnold, on that sparkling little island in the Bay of Honduras, at dawn.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRE-EATER

I. The Merchant Patriot.

"Cruelty and godliness," the Rev. Dr. Peters tells us in that little gem of splenetic lore, his *General History of Connecticut,* "were perhaps never so well reconciled by any people as by those of Newhaven, who are alike renounded for both." One must make allowance for the Reverend Doctor's vindictive bad temper, but the generalization was nevertheless based upon experience. It was a crude and fervent civilization that ruled colonial New England, blatant, progressive and boisterous, a solemnly, belligerently pious civilization, nourished by a conflict of more than a hundred years with the rocky soil, the wilderness and the sea. Samuel Peters, minister of God's will in the ritual of the established Church of England, found himself at odds with the spirit of the people, and was made to suffer for their displeasure. And New Haven, with her shaded streets, her timber houses, white or red or weathered gray with age, New Haven, with her college and her rigorous little intelligentsia, her wharves and warehouses and merchant adventurers, New Haven, of all the youthful, God-fearing Connecticut towns, offered to him the most acrid reconciliation of cruelty and godliness.

At New Haven, sallow divines, stern and strong of visage, thundered unchallenged in the meeting houses, and stern, strong-visaged men, spyglass to eye, looked out across the harbor from the captains' walks. Common folk worked and gossiped and prayed, and accepted those opinions that were taught to them by the lords spiritual and temporal. Ghosts walked in the old houses,

and on foggy nights the ship which the city had sent to Cromwell's navy came back into the harbor, steered by a tall man with a long sword.

Time brought its changes to the colonies, to the seacoast settlements a broader trade and a broader outlook. There grew upon them a sense of power and importance, a sense of nationality. The end of the French wars in 1763 brought the commercial restrictions of an effort to centralize the empire, and restrictions, ignored and resisted over a period of years, brought talk of national rights and honor. To that determined self-confidence which Dr. Peters classified as cruelty and godliness, there was added the flavoring of a sense of honor. And before the conquests of the French and Indian War had yet been ratified on paper, there came to New Haven a short, dark, strong young man, whose soul was the embodiment of a proud and aggressive honor.

The young man came well recommended and well supported. For he had served an apprenticeship with Drs. Daniel and Joshua Lathrop, apothecaries, graduates of Yale, in his native town of Norwich, northeastward by the upper Thames. These gentlemen aided in the establishment of their protégé at New Haven. Above his door a sign glistened with new varnish and creaked in the wind.

"B. ARNOLD, Druggist,
Bookseller, &c., from London.
Sibi totique."

The motto, "For himself and for all," was characteristic of this young gentleman, who loved to lend weight to serious assertions by quoting odd shreds of the classics. New Haven suited his temperament better than Norwich, hidden among hills. He turned to the sea and learned the mariner's science. "Dr. Arnold" was not a title that appealed to him, for it tasted of respected limitations and the middle class. He visited London and the ports of trade. And the shop, which, after the manner of drug stores, carried

a varied stock, including all the latest books from West and Lyttelton on the Resurrection and the Bible in Hebrew to *Tom Jones* and the popular plays and novels, fell into the background in his career. He ceased to import merely for the shop. He became "Captain Arnold," master mariner and merchant of the city. Men saw a stocky, muscular form, and a bold, proud face, roughened and tanned by stormy weather and the tropic sun. Energetic, but recklessly overconfident of the future, at times he suffered ill fortune, to the disadvantage of his credit, for he was not a man who would pay to the limit when funds were low. He acquired ships and warehouses and a fine white mansion on Water street, where a tall and graceful lady with yellow hair, his sister, poured tea for the better people of the town. He was listened to with as grave an interest where the old traders talked of business risks and gains over their Grenada or Antigua, as he was heartily welcome in the gayest social circle, where Grenada and Antigua and good rum punch flowed also, and where the dark little man became an inspiration to the gods of merriment and revealed his speculative impulse in the fashionable vice of venturing into extraordinary wagers with whoever could match his reckless trust in Dame Fortune.

He was dealing in liquors and foods with foreign parts. He sailed to Canada and established business connections, shipping the sleek northern horses to the West India islands, and returning with lumber and molasses and other goods. These activities were of importance to history because they brought this impetuous young gentleman into personal conflict with the new imperial policies. History records the first open encounter in the melancholy case of Peter Boole.

This incautious person, Peter Boole, able seaman, crowned his iniquities with the sin of giving information to the King's agents concerning his captain's business in contrabands. Arnold, before he and his friends ran the wretch out of town, tied him up and gave him such a lashing as he might never expect to receive again, painting the stripes with a knotty right arm that was probably well

practiced in the art. Yet receive it again he did when he dared return to town. The man had persisted, and in the end had been awarded a small sum in damages for his sufferings, while the town meeting favored his cause with an expression of horror and alarm. Smuggling, however, touched the heart of so many an honest trader, that Arnold did not hesitate to appeal to the great court of public opinion.

"Mr. Printer, Sir:—As I was a party concerned in whipping the Informer, the other day," he announced, modestly enough, in the *Connecticut Gazette,* "and unluckily out of town when the Court sat, and finding the affair much misrepresented to my disadvantage and many animadversions thereon, especially in one of your last by a very fair, candid gentleman indeed, as he pretends; after he had insinuated all that malice could do, adds, that he will say nothing to prejudice the minds of the people.—He is clearly seen through the Grass, but the weather is too cold for him to bite.—To satisfy the public, and in justice to myself and those concerned, I beg you'd insert in your next the following detail of the affair.

"The Informer having been a voyage with me, in which he was used with the greatest humanity, on our return was paid his wages to his full satisfaction; and informed me of his intention to leave the town that day, wished me well, and departed the town as I imagined.—But he two days after endeavored to make information to a Custom House Officer; but it being holy time was desired to call on Monday, early on which day I heard of his intention, and gave him a little chastisement; on which he left the town; and on Wednesday returned to Mr. Beechen's, where I saw the fellow, who agreed to and signed the following acknowledgement and Oath.

" 'I, Peter Boole, not having the fear of God before my Eyes, but being instigated by the Devil, did on the 24th instant, make information or endeavor to do the same, to one of the Custom House Officers for the port of New Haven, against Benedict Arnold, for importing contraband goods, do hereby acknowledge I justly deserve a halter for my malicious and cruel intentions.

" 'I do now solemnly swear I will never hereafter make information, directly or indirectly, or cause the same to be done, against any person or persons whatever, for importing contraband or any other goods into this Colony or any part of America; and that I will immediately leave New Haven and never enter the same again. *So help me God.*

" 'New Haven, 29th January 1766.'

"This was done precisely at 7 o'clock, on which I engaged not to inform the sailors of his being in town, providing he would leave it immediately according to our agreement. Near four hours after I heard a noise in the street and a person informed me the sailors were at Mr. Beechen's. On enquiry, I found the fellow had not left town. I then made one of the party and took him to the Whipping Post, where he received near forty lashes with a small cord, and was conducted out of town; since which on his return the affair was submitted to Colonel David Wooster and Mr. Enos Allen, (Gentlemen of reputed good judgement and understanding,) who were of opinion that the fellow was not whipped too much and gave him 50 shillings damages only.

"Query.—Is it good policy, or would so great a number of people, in any trading town on the Continent, (New Haven excepted,) vindicate caress and protect an Informer—a character particularly at this alarming time so justly odious to the Public? Every such influence tends to suppress our trade, so advantageous to the Colony, and to almost every individual, both here and in Great Britain, and which is nearly ruined by the late detestable stamp and other oppressive acts—acts which we have so severely felt and so loudly complained of, and so earnestly remonstrated against that one would imagine every sensible man would strive to encourage trade and discountenance such useless, such infamous Informers. I am, Sir, your humble servant.

"Benedict Arnold."

Some of the merchants disliked the dark young man because they found him a sharp, hard dealer. John Remson was not the only one of his fellow traders who felt the fury of the fierce little mariner's displeasure. To measure the soul of a man of action, one must see him in anger, and here Arnold first appears before posterity in the harsh and vivid wrath of one man against another.

With John Remson, merchant of New York, Captain Arnold had had a business connection of some years' standing. But in March of 1768, we find the Captain in a sour temper born of poor profits and an unpaid debt. "If Mr. Riche," he informs Mr. Remson, "thinks there is anything due him on the contract, he is welcome to seek it in what way he pleases. I think I can convince the whole world I have been a loser of Fifty per cent on both voyages, as every Bill was protested, which occationed a loss of Twenty per

cent added to the Discount the Bills sold at. . . ." This paves the way for the matter in hand: Mr. Remson is withholding a small sum. "I cannot say what pleasure it is for you to keep the ballance due me in your hands, but can assure you it will give me much pleasure to receive it, as it has been due three years and I want it very much, which reasons I hope will induce you to pay my order. . . ." On the receipt of Mr. Remson's reply, the storm broke:

"Sir,

"Your very extraordinary letter of the 12th inst. by Capt. Bradley came to hand, & I assure you it is with the utmost Indifference I observe all the unjust and False Aspersions your Malice could invent, both with regard to the Fortune's cargo and our affidavits, as a consciousness of my uprightness and Fairness in regard to our concerns will never suffer the opinion of you or any other Blockhead to give me any uneasiness. . . ." The upbraiding concludes with some brief bad news for Mr. Remson as its finishing stroke. "Those gentlemen who were arbitrators in the Fortune's cargo were so honest as to determine you should have nothing if the Bills were not accepted, which was the case with every one for both cargoes—which I hope will prevent any more of your Impertinency making the last of

"Yours &c.

"B. Arnold."

The two incidents of Peter Boole and John Remson reveal much of the adventurer's pose in life. In the concern of the informer, he betrays that insinuating hypocrisy which always characterized his appeals to the public conscience. He is the earnest patriot, inflicting "a little chastisement" with "a small cord" for the well being of colony and continent. Toward John Remson, he is the merchant of invulnerable rectitude, "conscious," and this is his favorite and most characteristic phrase, "of my own uprightness." In both affairs, he is the gentleman of a delicate sense of honor, scrupulously, rigorously hostile to the interference of self-seeking men. In both, one feels that the pose is both defensive and aggressive, that he is meeting the possibility of accusation and complaint with accusation and complaint.

Of all these matters, and of numerous others, the gossips of New Haven had a thing or two to say. Hannah Arnold might chat about their great-grandfather, who had been President and Governor of Rhode Island colony, but it was known that their father had come to Norwich as a cooper, had turned merchant, had failed at last, and died a poor drunkard and a public nuisance. Perhaps the quick pride of his son was touched by this disgrace, as his own sons were to be inflamed by the stain upon their father's honor. Not that the son had scruples about high living. He was apparently a popular pot companion, and in this day but little of moderation was required in gentlemen's pot companionship. He was a man of forceful ambitions, not to be seduced by fruitless pleasures. In the life of a thinker, the environment of childhood is of the first importance. But to Arnold it could add only the sense of gentle birth. The Puritan piety of his mother and his neighborhood, utterly incompatible with his nature, was far less a stimulus to action than the ignominy of his father's being "taken up" by the constable for public drunkenness.

The gossips, as sympathetic as they are aggressive, loved to dwell upon the sad case of the young man's mother, so often shamed by husband and son, and yet so piously watchful over her untamable gift of the Almighty, tenderly urging upon him the needs of his soul. "Pray my dear whatever you neglect dont neglect your presios soal which once lost can never be regained." But the child had grown up as a leader of the wildest boys, a vigorous, careless, boastful lad, mischievous and a bully, a dark, smiling boy. He had hunted wildcats and foxes in the woods, he had stolen poultry and tied tin buckets to the tails of the farmers' cattle. He had gained local renown by clinging with hands and feet to the water wheel of a mill, lifted high in air and carried down into the rumbling depths of the race with each ponderous, whining rotation. At fourteen, when interrupted in the business of stealing tar barrels from a shipyard near Norwich, he had stripped off his jacket and challenged the constable, "a stout and grave man," to fight. It

was common talk of how, at fifteen, he had run away to join the forces mustering for service in the north. Friends had pursued and restored him to the poor mother, but ere long he vanished anew with the same purpose. This time he had seen service at Ticonderoga, and other of the wilderness fortresses, until, finding even militia discipline wearisome, he deserted and came home again. Not long after, the worries and prayers of the mother had been ended in death, an event which the gossips must needs lay to the wild pranks of her son.

New Haven had a taste of his wildness whenever his will was crossed. It was long the talk of the town how Hannah Arnold had fallen in love with a gallant young Frenchman, an alliance which her brother, with his usual rigorous assertion and distaste for the people of that nation, refused to consider. So the lovers met in secret, until Arnold returned unexpectedly one evening to find that they were together in his parlor. Procuring his pistols, with which, by practice and a good eye, he had become so expert a marksman, he ordered a servant to bang loudly at the door from within, while he himself waited in the street before the faintly lighted windows of the parlor. As the irate mariner expected, a panic seized the young Frenchman when he heard the din at the door, and he opened and leapt from a window. Arnold's pistols rang out in quick succession, but the shadows of the shrubbery that screened the lower windows of the house and the agility of the frightened lover spoiled his aim. It was rumored that the mounseer met him later at a West Indian port, and that a duel was fought in which Arnold was again the victor. But however all this may have been, Hannah never thought of marriage again, nor ever lost entirely her submissive, admiring affection for her brother, and he throughout his life treated her with regard and maintained her in comfort.

Benedict Arnold, fourth of the name, druggist and merchant, in 1767 married the daughter of the High Sheriff of New Haven County and continued to prosper. In due course, three sons were

born, Benedict and Richard and Henry. Margaret Mansfield Arnold, beautiful and pious and accomplished in the household arts, became a proud echo of her husband's commanding ego. The drug store was abandoned for broader enterprise. And she became his partner in their international ventures and conflicts with the crown of Great Britain. There is a letter of 1773, dated at Quebec, to Margaret, from,

"Dear Peggy, your affectionate & Unhappy
"Bened: Arnold,"

in which he laments, among other nuisances, being informed upon by a seaman, as he was about to sail for Barbadoes.

"My Dearest Life, you Cannot Imagine how much trouble & fatigue I have gone thro' since here, two of my people have Informed against me which had nearly cost me my Vessel, so, had not my friends Interfered which with the addition of Ten or fifteen pounds to the Villains settled the matter . . ."

But the radicals had now so gained in numbers and warmth of feeling that a mere flogging or tarring and feathering passed without particular remark. These expositors of commercial freedom, among whom Benedict Arnold had been a leader from the start, by dint of strong opinions strongly expressed, were coming into control of a young and optimistic civilization.

II. The Soldier Adventurer.

With Benedict Arnold, honor was not a character neatly defined or conveniently abstract, as with most of us. It was his peace of mind, it was his sense of superiority over other men. It was his instinct to command, and where he felt that it was not respected he was hostile or aloof. He saw the world in terms of this domineering self. When he embraced a cause he did so vigorously, wholeheartedly, with no sense of duty or of submission to a higher self, higher than his personal ambitions. No New England merchant

resented more strongly than he Great Britain's efforts to consolidate and centralize the empire, but he did not think deeply of Parliamentary usurpation of power, and had no positive ideal of government: he only talked of them. What mattered was that attempts to restrict his enterprises were becoming numerous and difficult to evade. It was a choice between foreign oppression and honor, the honor of America.

From St. George's Key in West Indian waters, in the summer of 1770, he wrote to a friend in New Haven—"was very much shocked the other Day, on hearing the accounts of the Cruel, Wanton & Inhuman Murders committed in Boston by the Soldiers." It is a passing outburst at the end of a long statement of business affairs, but in it one glimpses the wilful, swiftly emotional soul, aroused by the hope of action. "Good God, are the Americans all asleep & tamely giving up their glorious liberties, or, are they all turned Philosophers that they don't take immediate vengeance on such miscreants; I am afraid of the latter and that we shall all see ourselves as poor and as much oppressed as ever heathen Philosopher was——"

It is, of course, scarcely an unusual failing for mankind to act on personal motives and to assign to principles and ideals an explanatory function. Benedict Arnold was not alone in making his livelihood the basis of action and argument. His was the Age of Reason, and, as the observant Franklin pointed out, there is a convenience in being "a *reasonable creature,* since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do." Arnold was conspicuous not only in the furious resentment which any attempt at restriction always aroused in him, but in that his unquiet, self-engrossed nature sought more than redress as the war loomed. Rebellion from England would bring that state of upheaval and political uncertainty which has always attracted the military adventurer. Hawkins and Drake sought it across the sea; it made the poor Baron von Neuhoff King of Corsica, and Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor of France. And to the American armies came

soldier adventurers from farm and harbor and all the courts of Europe, sententiously patterning their behavior on that of the patriots whose fears and ideals underlay the resistance.

Of these was Benedict Arnold. An arbitrary self-interest was the basis of their careers; courage, and the restless demand for action and power, led them on. To their personal outlook, they combined a soldierly lack of principle. The professional soldier has a free idea of morals: he takes what he wants and allows an end to justify a means. Often their measure of success or failure seemed guided by a consistent destiny, partly from their own readiness to personify Fate, to whom they trusted themselves so often, and partly because with them so much depended on their individual powers and limitations that their careers were apt to follow a course in proportion to their greatness.

Arnold was a shrewd and practical man. His ambition never soared beyond the range of possibility, although it led him against tremendous odds. Not given to profound thinking for contemplation's sake, he had nevertheless a quick mind, vigorous and comprehensive in its judgments. His decisions on the battlefield, considering his complete lack of any military instruction, show the qualities of sure, swift action in the face of danger. Through the hard campaigns in which he won his fame he showed the high qualities of leadership. By his heroism he inspired heroism in his men: he could set them a dashing example of bravery and chivalry and self-sacrifice. And yet his life was a succession of failures, partly from circumstance, largely from his own littleness.

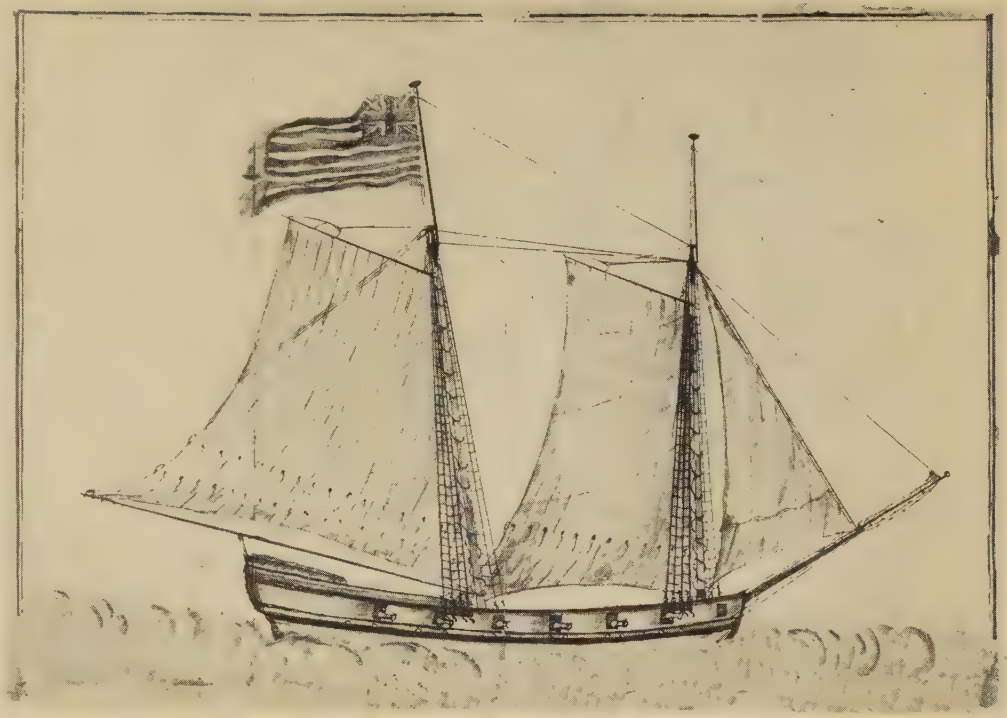
His most costly weakness lay in his social relationships. He could inspire men by a gallant example, but he possessed small personal magnetism, and, with a soldierly directness, scorned to be tactful. He had few close friends. There was a self-assertive finality in his manner which irritated many, and gave to men impressions that he was pompous, suspicious or hostile. He was, indeed, proud, quick to suspect, and a violent hater. In this antagonistic character, he failed to build up the friendships which would have advanced

him in honors as he won glory in the war. His life was a long series of profitless personal enmities. His pride had little of vanity in it, and nothing of the swashbuckler. It appeared in his desire to play a leading rôle. It has been suggested that so sensitive a regard as his for his rights and his character as a gentleman must have covered some sense of inferiority. But Arnold had a healthy knowledge of his powers: it was his confidence in them that underlay his demand for leadership and his hostility to those who might oppose. His nature demanded action, a violent, definite settlement of any doubt. Knowing the futility of arguing a point of honor, he was always eager to fight. He was quick to sense the disfavor of others and always met it with a contemptuous wrath.

His few friends were bound to him by the sense of his leadership, by admiration and good fellowship, if not by affection. They were always welcome at his house and his purse was always open to them were they in need. But the bond of friendship was easily broken if it impeded him. None of life's pleasures, indeed, from the social glass or the admiring female to the worship of the Almighty ever hindered his advance. There were men who were proud to know him, and men who feared, and women who adored him, this discriminating gentleman, this weatherbeaten mariner and merchant: a fierce, impetuous hater and fighter, haughtily assertive, but heavy or awkward in the gentler things. War was in the air, and Benedict Arnold took the "glorious liberties" of America for his charge and made here freedom his aim in life.

III. The Governor's Guards.

Feeling ran high in the seacoast towns in 'seventy-four, and Tories were still powerful and plentiful enough to be the cause of a great deal of bustle and excitement. As the Rev. Dr. Samuel Peters viewed the situation, there were in New Haven two mobs: the mob of Colonel Wooster and the mob of Captain Arnold. As Arnold represented the soldiers of fortune, so David Wooster,



THE ROYAL SAVAGE, FIRST FLAGSHIP OF THE FIRST FLEET

From the original in the New York Public Library

shortly to receive a general's commission, stood for the more solid element in the cause of American freedom, the patriots who took arms against their king from sober conviction and a sense of outrage to their country. Each, perhaps, did have a following of his own in the town, for Wooster was a temperate citizen who had never trusted the firebrand. He was a man past sixty in 'seventy-four, a graduate of Yale who had married the President's daughter, a veteran of the French and Indian War who had served as an officer of the British regular army. He had founded the first Masonic lodge in Connecticut, and had settled down at last as a merchant of New Haven.

Arnold was also a Mason, a merchant, a patriot and a gentleman. But his leadership was based upon a more popular appeal. He had not outgrown the reckless daring of his boyhood. When he was once loading a cargo of cattle, an ox broke away and stampeded through the wharfside crowd. Arnold cut loose a horse, swung on its back in furious pursuit, clapped his fingers into the beast's nostrils and held it thus until his men came up. Such deeds won greater distinction in this day than a more sophisticated era would accord them, and many a revolutionary officer's career was founded upon such prowess. Israel Putnam, who made up in energy and rough good humor what he lacked in generalship, was famous throughout the colonies for his exploit with the she-bear that stole away a pig from his pigpen. "Old Put" leapt from his bed and rushed out into the night, without lantern and armed only with a short club, and thus he followed the squealing of the pig to a cave in the hillside. He entered the cave and killed the bear and her two cubs with his stick. People came from many miles to view the place, and with a pious satisfaction declared that the deed exceeded those of Samson and David.

The Rev. Samuel Peters, however, could see no similarity between the defenders of Israel and the rebel subjects of the King. In the autumn of 1774, this outspoken worthy found himself harried from town to town by the vehement displeasure of the

patriot party, and came, at last, in his carriage, with his servants, to New Haven. Here he consulted with Dr. James Hillhouse on the perils of the situation.

"My house is your protection," that gentleman replied, according to the pleasantly tinted account which Dr. Peters subsequently offered to the world, "yet I want protection myself against the mobs of Colonel Wooster and Dr. Benedict Arnold, who are mobbing the Sandemanians for having spoken against the outrageous conduct of the destroyers of the teas in Boston harbour. But as you decline my offer, I advise you to put up at the house of the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, and, if any disturb you, warn them to keep out of the house and yard upon pain of death; and if they break the gate, shoot them and kill as many as enter the yard. I will raise men and come to your assistance."

The Rev. Dr. Hubbard welcomed the visitor into his house, at the same time removing his wife and children to a neighbor's, in the confident expectation of trouble. Peters generously agreed to shoulder the cost of whatever damage might be done, and the two secured the gate to the yard, fastened the shutters and made ready for use about twenty muskets borrowed for the occasion. Thus prepared, the two divines, with their servants behind them, awaited grimly the coming of Col. Wooster and Dr. Benedict Arnold.

At about ten in the evening, Arnold and his mob arrive before the gate. Arnold tries the gate, and calls upon them to open it. To this the black-robed Peters, firelock in hand, a furious little figure in the dark doorway, replies dramatically,

"The gate shall be opened this night but on pain of death!"

Whereat the mob calls out, "Dr. Arnold, break down the gate, and we will follow you and punish that Tory Peters!"

Arnold calls for an ax with which to force an entrance, and this move is met with a yet sterner warning:

"Arnold, so sure as you split the gate, I will blow your brains out, and all that enter this yard tonight." Dr. Arnold steps back

and orders one of his followers to split the gate, and the mob shouts, "Dr. Arnold is a coward!"

"I am no coward," replies Arnold, "but I know Dr. Peters' disposition and temper, and he will fulfill every promise he makes; and I have no wish for death at present." So the mob cries, "Let us depart from this Tory house!" and *exeunt omnes.*

Half an hour later, Col. Wooster and his mob challenge the gate, and again Peters appears with the same threatening front, and again the enemy retire. On the next day, the hero of the night made his escape in disguise, to continue his harassed peregrinations, leading him at last to security in England, whence he gave vent to his emotions and opinions undisturbed.

Late in December, the mob of Dr. Arnold took a more orderly form. By petition to the Assembly, a new militia corps was organized, The Second Company of Governor's Foot Guards. Its members were the younger, more ardent patriots of the town. They elected Benedict Arnold their Captain. In the independent spirit of the colonial citizen, they all signed a "mutual covenant," agreeing to preserve order and obey their officers under penalty only of expulsion from the company, "as totally unworthy of serving in so great and glorious a cause."

Captain Arnold no doubt devoted much of his time to a study of the standard military texts, the commentaries on the Gallic War, Marshal Saxe's campaigns, Fontinus on strategy, the lives of Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar, of Spinoza, Turenne and Condé. The company met with regularity to drill in the exercise of arms.

"Cock—firelock!"

"Poise—firelock!"

"Take aim!"

"Fire!"

There is a rumbling roar, and smoke for a few moments hides the files from the spectators standing in the trampled snow around the common.

"Half-cock—firelock!"

"Handle—cartridge!"
"Prime!"
"Shut—pan!"
"Charge with cartridge!"
"Draw—rammer!"
"Ram—cartridge!"
"Return—rammer!"
"Shoulder—firelock!"
"To the right—face!"
"March!"

Powder is too dear to be wasted in salutes, but the company continues to practice the intricate motions, varying them with marching, wheeling and the exercises of the bayonet. At last they swing out into the streets, marching down to the Captain's house for a few warming rounds of grog to end the day. The drummer boy is beating them in rhythm, and shrilly, pertly, into the crisp winter air, the fifer plays an old, familiar tune, an impudent, light-hearted tune, to which a long, hard war was to be fought and an empire cracked asunder.

"Yankee doodle diddle doo,
Yankee doodle doo, sir.
The sober lads on Training Day,
Oh, they are precious few, sir."

Rebellion loomed through a holiday spirit of resentment. Those who had led the movement in its infancy were beginning to ponder more seriously, according to their various outlooks and dispositions, on the future. The patriots in general were thrilling to their sense of trampled nationality, of national rights and honor. April came, and in Boston General Thomas Gage, outnumbered almost four to one by the rebel minute men, ordered out his soldiers to raid the stores at Concord. Trusting to speed and secrecy for success, they found the country aroused to greet them, and the war began. It was a small affair, but the first blood had been shed, the match

had been put to the touchhole, and the explosion followed in swift course. The men who had harried the redcoats back to town settled down before it, and the organization of an army was begun.

"The first opposition would be irregular, impetuous and incessant," Gage's intelligence service had informed him, "from numerous bodies that would swarm to the place of action, and all actuated by an enthusiasm wild and ungovernable." He now found the information correct. The Massachusetts leaders took pains to persuade the more placid sister colonies that the regulars had been the aggressors in the skirmishing. From far and near, armed companies of patriots set forth to join the besieging forces.

The news of Lexington reached New Haven on midday of the twentieth of April, the day after the fight. Benedict Arnold instantly summoned his company to the public square, declared in the hot, strong language that best served his emotions that he was ready to lead them to Boston, and called for volunteers. The greater part, in the martial spirit of the hour, agreed to follow him, and these, joined by a few youths from the spectators, numbered a force of about sixty.

On the next morning, with the company ready to start, Captain Arnold called upon the selectmen of the town for ammunition. The selectmen demurred and refused. Colonel Wooster, in the deliberate calm of experience and years, advised the impetuous firebrand to wait for regular orders. Arnold at once rejoined his company and paraded it before the building in which the selectmen sat, a trim double line in scarlet coats faced with buff on cuff and collar and glittering with silver buttons, small shirt ruffles protruding from the white vests, white breeches and stockings and black half leggins above their shoes, cartridge boxes belted smartly at their hips, and cockaded hats shading their alert, proud eyes. He sent in a notice that unless the keys to the arsenal were delivered within five minutes he would break down the doors. Wooster expostulated and begged him to wait for orders.

"None but the almighty God," said Arnold, "shall prevent my

marching." No objection descending from on high, the keys were delivered, the armament completed, and, with sermon of farewell, with a babble of voices bidding "God speed ye," and to whip the regulars, the company was out upon the Post Road, marching north.

Their flags bore, on a yellow field, the three grapevines, emblem of the state, and on banner and drum, the motto, *"Qui transtulit sustinet"* (He who transplanted will sustain). And thus the Governor's Guards, the pride of New Haven, brought a dash of color and a martial roll of drums to the villages along the way, and the people responded with warm welcome to their coming and a cheery farewell as they passed on. And thus they swept gaily into Cambridge, the best drilled and the only perfectly uniformed and equipped company in the camp. Arnold took up his quarters at the splendid mansion of Lieutenant-Governor Oliver, who had fled to the British, and his spruce little band of rebels became a boast and inspiration to the citizen soldiery, and was selected as the sample of American military prowess when a guard of honor was needed to deliver to General Gage the body of an English officer who had died a prisoner. But the mind of Captain Arnold was concerned with greater projects than the reputation of the Governor's Guards, or the siege of Boston.

CHAPTER III

TICONDEROGA

I. Arnold Seeks His Fortune.

On his arrival at Cambridge, Captain Benedict Arnold at once waited upon the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and proposed to this body the immediate seizure of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The project had been in his mind for some time, although this was his first statement of it. Obviously, he had guarded his ideas for his personal attention, but there is evidence that he had some months before made inquiries as to the royal armament at these forts. He had knowledge of the works, for he had served there as a boy, and he had reliable reports that they were in poor repair and weakly garrisoned. His fear that others would strike at the same objective was realized, and was soon to be the cause of much wrangling and bitterness. The advantages of the project, indeed, were obvious. In the first place, there was known to be a great store of cannon, shot and other munitions of war in the arsenal at Ticonderoga. Cannon, especially, were needed to make the arsenal effective. Secondly, and most important to Arnold's ambitions, these fortresses commanded the main route between Canada and the South. They had been built to check the French invasions by the narrow lakes, and to serve as a base for attacks upon the French. And thus, in American hands, they might frustrate the advance of royal forces from the North, and serve as the starting point for an expedition to quell the British influence in Canada, and unite her to the rebel colonies in the armed protest. If Benedict Arnold, by a bold stroke, could seize the famous passage, strengthen it against reprisal, and at the same time send to Cambridge ord-

nance for the reduction of Boston, he might well hope for the command of an army against Montreal and Quebec, and, with the addition of this vast territory, for fortune, rank and honor.

As the young Napoleon, in his ambition, was to seek the command of the distant Army of Italy, so the adventurer Arnold looked to this remote province for his making. Miles of wilderness would separate him from the southern centers of population, with the lakes and the sea as the only open lines of communication. It was an ideal field for one of his commanding temperament, so ungovernable, so energetic and ambitious a soldier of fortune. What power he sought cannot be told, and indeed his ambition was too strong and the elements of uncertainty too great for himself to plan the ultimate future definitely. It is not probable that he hoped for a crown. He did not act on principle, he had a weakness for speculation, but he was not one who followed impulse and glittering probability. The colonies were to become the first large experiment in democracy, and many able men believed that the experiment would fail, and some sort of monarchy become necessary. But Arnold was a man whose breadth of view and sound judgment were warped only when personal antagonisms inflamed him, and he was not a student of government and had shown no interest in politics. It is probable that he sought a basis of wealth and fame, on which to lay a career of power. Canada was his ambition till the last years of the war; with its final failure he turned, with the eager recklessness of a losing gambler, to the desperate ventures that brought his ruin.

But of all this he said nothing to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety. His plan was the surprise of Ticonderoga, and he set it before these worthy gentlemen with a fulness of detail and an energetic directness which convinced them of its advantages and almost certain success. In this he was aided by the friendship of the most influential member of the Committee, Dr. Joseph Warren. The men were not alike. Warren had the outstanding qualities of Washington: he was not only a courageous and substantial soldier,

but a man of high principle, firmly devoted to his cause, a leader whose wisdom was supported by tact. They were friends because he admired Arnold's forceful ability, encouraged him, and advanced him on his chosen course. Others were talking of the exploit, but Arnold was the choice of the Committee of Safety.

Within two weeks of his arrival at the camp, Benedict Arnold received a Colonel's commission from the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and his marching orders, dated May third, 1775, from the Committee of Safety. The matter, of course, was conducted with secrecy. He received money, ammunition and horses. He was to go to the western part of the colony and recruit from that general region a body of men, not to exceed four hundred, with which he was to march at once on Ticonderoga. After the capture, he was to leave a sufficient armament for the defense of the fortress, and to return in person with that which might best be used at Cambridge. In his usual vigorous manner, and in the knowledge that the utmost speed was essential to success, Colonel Arnold bade a hasty farewell to his comrades of the Governor's Guards, all but a dozen of whom shortly returned to contribute to the security of their native colony and town, and had soon left Cambridge far behind him.

II. The Lake Passage.

To the patriot leaders of the western towns the Colonel dispatched letters asserting his authority as commander of the forces against Ticonderoga and calling for their coöperation in recruiting his men. These gentlemen had been as busy in the defense of their liberties as the Whigs of New Haven. "The poor Tories," as the Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, "fighing Parson Allen," wrote to a colleague in the good work, "are mortified & grieved & are wheeling about, & begin to take the quick step." They, also, had an eager interest in Ticonderoga, like Arnold's, spurred on by current information confirming the inadequacy of the garrison and the ruin-

ous condition of the works. One interested Yankee had spied out the place in the guise of a whiskered countryman looking for a barber. In another letter, written while Arnold was yet on his way across the hills, the Rev. Allen had exciting news on this matter to impart:

"I have the pleasure to acquaint you that a number of Gentlemen from Connecticut went from this place last Tuesday morning, having been joined by Col. Easton, Capt. Dickinson & Mr. Brown, with 40 soldiers, on an Expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, expecting to be reinforced by a Thousand Men from the Grants above here; a Post having previously taken his Departure to inform Col. Ethan Allen of the Design, and desiring him to hold his Green Mountain Boys in actual readiness. The Expedition has been carried on with the utmost Secresy, as they are in hopes of taking those forts by surprise. We expect they will reach those forts by Saturday next, or Lord's Day at farthest. . . . We earnestly pray for success to this important expedition, as the taking of those places would afford us a key to all Canada."

Although his following of wild frontiersmen was far from the expected thousand men, it was to the aspiring, impetuous Ethan Allen, an outlaw through his protest against the injustice of a colonial court, that the command of this enterprise was accorded by its members, and the little potpourri of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont enthusiasts, not two hundred strong, marched with all speed upon its prey.

Arnold, of course, was at once informed of the rival undertaking. There was no time to wait for recruits. He left the few officers who had accompanied him to attend to that detail, and set out in pursuit. On the evening of the ninth of May, he overtook Allen's anomalous muster, showed them his commission, and, as they acted on no public authorization whatever, claimed the command. To the soldiers, who were accustomed to choose their own officers, and who had no especial reverence for paper authority, this was impertinent presumption from an outsider, and they treated it as

such. The newcomer's actual command consisted of one man only, his body servant, to them a badge of the indolent aristocracy. They rested impatiently on their arms. The leaders dismounted and conferred.

Ethan Allen was a man of Arnold's own stamp and with similar ambitions for a career of glory in the north, albeit less capable of carrying them out; like Arnold, he was haunted by misfortune in his adventurous life and died in the ignominy of a traitor, chiefly for the despised and dreaded crime of publicly denying the divine authority of the Bible. He was a coarse, gigantic man. To him is ascribed the feat of twisting a ten-penny nail in twain with his teeth. He strode back among his men and they put their heads together in hasty confabulation.

"What shall I do with the damned rascal, put him under guard?"

But time was more precious than technicalities, and Colonel Arnold was allowed to join them, without definite rank, still claiming the supremacy but issuing no orders. On that night the men emerged from the forest upon the lake shore, across whose narrow surface, above the black horizon, the gray walls of the fortress rose.

Only a few small boats could be found. The men tugged furiously at their oars, back and forth, across the smooth, dark water, in the desperate effort to bring the whole force into action before the sunrise could betray them. A surprise would save a well-nigh hopeless assault on the tall stone ramparts for the attackers were without cannon. But it was at the head of scarce half their company that Allen and Arnold hastened through the gray mists of early dawn, rushed up a narrow path and into the arched shadow of a sally port in the wall. The wicket in the gate stood open. A sentry lunged at one of the passing shadows, there was a momentary scuffle, but the men poured in irresistibly. Their officers struggled to form them in the barrack square, as the sleeping garrison was roused by their savage cheers. There was furious confusion in the

darkness, doors crashed down before musket butt and tomahawk, there was whooping and cursing as the redcoats were dragged from their bunks.

Allen, in this proud moment, called loudly for Captain Delaplace, commander of the post, to come forth at once and surrender, under penalty of the massacre of the entire garrison. "At which," as he afterward set the matter down for posterity, "the Captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand, when I ordered him to deliver to me the fort instantly, who asked by what authority I demanded it: I answered him, 'In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.'" Delaplace seemed dubious at this, but a determined flourish of the furious provincial's sword and Arnold's calmer advice, "Give up your arms and you'll be treated like gentlemen," decided him, and he ordered his garrison, some forty sour and disheveled warriors, to parade without their arms.

"The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior luster," the victor goes on in his memoir, "and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled on its conquerors, who tossed round the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress and the liberty and freedom of America." The accord, however, was a brief one. Matters were not so smooth as they may have seemed in later years, and there was much work to be done. The business of the day was to take stock of the captured arsenal, which did justice to the expectations of all.

On the eleventh, Colonel Allen dispatched letters to various parts, telling of the victory and the extent of the conquest. "Gentlemen," he announced to a committee at Albany: "I have the inexpressible satisfaction to inform you that on day-break of the 10th instant, pursuant to my directions from sundry leading gentlemen of Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut, I took the fortress of Ticonderoga, with about one hundred and thirty Green Mountain Boys. Colonel Easton with about forty-seven valiant soldiers distinguished themselves in the action. Colonel Arnold entered the fortress with

me side by side." With a request for immediate reinforcements, he closed the letter, "Ethan Allen, Commander of Ticonderoga." In his letter to the Congress of Massachusetts, he extolled the services of Colonel James Easton and John Brown, Attorney-at-law, of that colony, but made no mention of Arnold whatever. Obviously, there was trouble brewing. Arnold's Regimental Memorandum Book, containing his account of the campaign, opens with an irate statement.

"When Mr. Allen, finding he has a strong party, and being impatient to control, and taking umbrage at my forbidding the people to plunder, he assumed the entire command, and I was not consulted for four days, which time I spent in the Garrison.

"N. B. As a private person often insulted by him and his officers, often threatened with my life, and twice shot at by his men with their Fusees."

Everything in Arnold's nature would urge him to bring the matter to a crisis as soon as possible, and one can readily imagine how the insult implied in the order against plundering must have warmed the ire of his comrades in arms. The Green Mountain Boys, indeed, were only too ready to overindulge their taste for confiscation. Arnold had a more soldierly view of the matter, and knew the perils of a riotous irregularity. With his usual aggressiveness, he was putting himself forward as the representative of authority among men who knew no rules but those of their own making. Failing to frighten the pretender into submission by threats of violence and occasional sudden discharges of musketry in his direction, they produced a paper purporting to give Allen legal authority from Connecticut, but the ruse was equally unavailing.

"I should be extremely glad to be honorably quit of my commission, and that a proper person might be appointed in my room," Arnold informed the Provincial Congress in a tone of modest resignation. He had, of course, no thought of surrender. "Colonel Allen," he told the Committee of Safety with more truth,

"is a proper person to lead his own wild people, but entirely unacquainted with military service."

To James Easton and John Brown he had taken a poisonous dislike. Easton, who had successfully combined the professions of deacon and innkeeper by virtue of a confiding nature and a taste for local diplomacies, claimed the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Arnold, in assertion of his stated right to appoint his own officers, refused to recognize it. Brown, rational in his habits, but readily stirred to exasperation, was at heart a lawyer. In his adopted profession of arms, he was to prove himself a brave and most effective bluffer. He was a Yale graduate, had pamphleteered against the mob spirit of the Boston "tea party," and his legal mind was now greatly disturbed by Arnold's assertions of authority and the dictatorial freedom of his conduct in meeting military necessity. As he had read law with Oliver Arnold, Attorney-General of Rhode Island and a cousin of his enemy, the two were probably not unacquainted. Easton now announced his intention of carrying the whole matter before Congress and securing the withdrawal of the trouble-maker's shadowy authority. An endless succession of such quarrels, suspicions, appeals, hindered and delayed the headstrong ambitions of Arnold throughout the war. In his angry efforts to pursue them, force them to the surface and crush them, he only multiplied their number and increased the tangle.

At Ticonderoga, there was the perfect setting for a luxury of feud and faction. Arnold was in an agony of suppressed rage. He had authority, but nothing wherewith to enforce it. He had not only won no glory, but his reputation was to be attacked. These swashbucklers threatened his whole career. He kept apart from them. They watched him contemptuously, and sniffed with pleasure the acrid smoke of his smouldering fury. After the surrender, Arnold had again put forward his claims to command, urging the necessity of bringing the ordnance to Cambridge according to his orders. But there was no more thought of submission on one side than on the other, and the courts of appeal were very far away.

Allen was eager for a campaign to the northward, and shortly after the capture, his men took possession also of the fort at Crown Point, at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain. Prudently, however, he shunned as much as possible the personal hostility to Arnold. The hostile faction was led by Easton, who assiduously devoted himself to ruining the good fame of his enemy, enlarging on the subject before the officers and men of the expedition, and writing vehement letters to all who might use authority to curb him. An account of the capture was published, omitting all mention of Arnold and stating that it was to Easton that the Commandant had surrendered his sword, a claim which Delaplace himself denied. A partisan of Arnold wrote in indignant refutation. Arnold was the first to enter the fort, he said, Allen about five yards behind, and Easton the last man of all, "he having concealed himself in an old barrack near the redoubt, under the pretence of wiping and drying his gun, which he said had got wet in crossing the lake; since which I have often heard Col. Easton, in a base and cowardly manner, abuse Col. Arnold behind his back, though very complaisant before his face." But things moved swiftly at Ticonderoga, and Arnold's opportunity soon arrived.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of May, his henchmen, Captains Oswald and Brown, arrived with fifty recruits and the schooner *Liberty,* captured at Skenesborough on the way. Eleazer Oswald was an old friend and comrade of the Governor's Guards, who had linked his own to Arnold's rising fortunes. Arnold had now a force of his own, and his pent-up energy burst into action. He informed the Continental Congress, which had assembled at Philadelphia on the day of the fall of Ticonderoga, that the vessel had been seized by his orders, and that a few hours more of delay would have prevented it.

"I ordered a party to Skenesborough," he told the Massachusetts Committee of Safety on the day of the arrival, "to take Major Skene, who have made him prisoner and seized a small schooner, which is just arrived here. I intend setting out in her directly, with

a batteau and fifty men, to take possession of the sloop, which we are advised this morning by the post, is at St. Johns, loaded with provisions, etc., waiting a wind for this place. . . .

"I have about one hundred men here, and expect more every minute. Mr. Allen's party is decreasing and the dispute between us subsiding. . . . I have done everything in my power and put up with many insults to preserve the peace and serve the publick. I hope soon to be properly released from this troublesome business." Under the matter-of-fact style of this arch-optimism lies the subtle endeavor to combat evil report and secure his reputation as a slave to duty and a man of honor.

By the fifteenth, Arnold had armed the schooner with four carriage and six swivel guns, manned her with his fifty men, and advanced his force to Crown Point. Allen was also at that place. The fort of St. Johns, about eighty miles distant at the northernmost point of the lake, and but a short march from Montreal, was now the objective. The sloop known to be there was an armed vessel of seventy tons, much larger than the schooner, and, as Arnold realized, would give a tremendous advantage to its possessor in the transportation of troops upon the lakes. Arnold planned a raid, Allen a capture. A council of war was held, and the rival leaders came to an agreement: they would advance at once upon St. Johns, Allen in bateaux, Arnold in his newly-won schooner.

On the sixteenth, they all started down the lake, Allen's men heaving at their oars, the *Liberty* some miles ahead of them, tacking back and forth across the narrow water against a head wind. But the wind shifted on the following day and blew from the south, and the schooner, with all sail crowded on her, left the laboring oarsmen far behind. By nightfall, she was within a few miles of the post. The wind falling, Arnold manned two boats with thirty-five men, and rowed all night, reaching St. Johns at six in the morning. He surprised and captured a sergeant and twelve men. The royal sloop, later renamed the *Enterprise,* large, chubby, and a poor sailer, but a great addition to his strength, was taken, and in

addition, there were bateaux, cannon and other supplies. His stay was short. Everything that was fit for use was loaded on shipboard, and the rest destroyed. The wind was from the north, and Arnold took to the water again, leaving St. Johns under a column of smoke behind him.

"The wind springing up fair at 9 oc'k," as the vindictive Arnold jotted down laconically in his memoranda, "weighed anchor and stood up the Lake, and at noon met Colonel Allen, and his party of 100 mad fellows going to take possession of St. Johns, and not being able to persuade him from so rash a purpose, supplied him with provisions, &c." As the sailing ships bore down on the little flotilla of bateaux, they saluted with a triumphant explosion from their armament. This Allen answered with a rattle of small arms. The cannon of the ships bellowed down the lake again, and the exchange of salutes was three times repeated. This done, Allen and his officers boarded the sloop, and all gathered in the cabin, "where several loyal Congress healths were drunk." Colonel Arnold blandly inquired what the plans of Colonel Allen might be. Colonel Allen replied with dignified determination that he intended to occupy and hold St. Johns in the face of all that Governor Carleton might bring against him.

Arnold was not perturbed at this thrust into his chosen field for conquest. "It appeared to me," he deftly informed the Committee of Safety, "a wild, impracticable scheme, and provided it could be carried into execution, of no consequence, as long as we are masters of the Lake." He had supplied Allen with provisions, he went on, "his men being in a starving condition," and concluded with the hope that no ear would be given to the talebearers. "I know of no other motive they can have, only my refusing them commissions for the very simple reason I did not think them qualified." Probably he was well satisfied to see his rival proceed on this hazardous undertaking, that he might be left undisturbed at the more important points. Ethan Allen, however, had scarcely arrived at the ruined and dismantled garrison than he was attacked

by a superior force and obliged to seek Liberty in a precipitate retreat.

Arnold returned at once to Ticonderoga and the work of arming his ship, gathering supplies, repairing the fortifications, mounting cannon upon them and dispatching guns to Cambridge. Allen, we learn from a letter of June first, had lost some of his ardor after the repulse at St. Johns. Arnold was busy with the work of defense. On the tenth of June, he sailed to Crown Point on this business. He arrived at five in the evening, and learned that Allen, Easton and Major Samuel Elmore of Connecticut were at the post and had just called a council. The relentless fire-eater promptly summoned all to a council of his own. They demurred, with excuses. "On which I wrote the counsell," as he briefly recorded it, "that I could not consistently with my duty suffer any illegall counsells, meetings, &c., as they tended to raise a mutiny, that at present I was the only legal Commanding Officer and should not suffer my command to be disputed, but would willingly give up the command when anyone appeared with proper authority to take it. This had the desired effect and they gave up their expectation of commanding."

Nevertheless, he doubled all the guards to prevent opposition. During the night, Allen and his officers essayed to go past the sloop without showing a pass, and were brought to by the sentinels. They returned to the post, and a vehement altercation followed. Arnold was making a forceful explanation to Elmore when Easton, who was armed at the time with two pistols and a cutlass, angrily intruded between them. He was answered by a blow in the face from the infuriated Arnold, who, when he failed to respond with a challenge, kicked him from the room.

"I had the pleasure," wrote an eyewitness, "of seeing him heartily kicked by Colonel Arnold, to the great satisfaction of a number of gentlemen present." Arnold himself noted the incident with terse relish. "I took the liberty of breaking his head, and on his refusing to draw like a gentleman, he having a hanger by his side

and a case of loaded Pistols in his pocket, I kicked him very heartily and ordered him from the point immediately." There were, however, broader differences on the subject of Colonel Arnold's authority than those which gave rise to these lively doings.

III. The Fire-eater Deposed.

The capture of "Ty," as the soldiers called the place, had startled the country almost as much as the news of Lexington. This was an act of offensive war against the crown, and much as they rejoiced in the possession of the fort, the colonies eagerly took refuge from blame in the informal origin and composition of the force that had accomplished it. What to do with it, now that the place had been taken, was moreover, a knotty problem for the statesmen. Eager as Massachusetts, the nest of radicalism, had been for its seizure, she was equally fearful of incurring the hostility of other colonies in a dispute over spoils or a question of jurisdiction. The tactful Warren perfectly understood the possible jealousy of the colonies, the actual jealousy of the factions at the fort, and he handled the situation with caution. As soon as it was learned that the capture had been made by an expedition originating in Connecticut, Massachusetts relinquished to her all jurisdiction in the matter, asking only that cannon, could it be spared, be sent to Cambridge. And Warren added, as a suggestion, that Colonel Arnold might be allowed to bring such ordnance to the besieging army, "as a means of settling any dispute which may have arisen between him and some other officers."

Arnold received copies of this correspondence and was perfectly aware of the situation. In reality, therefore, the authority by which he claimed supremacy had been withdrawn, and he knew it. But to retire would have been surrender to enemies whom he despised, a wound to his honor. His determination was to remain, to secure the lake passage against assault by the British, and against mismanagement by Allen, who had departed to seek in person from

the legislators of New York and the Continental Congress a definite command against Canada. He entered into communication with Governor Trumbull of Connecticut. He discussed the possibilities of an invasion of Canada. He had already sent scouts and messengers north, and had found the Indians friendly, and a hope of welcome from the Canadian malcontents. "I have wrote very fully on the subject to the honourable Continental Congress," he announced in a secret dispatch, "and sketched out a plan for taking possession of the country, if thought advisable by them." The people of the lake region came to rely on his vigorous personality to protect them from the scalping knives of the Five Nations, and a number of them gathered and pledged him their support in writing. All that was needed for his final establishment on the threshold to Canada and a career of conquest and glory was an official sanction to his plans, and in this he was utterly ignored.

New York, which claimed the territory on which the fortress stood, had more urgent matters for attention and turned over the control to Connecticut, for the nonce, asking Trumbull to provide a commander and garrison. The Governor, accordingly, commissioned Colonel Benjamin Hinman for this duty, and sent him to the front with a reinforcement of almost a thousand men.

On Saturday, the seventeenth of June, Colonel Arnold was at Crown Point. His men were bringing in timber, repairing the barracks, making oars for the bateaux and entrenching. In the midst of all this, Hinman arrived and presented his credentials. The obstinate adventurer refused to acknowledge defeat, refused to resign his command: "As he produced no regular orders for the same, I refused to give it up, on which he embarked for Ticonderoga." At Ticonderoga, Arnold's men remained under the command of a Captain Herrick, but Hinman, a pacific, inactive person, had a sufficient force of his own and displayed no animosity.

"Colonel Hinman," wrote Trumbull to the Massachusetts authorities, "writes that he is in quiet possession of Ticonderoga and does not find that there are any enemies about him." Arnold was

the victim of intercolonial diplomacy, but he had no intention of abandoning the course of honor and ambition. He had still a foothold in the gateway to the north, he had spent a part of his own fortune in the maintenance of its garrison, and he meant to hold what he had to the last ditch.

The last ditch, in due course, was reached. The Congress of Massachusetts learned that Arnold, in defiance of its orders, had declined to recognize the authority of Connecticut. To Arnold, the whole affair involved a reflection upon his ability as an officer and his honor as a gentleman. He openly attributed it to the invented scandals of his enemies, who, indeed, had stirred up a cloud of malicious tales of lawless violence, embezzling and mismanagement. It was in vain that the Congress assured him it would act on no accusations without a full hearing. He insisted that every attempt to deprive him of his power was the result of personal enmity and intrigue, and hurled back a torrent of vehement expostulation upon the legislators. They, however, refused to be abashed and appointed a committee of three to repair at once to Ticonderoga, examine into the state of the fortifications and the conduct of their troublesome Colonel, and, if thought fit, discharge him from the service of the colony.

Receiving its instructions on the fourteenth of June, the committee arrived at Crown Point on the twenty-second. The Colonel received them cordially. Reports had come in that the British meant to retake the forts, and he showed them with enthusiasm his preparations for their coming. There was a sudden change when they made known their instructions: he was expected to resign his command to Colonel Hinman; his conduct was to be looked into. Arnold was furious. He was, the committee reported, "greatly disconcerted, and declared he would not be second in command to any person whomsoever." He brooded sulkily till his rage and disappointment had cooled a little. He then presented his resignation to the committee in a letter, the terms of which they pronounced highly disrespectful. A brief flurry followed. Arnold sent orders to

Captain Herrick to resign the command to Hinman, and ordered all of his troops immediately disbanded. The committee, which had appointed Easton second in command, the post which Arnold might have had, attempted to reënlist the disbanded soldiery. A number of them undertook to prevent this by forceful measures. The mutineers held possession of the ships. A party sent to parley with them was met by a discharge of musketry and swivel guns, was finally allowed to come on board, only to be seized and guarded with fixed bayonets. These disturbances, however, soon yielded to persuasion.

Arnold rode for Cambridge, sending before him a letter to the Provincial Congress complaining of the outrage. He mentioned his devotion to duty and his sacrifices in the cause, in spite of which a younger officer of equal rank had superseded him, without due inquiry into his conduct, "a very plain intimation," he declared, "that the Congress are dubious of my rectitude or abilities, which is a sufficient inducement for me to decline serving them longer."

IV. The Honorable Continental Congress Reconsiders.

In the meantime, the Continental Congress at Philadelphia had been changing its mind. It had, on June first, resolved against any expedition of any sort into Canada, and ordered the resolution transmitted to Ticonderoga and published to the Canadians. There was a constitutional vindication for defensive measures; an invasion of the northern province would savor too much of treason and revolt. But in warfare any aggression is in a sense defensive, a reasoning which has been of value to persuaders and apologists in many a crisis. It was argued, however, that to send an army to Canada was not hostility, but an act of good will, a demonstration which would inspire these northern brethren to rise in assertion of their liberties.

To the military men, it seemed most urgent. The experience of the colonial wars had impressed upon them the ease with which

Canada could resist attack. The Canadians must be won over while the forces of the Governor-General, Sir Guy Carleton, were still inadequate to command complete submission. England must be deprived of this base and source of supply. The struggle, in any event, would create a diversion in favor of Boston and perhaps prevent an attack upon New York. It would secure the frontier against Indian raids, and hush the awesome, creeping fears of popery and the Inquisition. Narrowly, the opposition was voted down, and the Congress had changed its mind.

Among those whose pleas had influenced the new decision were the two quarrelsome Colonels of Ticonderoga, Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen. Arnold had written from Crown Point on June thirteenth, and sent the letter by Captain Oswald, who could represent him in person and satisfy any inquiries as to the details of the situation. He opened this epistle of hortatory suggestion by observing that he had felt it his duty to acquaint the Congress with certain reliable reports from the north, namely, that the Indians had determined to give no assistance to the English, and that, by reports from Montreal, "great numbers of the Canadians have expected a visit from us for some time and are very impatient of our delay, as they are determined to join us whenever we appear in the Country with a force sufficient to support them." Governor Carleton, he went on, had in vain exhausted every effort to raise a sufficient defense. Two thousand men might easily conquer Montreal and Quebec, and he outlined a plan of action for the campaign.

The army, he suggested, would sail up the lakes to within two miles of St. Johns. Here a body of three hundred would remain with the shipping to secure a retreat, while seven hundred invested the forts of St. Johns and Chambly and one thousand attacked Montreal. It was already arranged that the gates of Montreal should be opened by friends from within, and the army might proceed at once against Quebec. To hold Quebec, he believed, already a strong fortress and well supplied by the outlying country, would be less costly than the rebuilding of Ticonderoga. The rich yield of the

Canadian fur trade and wheat fields, moreover, would be America's as long as the British ministry continued its coercive measures.

"I hope the exigency of the times," he concluded, "and my zeal in the service of my country, will apologize for the liberty of giving my sentiments so freely on a subject which the honourable Congress are doubtless the best judges of, but which they in their hurry may not have paid that attention the matter requires. I beg leave to add, that if no person appears who will undertake to carry the plan into execution (if thought advisable), I will undertake, and, with the smiles of Heaven, answer for the success of it." He added a postscript on the menace of Canada in British hands, and stated the armament and camp equipment required for invasion. Colonel Hinman's regiment would form half the army, five hundred could be brought from New York, B. Arnold's regiment of five hundred would complete the force, and there would be no Green Mountain Boys.

Colonel Allen had delivered his proposals verbally to the Congress, which had received him with distinction and listened with growing interest to his appeal for immediate invasion. The hero of Ticonderoga was authorized to raise a regiment of Green Mountain Boys. To neither of the two Colonels, however, was awarded the command of the northern department. Arnold was disqualified by his quarrels and the reports of his enemies, his defiance of Connecticut and his dismissal from the service of Massachusetts. Silas Deane, member from Arnold's own colony, sedulously recommended the merits of his friend, in whom he had thus aroused a false expectation that he could depend on the support of Congress. Efficient as Arnold might be proven, Congress preferred the slower, more judicial type of officer, and distrusted the venturesome, ambitious spirit who might become a Cæsar to overthrow their precocious republic. Allen was a popular and effective officer, but obviously could not be relied upon for generalship in so hazardous and delicate an undertaking. The command was accorded to a member from New York, a powerful landholder of the Dutch stock, a man

with some military experience and a business capacity, a tall, lean aristocrat whose brown hair hung in profusion around a florid, bright-eyed, nervously quizzical face, Major-General Philip Schuyler.

Schuyler was well acquainted with Arnold's plan of invasion, and admired the man's ability. He made cautious soundings as to whether it would be inadvisable for him to receive the post of Deputy Adjutant-General of the New York forces. It was, indeed, considered imprudent and the matter dropped. As for Allen, the General distrusted him, but he went with the army. His career was a short one: pushing impetuously ahead of the advance, he attempted to seize Montreal on his own, threw the city into a brief confusion by the terror of his name, was suddenly and ignominiously cut off, captured and shipped away to England and a long imprisonment.

V. A Bold Project Hatched.

Thus early in his adventures, Benedict Arnold had come to know that taunting ill-fortune which followed him throughout the war, which brought great enterprises to a halt in a tangle of malicious whisperings, of petty bickering and hoarse turbulence. He had won a place of command at the door to Canada, had strengthened and held it with soldierly ability. And now, without rank and in disgrace, he rode into Cambridge with a few loyal followers of his scattered regiment. Two weeks before, his wife had died, and his patron, Warren, had fallen in the defense of Bunker Hill. Bitter disappointment he had found, but not defeat. Nothing could ever shake the fierce, relentless ambition of this proud warrior. Hannah Arnold would care for the children at New Haven, and in Cambridge he found a new friend, a man like Warren, above the petty rancors and disputes, who recognized his qualities and determined to use them.

General Washington, viewing the matter with his usual calm

circumspection, believed the conquest of Canada of the highest importance in his business of reducing the British ministry to terms. He had assumed command of the army at Cambridge at about the time of Arnold's return. Congress, unfortunately the deciding power in this matter, had provided him with a motley array of subordinates, from Charles Lee, that whimsical, careless soldier of fortune, his second in command, or that good-hearted ruffian "Old Put," delighting his men with a flood of deep-voiced imprecations in a lisp, to such able patriot-soldiers as John Thomas or Nathanael Greene. He was looking for military talent, and the fire-eater merchant of New Haven impressed him well.

Arnold passed the days in sallow impatience. From Cambridge he had returned to New Haven, and, before he had been able to load his ship for a West Indian venture, had been prostrated by an attack of gout. As he lay in aching misery, broken only by fits of cold agony along the swollen leg, the Congress of Massachusetts had summoned him to appear and settle his account for the Ticonderoga expedition, and this brought him again to Cambridge, as soon as he was able to mount horse, his ship still waiting at the wharf. The legislators bickered over the money for a while, and at last grudgingly allowed him eight hundred and nineteen dollars, a thousand less than he had demanded, to cover his expenditures, and the money was forwarded to the family at New Haven.

In August, he was still hoping for a post with the army of invasion, now pushing slowly northward. The influence of his friends was unavailing. To increase the bitterness, he had, when he first heard of Schuyler's interest in him, in his eager optimism and in vindication of his honor, announced the appointment as a certain one. And then, with romantic suddenness, there came the opportunity for an invasion of Canada at the head of an army of his own, for an exploit of hazard and glory after his own heart.

The plan was to coöperate with Schuyler by sending a force through the wilderness of Maine to surprise and capture Quebec. The route was little known and a large body of men had never

MARGARET AND EDWARD SHIPPEN ARNOLD, 1784

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

traversed it. Its military value had been considered for more than a century and after the addition of Canada to the empire surveyors had roughly charted its course.

It is uncertain by what steps the scheme took shape at headquarters. During the wrangle at the lake passage a distinguished fellow citizen had offered to lead the troops of Massachusetts over this unfamiliar warpath. For Arnold to have presented a plan would have been in keeping with his persistent nature: with ambition and honor still in the north, if one way failed, he would find another. He had even a minor interest in reaching Quebec, as a ship of his, long at sea, was bound thither and might be seized by the enemy. Certainly he privately intended his position there to be commercial as well as military; that, also, was his nature.

It may have been Washington who made the first proposal; in any case, the decision rested with him. Arnold was his choice for the leader: no bawling militiaman, but a soldier, and a good soldier, qualified by his knowledge of the country and his friends among its citizens, by his ambition, and the itching stain upon his honor. With Arnold gathering information, detailing plans, fuming at every delay, the Commander-in-chief deliberated, consulted Schuyler and other officers.

The headquarters was strong in approval, and when at last an express from the northwest rode in with Schuyler's promise of coöperation, the General unleashed his impetuous warrior, now a Colonel of the Continental Line. His path to glory lay by sea to the mouth of the Kennebec, and still northward against the current of the river, more than a hundred miles into the loneliest wilderness, and then a weary march northwestward to the Dead River and a treacherous tangle of lake and morass and mountain, across the summit that divides the waters of New England and the waters of the St. Lawrence, and down to Quebec at last, by a hundred miles of boiling rapids, a wild river which the French had named "the Cauldron," La Chaudière.

CHAPTER IV

THE DARK EAGLE DESCENDS ON CANADA

I. A Band of Heroes.

All the while that this peppery broth of northern conquest had been in the brewing, little companies of patriots from South and West and North had been crowding the ranks of the army at Cambridge. Captains', majors', colonels' commissions depended chiefly on the number of soldiers a local man of might could bring in behind him. It was a strange, mushroom army, with an improvised organization: a swarm of officers, most of them eagerly and actively jealous of rank and pay, and a come-and-go-easy rank and file who frowned on all notions of discipline because they conflicted with the rights of freemen and spoiled the fun of soldiering. Informal bands of stern-eyed farmers were there, and gay militia had come swinging in to fife and drum, and lanky riflemen in fringed hunting dress and moccasins had proved their toughness in swift marches from the far frontiers. Old General Wooster, at last, had assembled his men at church for a parting prayer, and led them northward in good array.

One body of men, nearing the camp at sunrise after a forced march of forty miles through mud and rain, passed a tavern whose sign pictured a globe with a man struggling to crawl through it. And the legend beneath, "Oh, how shall I get through this world?" was answered by a weary soldier from the ranks, "'List, damn you, 'list!" There was a fierce eagerness to be at the front, and the camp was a busy one. The British, weakened and discouraged after the carnage at Bunker Hill, were held close within their lines. The foreign soldiery who had raced their horses upon

the Sabbath Day and had made their bands play 'Yankee Doodle" and "Nancy Dawson" by the meeting house windows were to learn the vengeance of God's wrath upon their wantonness, as many a somber-faced minute-man must have reflected with pleasure. By the fall of 'seventy-five, the besieging army had grown so large that Washington could with both safety and convenience detach a thousand men for the expedition by the Kennebec and the Chaudière.

The men were volunteers, accepted only with the condition that they be "active woodsmen, well acquainted with batteaux." There were some seven hundred and eighty musketeers, New Englanders, armed with the heavy but powerful firelock and the bayonet, by current standards of warfare the most effective troops. Their weapons, however, were cumbersome implements and required more skill than they often possessed, allowing the enemy to receive a discharge and then come in with the bayonet before they could reload. There were ten companies of them, divided into two battalions, one commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos, of Vermont, and Major Return Jonathan Meigs, another Connecticut Yankee merchant, the other under Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, son of a Rhode Island justice, and Major Timothy Bigelow, of Massachusetts. Like the rest of the army, their dress was entirely a matter of personal taste and fortune, save for the officers, who displayed their rank by shoulder straps and side-arms.

In fact, however, these hardy troops were exceeded in endurance and skill as fighters by the little army's three companies of riflemen, two hundred and fifty tall young men of the frontiers, armed with their peculiarly dangerous weapon,—"beautiful boys," one of their leaders called them, "who knew how to handle and aim the rifle." They wore the clothing of their country, buckskin breeches, leggins and moccasins, and, over some sort of underjacket, the loose hunting shirt, brown or green or gray, hanging almost to the knee, fringed at skirt and cuff, shoulder and collar, and belted at the waist. With western disregard for convention, they cut their hair

short, and covered it with fur caps or their round, broad hats with the brim turned up on one side, perhaps, and fastened with a cockade. The only fashion which they cared to emulate was that of the Indians, and many added color to their dress by designs in dyed porcupine quills or beads. As soldiers, they showed their allegiance by the motto, on hat or on the broad chest, "Liberty or Death." Besides their rifles, "the cursed twisted guns" which the English soldiers learned to dread in the hands of these "shirt-tail men," they carried at the belt small axes and long, keen knives, "Tomahawk," and "scalping knife."

In June, Congress had ordered the recruiting of six companies of riflemen in Pennsylvania, two in Virginia and two in Maryland, to be used as light infantry. And despite the distances from Philadelphia to the frontiers and from the frontiers to Cambridge, more than fourteen hundred men, nearly twice the number expected, were marching into Cambridge in little over a month's time. The Virginians had covered six hundred miles in three weeks. The Pennsylvanians were but slightly less rapid, their ardor having been briefly diverted to the tarring and feathering of a Tory or two by the way. Nor was money spent in the raising, so eager were they to go and so amply equipped with their own weapons. The Captains, indeed, had to pick their recruits from the jostle of noisy lads by rigorous tests of marksmanship. The fame of the coming of these skilled warriors had spread to England, and the pride of the patriots in them was not to be disappointed.

If they cared nothing for military discipline, they had had a stern and life-long training in their own free school of warfare. The worst were stupid and brutal, the best, men of high intelligence, quiet and courageous, with a cool, dry humor, unaltered by the presence of danger. They were carefree young men, most of them, "always ready for a fight or a frolic," controlled only by the personal qualities of their leaders.

One of Arnold's three companies of riflemen had come from Virginia under the command of Daniel Morgan, a handsome, deep-

voiced giant, two hundred pounds in weight and standing more than six feet in his moccasins. He had been a teamster with Braddock, and was to become one of Washington's best-loved generals. The two other companies were Pennsylvanians. One swore by the name of Matthew Smith, a man already famous among his own people by virtue of his part in the murder of a tribe of Indians. John Joseph Henry, who, as a runaway lad of sixteen, served under him, describes him in his *Account of that Band of Heroes who Traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec.* "A good-looking man," he noted, "had the air of a soldier, was illiterate and outrageously talkative." The third company was led by William Hendricks, "tall," says Henry, "of a mild and beautiful countenance," a man better fitted to inspire a patient heroism in his followers.

Yet, in itself, this bold undertaking had a challenge and a promise of glory that was inspiration enough. It roused young Aaron Burr, a slim youth of nineteen, from a sickbed, swearing against all the protests of friends and physicians that he would go with Arnold to Quebec. He, his friend Matthias Ogden, and a few other adventurous young gentlemen were allowed to join, under orders, but paying their own expenses and free to retire if they so desired. Eleazer Oswald, Arnold's faithful comrade of the Ticonderoga adventure, accompanied him as his private secretary. Besides the Colonel's small official family, two surgeons and their assistants, the Rev. Samuel Spring as Chaplain, two quartermasters, four drummers and two fifers completed the personnel.

Could they but pass the forests, Arnold's thousand might well hope for success. For they alone outnumbered all the British regiments in Canada, and, as Washington expounded the matter to Congress, the Governor-General would be unable to defend both ends of his domain at once: if he reinforced Quebec, Montreal would surely fall to Schuyler. But it was hoped and expected that the great fortress would be taken by surprise, cutting off Sir Guy from England and insuring the conquest.

"Use all possible expedition," Washington admonished in his instructions to the invader, "as the winter season is now advancing, and the success of this enterprise, under God, depends wholly on the spirit with which it is pushed and the favourable dispositions of the Canadians and Indians." He bade him by every possible means to learn the attitude of the Canadian people, as without their friendship the whole campaign must fail, and to enforce respect for their religion and property. He was given a manifesto to publish to these "Friends and Brethren," haranguing them with formal unction to join the United Colonies in the protest against imperial oppression. "Come then," the document concluded in grand style, "ye generous citizens, range yourselves under the standard of general liberty, against which all the force and artifices of tyranny will never be able to prevail."

The Americans must not come as foreign invaders. Carefully considered reports from the north indicated that, while active rebels were too few for organized resistance, only the starting point and nucleus of a friendly army was needed to turn the balance. The French noblesse, always holding to the established government, had dwindled in wealth and power. The habitants, to be sure, were inconveniently prosperous, but had nevertheless a grudge or two against the régime, and had, as the Governor put it, "imbibed too much of the American spirit of Licentiousness and Independence." It was only in this delicate matter of diplomacy that the Commander-in-chief lacked confidence in Arnold, and, with strong emphasis on "prudence, policy and a true Christian spirit," he cautioned him in detail upon it. Friendly relations were also cultivated with the Indians, although Washington was fearful of enlisting the services of such allies. Chief Swashan of the St. Francis tribe, with a retinue of four grisly warriors, had come from his village, north of Quebec, to Cambridge, and was received with attention and interest. Braves of the Penobscot and Norridgwock tribes, squatting in all their shaggy disarray, expounded with ceremony the mysteries of the trail.

On the fifth of September the musketeers, seven hundred and eighty-six of them, and the three companies of riflemen were ordered to parade upon the common, where ammunition, tents and equipment were to be issued. There were inevitable delays, however, in the quartermaster's department. The riflemen were the first to go, on the march to Newburyport, the point of embarkation. The New Englanders refused to leave without the additional provision of a month's pay, and it was not until the thirteenth that the main body started. That day, the countersign at Cambridge was "Quebec," and their comrades of the siege of Boston gathered by the elms that arched the road, to see the long column flow proudly past them to the stirring clamor of fifes and drums. Arnold lingered at headquarters until the morning of the fifteenth. Then the tall Virginian bade him farewell. Amid handshakes and good wishes, he and his little staff took their departure, and by hard riding joined the army at Newburyport that night.

II. The Kennebec and the Chaudière.

At Newburyport Colonel Arnold, restored to fame and good repute, envied as one of Fortune's favored, was entertained in state by the great men of the town. The parting was delayed by a head wind, and the time passed in sermons and prayers and a grand review before the commander and a gay throng from the country round about. At last the wind blew fairly from the north, the scout ships reported all clear of British cruisers, and, on the morning of the seventeenth, amid tears and cheers, a flutter of farewell from the shore and music and crackling banners in the fleet, the little squadron of eleven sail stood out for the open sea, Arnold's flagship, the topsail schooner *Broad Bay,* at the head of the line. The voyage was a rough one, and the "dirty coasters and fishing boats," as a soldier summed them up, pounded their way through heavy seas, the while the poor heroes within, well fed by the kindly folk of Newburyport, suffered ingloriously. On the twentieth, through fog

and rain, the ships crept into the mouth of the Kennebec and anchored for the night. A local dignitary, the Rev. Ezekiel Emerson, boarded the flagship, assembled the fire-eater and his officers in the dim cabin and put forth his powers in an invocation to the Deity for their wisdom and guidance, for their strengthening in the face of hardships and perils, for the confounding of their enemies and for the general victory of Christ over Satan in this righteous undertaking, a supplication which, according to tradition, was timed at an hour and three-quarters.

For two days the fleet worked its way up the windings of the river, to the settlement at Gardinerstown. Here, on a hill above them, stood the house of Major Reuben Colburn, an energetic officer who had been coöperating with Arnold from the start. At his shipyard, in a flat meadow by the water's edge, he had built two hundred bateaux in the short space of eighteen days. These were to carry the expedition on the shoal waters northward. In these light craft, built for six or seven men each, with baggage, and each equipped with four oars, two paddles and two poles, Arnold found his first disappointment. They were built of green timber, heavy, but thin and unequal to the hard usage in store for them. Many, too, were under size, but their faults could be laid only to the haste with which matters had been pushed, and Arnold ordered twenty more constructed with all speed.

In the meantime he examined further maps and information and listened to solemn Indian guides. Two scouts, sent north before the expedition had been definitely determined upon, now made their report. It was an ominous one. On the Dead River they had come upon an Indian camp, and Natanis, the chief, had declared that he was engaged by Governor Carleton to watch the route, that northward on the Chaudière there were spies and soldiers for the same purpose, and that, if they passed farther it would be his duty to report his suspicions of them. If Carleton, therefore, did not actually know of the coming invasion, he would be almost certain to learn of it before its arrival. Arnold always refused to acknowledge bad

news. Natanis is, he informed Washington, "a noted villain, and very little credit, I am told, is to be given to his information." Outwardly, at least, he was fated to alter the opinion.

The army pushed on in bateaux and the ships of lighter draught to Fort Western, six miles up the river, where Augusta now stands, their first portage, around half a mile of rapids. Here the old log fort, its guns long since dismounted, lodged some of the men; the tiny village opened its doors to the rest. Headquarters were at Squire Howard's, and this worthy gentleman invited the whole army and all the good Whigs for miles around to a frolic and barbecue in honor of the occasion. Tradition relates that three large bears were roasted for the company, who sat at long tables, gorging themselves merrily with meat and corn and cakes and rum and cider in the true frontier style. The carving of the three bears, it is said, was accorded amid uproarious applause to Dr. Isaac Senter, a stately young man of twenty-two, and his assistants, as those best acquainted with anatomy. Over the din of voices and the martial airs discoursed by the drummers and fifers, toasts were bawled out, drunk, and cheered to the echo. Thus Arnold's muster of lusty youths, on the brink of privation and death, laughed and sang till sundown closed the day. Legend, which has always a partiality toward affairs of the heart, and Aaron Burr, who was of a similar turn of mind, have given us a story of this young gentleman's love for a pretty young squaw with a dash of French in her veins, Jacatagua, who found her sweetheart so acceptable to her tastes that she followed him into Canada, and later, despite the fact that he once passed her over to a British officer whom he met at an outpost, came to New York to be near him. There, we are told, at the time of his final fall and disgrace, she hurled herself into the sea, a hapless mistress and mother. In these carefree days, however, they went hunting together, bringing much of the game for Squire Howard's barbecue. If the Colonel, conspicuous in the red coat of the Governor's Guards, which he still wore for want of other uniform, was present at the feasting, it was

no doubt with a stern rigor of countenance befitting his responsibilities.

He had already dispatched two small parties of riflemen as scouts, one to explore the Dead River and the other to push on to Lake Megantic, at the head of the Chaudière. Reporting to Washington in his regular tone of cheerful confidence, Arnold reorganized his men for the advance into the deepening wilderness, and ordered them forward. First to go, the cutting edge of his long column, were the riflemen, Morgan in command. They moved out on Monday, the twenty-fifth of September, with orders to reach as quickly as they might the Great Carrying Place between the Kennebec and the Dead Rivers, and there to cut out a road across it. On the next day the second division, three companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, followed. A day later four more companies started and, finally, the rear, three companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Enos. With all arrangements completed and every man assigned his place in the line, Arnold set out, on Friday. Swiftly paddled by Indian scouts, his canoe passed the freighted bateaux in review to the head of the line.

The riflemen reached the Carrying Place, seventy miles upstream, in twelve days, and with swinging axes began to tear a road through the forest, urged on by the deep voice of Morgan. He watched over his "boys" with sharp eyes of affection and command, this tall leader, as he tramped along the trail. He wore the leggins and breechclout of the Indians, held to his body by the broad belt from which his weapons hung, and his hips and thighs, thus left bare, were scraped red by the underbrush. In the teeth of much grumbling and with indifferent success, he was seeking to enforce rules which many a Revolutionary officer had abandoned in despair: to make the lads save their ammunition instead of blazing away at any mark that might catch their fancy, to keep them from straggling, and in some sort of order on the march. His style of enforcement was typical of the frontier. Once, sure that he had discovered the man who had fired a shot without orders, he whirled up a

club over the culprit's head and swore to beat him to the ground if he denied his guilt. At this, as it happened, Captain Matthew Smith strode in, scowling and swinging a club of his own, threatening as much for Morgan. With his military discipline in the first stages of a riot, the Virginian wisely receded. In a week's work, a passage was hacked through to the Dead River.

In the meantime, the main body was fighting the current in its heavily laden craft. Arnold had no base of supplies on the march, and the country could no longer provide him. Everything had to be carried in the bateaux: food for forty-three days, arms and ammunition, shovels and axes, tents, blankets, medical stores, all the impedimenta of an army, and the boats were already weakening under the strain. "Could we have come within reach of the villains who constructed these crazy things," one of the fagged oarsmen declared to his journal, "they would have fully experienced the effects of our vengeance." The villains being absent, however, the energy of the men was bravely given to the advance. Often they had to wade in the deep, swift water, forcing the leaking tubs along. There was tremendous labor at the portages.

At first, however, the weather was warm and clear, their ample provisions were varied with fish and game killed by the way, and the labor was lightened by cheering and laughing and coarse, loud-voiced pleasantries. In this spirit they passed the first portage, Ticonic Falls, a half mile of ledges and rapids. As each boat touched the bank below, its crew leaped into the water and carried the cargo ashore, after which the heavy craft itself was lifted on handspikes and the march begun. Still more tedious was the long carry past the "Five Mile Ripples." The days were growing colder, and time and supplies were lost in the persistent leaking of the bateaux. On the trail around Skowhegan Falls, the tired men slept in frozen clothes, and rose again to face bravely the ever swifter and shallower current, pouring down from the north.

At "Widow Warren's" the toiling column had reached the last settlement. Here the virgin wilderness began. Here the huts of a

Norridgwock village had once lain in the forest shadows under a veil of smoke and savage odors. Father Rasle, a French missioner, had presided at the place, but the whole had been wiped out by a band of soldiers from Massachusetts half a century before, and only the stone cross, beside which the priest had died with the remnant of his converts fighting around him, and the ruins of an altar remained. Strange legends were told of the place, of how the Indians had been inflamed by the Babylonish rites to bloody raids at the southward, of the sordid murder of the old priest's ally, Mogg Megone, by his white wife, and of how Ruth Bonython, the renegade's daughter, had died wailing daftly among the bones of the massacred village.

But here, too, was a long carry, where the river roared down a mile of rapids, broken by three white foaming cataracts. Arnold was here a week, as the men, wet and grimy, struggled under their burdens up the trail, stumbling over slippery roots and moss, officer and private working alike, as the wind in the pines above them whispered the warning of a northern winter near at hand. The line of boats was launched again and crept forward, mile after mile, till the river became a shallow highland stream, where the whole detachment, waist deep in the swinging, plunging current, dragged the bateaux forward until, at last, they came to the Great Carrying Place. The fourth division arrived on the eleventh of October, with the head of the line twelve miles in advance, sliding their boats into the still waters of the Dead River.

Two blockhouses, built on the Carry, were soon garrisoned with the sick. By failing health and desertion, Arnold's force had dwindled more than a hundred men. Stores had been damaged or lost on the way, and the scouting parties had come in, terribly wasted by hunger and fatigue, with an ominous story of hardships and perils. Through bleak and threatening weather his soldiers still pushed on in their strange battle with the forest, in good spirits still, with boisterous jokes and indelicate similes for every misfortune.

"The rain had rendered the earth a complete bog," George Morison, a rifleman of Hendricks' company wrote in his journal, "inasmuch that we were often half leg deep in mud, stumbling over fallen logs, one leg sinking deeper in the mire than the other, then down goes a boat and the carriers with it, a hearty laugh prevails. The irritated carriers at length get to their feet with their boat, plastered with mud from neck to heel, their comrades tauntingly asking them how they liked their washing and lodging; perhaps in a few paces farther, down *they* go, the laugh reverts upon them."

South of the army, as it moved northwestward on the windings of the Dead River, towered Mount Bigelow, named for the capable Major of Greene's battalion, and far before them across a dreary tangle of forest rose the Height of Land which they must climb and descend to reach the Chaudière. By the twentieth, the last of the detachment had passed the Carry.

Arnold now sent two Indians ahead of him with letters to friends in Quebec, from whom he hoped for information, and to whom he enclosed letters to be forwarded to Schuyler. The papers, however, were to find their way into the hands of Lieutenant-Governor Hector Cramahé, commanding at Quebec while Carleton directed the defense of Montreal. He had at least, after the fashion of military correspondence, exaggerated his figures. "I am now on the march for Quebec with about 2000 men," he had begun, "where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon." Cramahé was duly impressed. To Washington, the adventurer wrote with assurance, praising the spirit of his "amphibians," slow though their progress had been, yet mentioning now the possibility of retreat.

On the smooth, broad surface of the Dead River, black and deep, the men drew their boats against a swift current by pulling at the bushes that overhung the shore. Over tedious portages they fought their way, and up the devious, confusing windings of the river. Torrents of rain swept over them, and a sudden flood took toll of their ever diminishing supplies. The rations of

flour and pork, once freely given, were doled out with increasing care. Arnold was finding the trail not only more difficult but longer than had been supposed.

Then, where rapids broke the tortuous, strengthening flow of the river, seven bateaux with provisions were capsized and lost. There was a halt, and Arnold, at the head of the line, called a council of such officers as he could gather. If they were to retreat, they must retreat now, for the food would last but a few more days. Arnold called for advance, and the grimy veterans around him agreed. Men were concealing pain and weakness lest they be sent to the rear. Eager for glory, fearful of defeat, the courageous little army was playing a grim game of chance.

Half famished, the men pushed on, abandoned their boats at last, and began the ascent of the Height of Land. "The Terrible Carry," they called it. Over ground broken by rocks and gorges and huge tangles of dead wood left by the forest storms, through light flurries of snow, they ran a slow race. From man to man, word was passed of the desertion of Enos and the rear guard.

Enos, at forty-five, was the oldest man in the army, and probably not an admirer of his Colonel. As the presence of Arnold had roused the courage of his men, so the wavering prudence of Enos banished it from the fourth division, to whom the greater part of the provisions had been intrusted. It returned, with all its baggage save two small barrels of flour, ingloriously to Cambridge. Then Arnold led the vanguard in a dash for the French settlements, the last hope to save his army.

Noting the perils of the course for those who followed, the Colonel and a small advance party fought their way ahead. He in a birch canoe and their baggage lashed in four bateaux, they embarked on the foaming Chaudière, and were whirled down it, dodging the rocks that broke its steep flow, hazarding the worst for speed. Hurled suddenly into the rapids, two boats crushed beyond repair, they found that the wreck had saved them from riding to certain death over a cataract just below. On the next

day, October the twenty-ninth, Arnold's canoe was ripped to fragments on a rock, and again he narrowly escaped with his life in the torrent. But he traveled forty miles that day, as fiercely resolute and tireless as the wild river. On the evening of the thirtieth he came to the first settlement, a few huts and wigwams, where the River La Famine flows into the Chaudière.

Behind him his weary heroes moved over the Height of Land and down into Canada, where the sun warmed and refreshed them as they rested for a space in a valley of broad meadows. Their tents and camp equipment had been abandoned, much of their gunpowder damaged and thrown away. They had only their arms and provisions that must be measured by the ounce to last a few days. And still there lay a hundred miles between them and whatever destiny Quebec might hold in store. Near sundown a messenger came in with a letter from the Colonel: he had reached the settlements; Carleton's little guard of regulars had been removed, and the peasants would welcome them as friends; Quebec could easily be taken from its meager garrison; the crown had already suffered defeat at St. Johns; and provisions would soon be on their way to the rear. The news flared like a burst of sudden laughter through the crowd of men in the long grass by the river, and the ragged, haggard fellows rose and cheered. Their officers harangued them, fired their failing bodies with the passion of victory near at hand.

Here flour and a little meat were divided among the hungry men, and many, in their new confidence, devoured all at once. The strongest, used to full eating, were suffering the most. Burr, whom his friends had thought unfit for hardships, bore them well, as did the two respectable soldiers' wives who shared their husbands' privations. From the meadows, the army advanced in three parts through the tangle of swamp and stream that lay between them and the Chaudière. Four companies followed the river, to be caught in a trap of which Arnold had warned them, wandering for days in the morass, wading from one hillock to another, waist or shoulder deep in the black bog water. Morgan also followed the river, his

course made easier by the boats which his men had laboriously carried over the ridge. And five companies took a safer route by high ground. Slowly they straggled down by the Chaudière, the roar of the rapids beside them, the dense, unbroken forest still enclosing them.

"Our greatest luxuries," the irrepressible Dr. Senter's journal notes for November first, "now consisted in a little water, stiffened with flour, in imitation of shoemaker's paste, which was christened with the name of Lillipu."

"This day," wrote Morison on the second, "I roasted my shot pouch and eat it."

With what strength they could get from leather or roots the men stumbled onward, supported by their guns, too feeble to speak. Here and there, along the line, soldiers fell and were passed by.

But it was on November first that Arnold's relief, sturdy Canadian peasants, driving their cattle before them, came upon the head of the column, and gazed in wonderment as these lean men, like ghosts, uttering hollow shouts of joy, gathered to eat the warm, raw flesh. The glad cry, "Provisions in sight!" ran back along the trail and cheered the stragglers on. Arnold had saved his army. Some wept, some fell fainting as the terrible strain was lifted, some of the gaunt, bearded demons hurled themselves upon the cattle with their knives. Some died from the sudden orgy of blood and meat, and many were sick. Jack Henry, who had reached the first house on his seventeenth birthday, fell ill soon after. He sat in dizzy misery by the roadside, the reorganized companies marching past him. Shaeffer, his friend, a half-blind boy who had carried his drum safely through all the perils, was hammering out a rhythm for their feet and hearts. Arnold rode by on horseback. He knew the young rifleman by name, and asked him how he did, and when Henry replied that he could march no farther, dismounted, gave his rifle to a passing soldier who was without one, and ran down to the river, where his shouts soon brought a smiling habitant in his canoe. Putting two dollars in Henry's pocket, Arnold

mounted again and left him in the care of the kindly farmer. He was nursed back to health in a comfortable household, and sent with best wishes on his way, his offer of the two dollars quietly refused. The American horror of popery, from which Washington had feared trouble, was by such simple friendliness allayed. The good people of the Chaudière settlements, who might have destroyed the starving invaders by the mere denial of food, received them with hospitable good will, pitying their plight, awed by their heroic adventure, and piously grateful for the hard money with which Arnold paid them for supplies. They were a contented folk, with a mild, impersonal interest in politics and wars. The Canadian who took up arms for crown or colonies was generally a shiftless fellow and a poor soldier.

From a short halt to refresh and reorganize his command, now less than seven hundred men, Arnold hastened northward on a good road lined by wayside shrines and little thatched white cottages from which families emerged wide-eyed to see *"les bons Bostonnais"* go by. Schuyler, seized by a sudden illness, had resigned, and to the successor, Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, Arnold wrote, telling of his march. Quebec, he had heard, had been recently reinforced from the sea. "However," he added, "I propose crossing the St. Lawrence as soon as possible; and if no opportunity offers of attacking Quebec with success, shall endeavor to join your army at Montreal." He realized that his plans must shape themselves to current circumstances as he might find them.

Besides Montgomery and the British commanders, the fire-eater had also the Indians of the region to consider, and he handled the matter with tact. Some eighty of them, who had been lurking in the neighborhood for some time, presented themselves on the fourth of November, their dark bodies rattling ceremoniously with beads and bracelets, their scalp locks appropriately befeathered. Among them stood sly old Natanis, who, as he confessed, had accompanied the men on the greater part of their march without their knowing it. He now abruptly introduced himself and shook hands with

everyone, "in the manner of old acquaintance." They asked why he had not shown them friendliness before, to which, with great perspicacity, he replied, "You would have killed me."

Natanis had evidently come to the conclusion that this was the winning side, for he was all cordiality. The white men and the savages now settled themselves for a powwow, and the pipes were lighted with unction. A sachem strode to the center of the ring and addressed the "Dark Eagle." And the burden of his oration was to demand why the "Dark Eagle" had brought soldiers into the land of the French and the Abenakis. When this was completed, the Colonel entered the circle, and replied to his "Friends and Brethren" with an ingenious explanation of the whole matter.

"The King's army at Boston," his little history concluded, "came out into the fields and houses and killed a great many women and children, while they were peaceably at work. The Bostonians sent to their brethren in the country, and they came in unto their relief, and in six days raised an army of fifty thousand men and drove the King's troops on board their ships, and killed and wounded fifteen hundred of their men. Since that they durst not come out of Boston. Now we hear that the French and Indians in Canada have sent to us, that the King's troops oppress them and make them pay a great price for their rum, etc., and press them to take up arms against the Bostonians, their brethren, who have done them no hurt. By the desire of the French and Indians, our brethren, we have come to their assistance with an intent to drive out the King's soldiers; when drove off we will return to our own country and leave this to the peaceable enjoyment of its proper inhabitants. Now if the Indians, our brethren, will join us, we will be very much obliged to them, and will give them one Portuguese per month, two dollars bounty, and find them their provisions, and their liberty to choose their own officers."

Natanis and about forty dusky children of the forest forthwith accepted the offer, and joined the march of the Sons of Liberty.

Close upon this success, however, came the news that another of

Arnold's messengers had been captured, and that the British were forcing the habitants into their service to defend the city. The column was urged forward with all speed, through bleak and snowy weather, and though many were still unable to eat with relish, hot beef and potatoes were waiting at twelve-mile halts. Stealing warily through a damp, snow-filled wind, a little after midnight on the morning of the eighth, the advance guard came to the high bluff of Point Levi, over the St. Lawrence. And the sun rose as they gazed out across the broad river and showed them, sprawled silently beneath its crown of walls and roofs and spires, Quebec, the great gray rock that was Canada.

III. Arnold Moves Cautiously.

Triangle-shaped, on the point where the River St. Charles joins the St. Lawrence, the fortress of Quebec glowered at the invaders on the southern shore from its gigantic bulk of stone. On the east, where the point of the triangle faced the sea, behind a tangle of masts and rigging, lay the Lower Town, a close mass of buildings by the water's edge, the rocky bluffs towering steeply behind it. And the cliffs stretched out along the St. Lawrence to where Cape Diamond rose, its gray majesty brightened by the glittering quartz crystals that had given it its name. Stone batteries and log palisades surmounted it. Frontenac's old citadel stood out clearly on the heights, and the palace of the Bishop, and behind these, the skyline was broken by the stately tower of the cathedral, and a scattering of pious spires raised in appeal to Heaven from New France. Westward from Cape Diamond, the bluffs of the Heights of Abraham lined the river, and to protect the Upper Town from attack by land, the rear of the triangle had been erected, the line of stone bastions, thirty feet high from whose protection Montcalm had sallied to battle with Wolfe upon the plains, sixteen years before.

Now Arnold brought the whole of his bedraggled army to Point Levi with all speed, supervising the gathering and repair of arms

in preparation for attack. Canoes and dugouts, every boat they could find, had been seized. Scaling ladders had been made, and details of men were practicing with them. Finally, the whole contingent was paraded, and passed their commander in review. Five hundred of them there were, with more than a hundred lodged in the houses of the peasants, unfit for duty. The strong, athletic bodies that had marched out of Cambridge in such brave array, were now pitifully lean and wasted; their tattered, earth-stained garments hanging loosely upon them, long hair and beards falling about their sallow faces, many without shoes or hats. To solemn Abner Stocking, his comrades brought to mind "those animals of New Spain called ourang-outangs." There was only a stubborn firmness in the mouth and a proud glitter in the hollow eyes to promise victory.

On the river lay His Majesty's frigate *Lizard* and sloop-of-war *Hunter,* their guns commanding the broad water by day, and their guard boats vigilantly patrolling it by night. Within the city affairs were less stable. Yankee town meetings had been called, only to show the strength of the liberal group and to multiply dissension. Rumor exaggerated Arnold's force to thrice its number, and men talked of terms of capitulation. Cramahé alternately groaned and swore: he saw days only between himself and the humiliation of surrender. And then this trembling and wrangling, so favorable to Arnold, was suddenly crushed through the indirect agency of his old Ticonderoga enemies, the Pittsfield partnership of Colonel James Easton and Captain, now Major, John Brown. For these gentlemen, in capturing the post at Sorel, up the river, drove from it Lieutenant-Colonel Allen McLean, a tall Scot of furious loyalty, a dangerously able soldier who had shown an organizing capacity in the enlistment of a small crack regiment, the Royal Highland Emigrants. Falling back, he had the good fortune to intercept Arnold's letter to Montgomery. He arrived at Quebec on the twelfth of November, this strong-mouthed, kilted giant, burst in on a town meeting in the chapel of the Bishop's palace, flung an orator from the pulpit and let it be known that there would be no talk of surrender. With

fiery energy he hammered together an effective garrison and thundered the populace into the belief that they were threatened by a crew of banditti, out for blood and loot.

His coming was narrowly timed, for on the night of the thirteenth Arnold, long delayed by stormy weather, crossed the river. At nine, with smooth water and a dark night, the skiffs and canoes began to leave the shore where the pounding falls of the Chaudière drowned the splash and ripple of their paddles. Arnold guided them at the head of the line. Near the farther shore, where every caution was needed, they heard the steady beat of rowlocks, and paused in breathless silence as the *Hunter's* guard boat went by. The barge passed in ignorance of the river's mysteries, and the frail craft beside it moved on, each touching gently the other shore, gently emptied of its burden, warily vanishing again into the night. At about four in the morning, a patrol boat, sighting a fire which some of the men had built, drew in toward it, and Arnold, believing discovery inevitable, hailed, and ordered her in shore. The British sailors answered the hail but ignored the command. Arnold ordered his men to fire, and although the volley was echoed "with screaming and dismal lamentations," the barge vanished in the darkness, and the maneuver had been discovered. Shortly after the moon broke through the clouds and the crossing of the few who remained had to be postponed. But by her silver light, five hundred men climbed the steep defiles and formed their ranks upon the Heights of Abraham.

Then was the last chance for a surprise. The companies advanced upon the town until they could hear the cries of the sentries on the walls. And had Arnold hurled his tattered, shaggy spectres against the city on that moonlit night he might well have carried the barriers and crushed the defense so newly whipped together by McLean. Too confident in the meticulous vigilance of the ships, the garrison slept and the gates stood open. But Arnold, for all his love of a bold hazard, did not strike. Expecting opposition on the shore, he had not planned immediate attack. Time enough had passed for

the guard boat on which they had fired to spread its warning. Prudence outweighed the impulse to advance, and the sun rose with the little army waiting on the plains.

On the fourteenth the Colonel wrote Montgomery of his accomplishment. "I am this minute informed by a gentleman of the town," he stated, after relating the events of the night, "that Colonel McLean has determined to pay us a visit this morning with 600 men and some field pieces. We are prepared and anxious to see him." The anxiety was genuine enough. Wolfe had taken the city when the French abandoned their defenses to meet him in the field, and Arnold, with his small and inadequately equipped force, could scarcely hope for better. But the British had learned the lesson too. A small party did slip out from the walls, and succeeded in capturing a rebel sentinel. Eager for action, the whole army advanced in pursuit. Arnold, hoping to lure his foes to battle, so placed his men that their entire strength was not evident. The garrison had fired the suburbs of St. Roch, and a haze of smoke drifted over the scene. The town, thrown into brief confusion by their advance, now received them with loud huzzas, reinforced by a thundering discharge of cannon. To this they replied with cheering and a few volleys of musketry, and at last retired, much disgruntled by the day's doings. That night the rest of the army crossed the river.

Arnold's next device was as ineffectual as the first. Accompanied by a drummer, beating for a parley, young Matthias Ogden marched up to the walls, bearing a white flag, and in his belt, a threatening summons to surrender, in which Cramahé was promised security of property if he capitulated, and "every severity practiced on such occasions" if the town were carried by storm. But the only reply was the reverberating explosion of a cannon, the shot striking near by and showering the emissaries with dirt. Thinking a mistake had been made, Ogden was sent twice again, and both attempts were honored only with the same defiant commentary.

Arnold then invested the city, so disposing his force as to command the entrances by which supplies might be brought in, and to

be readily reunited should a sortie be made. But McLean, his field pieces not yet in order and his organization imperfect, had no intention of attacking. Foraging parties were out from both sides and sharp skirmishing took place. Even McLean had to confess that his attempts to bring in firewood and provisions had been blocked. But again Arnold lost an advantage by caution.

On the eighteenth of November he received what seemed reliable information that McLean was planning an attack with artillery and about eight hundred men, in conjunction with which the warships would land a force to take him in the rear. A council of war held consultation, and decided, as the men had only five rounds of ammunition, to fall back to Point aux Trembles, fifteen miles up the river, and there await the coming of Montgomery, who had already laid siege to Montreal. It was a needless move, but there was wisdom behind it: for defeat might have had endless ill consequences, while the ultimate victory, with Montgomery's army on the field, seemed certain.

So the ragged band marched westward to Point aux Trembles, Aspen Point, with here and there, to mark their trail, a bloody footprint on the frozen ground. And as they passed in their retreat, a small ship sped by them on the river, unchallenged, and anchored in the harbor of the Lower Town. Carleton had abandoned Montreal, and landed now, to build new resistance in the momentous fortress which they had left behind them.

CHAPTER V

THE STORMING OF QUEBEC

I. The Colonel and the Brigadier.

Moving up the lake passage, driving Carleton's stubborn defense before him, Montgomery had captured the forts at St. Johns and Chambly, and, on the thirteenth of November, had entered Montreal in triumph. A great part of his army, to be sure, had ended their terms of enlistment and were determined to celebrate the victory by a return to home and hearthside. Thus far, however, the light of liberty had been spread, and the town welcomed its beams with a promising show of satisfaction. Congress eagerly hoped that Canadian deputies would soon be added to its number. But it was obvious that the conquest had only begun while Carleton held Quebec. He must be driven thence before a free Canadian government could live in reality. And he must be driven thence before the spring thaws would bring him reinforcements from the sea.

His advance, however, met inevitable delays. Every effort failed to keep most of the men whose enlistments had expired from returning. They, poor fellows, ill-clad and shivering on the threshold of a northern winter, to all immediate appearances completely victorious, very naturally thought of the warm fires and the families for whom they had already done so much. The new general, like Schuyler, was a New Yorker, and the New England troops did not care to trust themselves to the breed. This intersectional distrust smouldered long and ominously. David Wooster, sent into the northern department to coöperate, fanned it with complaints that Montgomery, formerly a mere captain in the British service, should be allowed to outrank him. But the new general was eminently

fitted to command his raw sons of freedom, so impatient of discipline and so ready to forget duty in a dust of bickerings and jealousies. In him they encountered a quiet, soldierly leader, a modest lover of liberty, who had made America his home and only sought to give what he could in service to her welfare. His was not the flaring courage by which Arnold inspired his men, but they followed him no less readily into danger, not reasoning why. They saw in him a devotion to duty and an air of dignity which made him an embodiment of the cause for which they fought. In his presence personal ambition and antagonisms did not flourish.

To the main body the fate of Arnold had long been a mystery. Rumors and reports and at last dispatches from the Colonel had told the story. Arnold had written in urgent request for clothing and supplies, and had stated as his belief that two thousand men would be needed for a safe and effective blockade. The distant Congress at Philadelphia was giving little more than its best wishes to the approaching crisis in Canada, and Montgomery had to shift as best he might. Ships and military stores, including a quantity of British uniforms which the shivering patriots donned without scruple, had been taken at Montreal, and, leaving the city in the care of Wooster and his New Englanders, he sailed down the freezing river. With him, however, he brought only about three hundred men, New York troops, mere boys most of them, and a thoroughly unruly crew. But he brought what was most needed for a siege, a corps of artillery, under the command of John Lamb, a turbulent, bad-tempered, ugly little fighter, whose raw pugnacity was to prove of value on more than one hotly contested field, and who was to prove a loyal friend to Arnold.

On the second of December, the first cargo of supplies reached the anxiously waiting camp at Point aux Trembles. At nine in the evening, a topsail schooner, escorted by other sail, slid around the bend in the river and dropped anchor by the point. Soon boats were scraping the beach. Arnold's corps was drawn up in orderly parade. Lanterns swung in the darkness, torches flared redly on

the snow, and the waiting ranks, for all the threatening sky and bitter wind, felt warmed by the presence of the victorious General. And then he came before them, with Arnold at his side, this tall and slender soldier, gazing in frank admiration at the silent, attentive faces of the men who had conquered the wilderness. They felt a spontaneous loyalty to the new commander.

"He was well limbed," young Henry wrote, "tall and handsome, though his face was much pock-marked. His air and manner, designated the real soldier. He made us a short, but energetic and elegant speech, the burthen of which, was an applause of our spirit in passing the wilderness; a hope, our perseverance in that spirit would continue; and a promise of warm clothing; the latter was a most comfortable assurance. A few huzzas from our freezing bodies were returned to this address of the gallant hero. Now new life was infused into the whole of the corps."

Arnold no doubt was determined to make a forceful impression upon the General, and in this he succeeded. "Colonel Arnold's corps is an exceedingly fine one," wrote Montgomery to Schuyler, "and he himself is active, intelligent and enterprising—with a style of discipline much superior to what I have been used to see in this campaign." In the face of Montgomery's enthusiasm and respectful courtesy, it was impossible for Arnold to stumble into a quarrel with him, even though he was his superior officer. Arnold had already aroused a rankling hostility in one of his captains, who twice refused a dangerous duty in the outspoken conviction that the Colonel was trying to put him in the way of a British bullet. Arnold, in short, still carried the contagion of suspicions and hard feeling, and as the General had brought with him no less a personage than Major John Brown, a substantial clique was soon in the making against him. Had Montgomery been willing to listen to the querulous outcries of factions, the disease might have spread till it crippled the enterprise.

On the morning after the reinforcement the little army faced Quebec again, their straw-stuffed moccasins slipping in the snow

as they trudged along, a stern hope and a desperate resolution in the hearts of all.

II. Behind the Walls.

Behind the walls of Quebec, Sir Guy Carleton presided with constructive vigilance over the city which, as Wolfe's Quartermaster-General and confidential adviser, he had helped to win for the empire in 1759. The shrewd eyes that flanked his long and shapeless nose missed nothing, and the firm mouth issued commands that were instinctively obeyed. Blunt, direct, unostentatious, he had proved himself to the Canadians a strong but considerate ruler. Toward the rebels his policy was always the same: to oppose active treason with inflexible severity, to show to the conquered a kindness that might win them from their delusions. By far the most capable officer of the British service in America, his opposition to the party in power, whose ministry had at best but a poor eye in choosing its men, cut him off from recognition, and it was not until the last months of the war, when nothing could be done, that he was given the command he deserved. Montgomery, born at an Irish country seat but a few miles from that in which Carleton was reared, and a veteran also of the northern campaign of the Year of Wonders, had resigned from the army in 1772 because of the neglect and slights of the government, and returned to America to build himself a home. Carleton was snubbed with a pointedness which, even in time of war, would have driven many of his fellow officers from the service. But he smothered his rage and worked on in his own way.

He continued with McLean to repair the fortifications, in many places ruinous or incomplete, with palisades and blockhouses, and the windows of buildings in exposed places were walled up, leaving only loopholes for musketry. A hundred and fifty cannon were mounted before the return of the besiegers. By a judicious combining of rigor and diplomacy, the Governor silenced the enemies

within, though hard experience had taught him that his was a cause for which the French-Canadian felt no urge to do or die, and even among the British in the town there had been such active disaffection that they could not be blindly relied on in a crisis. He had, however, a nucleus of troops of undoubted steadiness and loyalty, and these he so placed in stationing the garrison that their bold front would have its effect upon the less stable element. Now many of the men on whose friendship Arnold had relied were marching their files of militia to and from the alarm posts. Of the town's five thousand souls, Carleton had, by December first, a force of eighteen hundred men in arms. The most dependable unit was under the orders of McLean, his second in command: a combination of his two hundred and thirty Royal Emigrants, seventy Royal Fusiliers, a company of artillery and a company of marines from the *Lizard*. To these he could add some five hundred French and some three hundred British militia, over four hundred sailors, many of whom were from the ships of war, and a hundred and twenty engineers. Provisions had been accumulated for eighteen months, but firewood, a very real necessity, was scarce.

Carleton knew precisely the character of the opposition: there was hardly a time, indeed, when he was not fully acquainted with their numbers, condition and even plans. His spies had generally an easy access to the camp, for the Americans deemed it unwise to alienate the country folk who brought them provisions by too strict examination. And although he had double the number of Montgomery's men, and all the tremendous advantages of his position, which winter cold and snow would make even more formidable, he knew that he must meet all that an able soldier could bring against him, and he took no chances.

As usual, the first move after the investment was a warning to surrender, and, as usual, he received it with contempt. A peasant woman was shown into his presence, diffidently announcing that she was the bearer of a letter from Montgomery. Carleton called for a drummer, and when the boy appeared, told him to take the

tongs and put the letter in the fire. Then he ordered her to go back to the rebel leader and tell him how his message had been received. Another summons, more threatening in tone, was drummed derisively out of town, and the patriots had to content themselves with shooting their communications, tied to arrows, over the walls, sowing at random a seed which now fell on frozen ground.

Montgomery then advanced his outposts into the suburbs of St. Roch, close under the northwestern bastion, where his artillerymen placed themselves with the professed purpose to "heave bums into the city." Behind, in the low meadows north of the town, Arnold's corps watched the work with satisfaction.

"Monday 11th," noted Dr. Senter. "Agreeable to prescription, fifty-five more of the fire-pills were given to the Carletonians last evening. Operated with manifest perturbation, as they were (as usual) alarmed. Bells beating, dogs barking, etc. Their cannonade still continued on the battery but to no advantage. Forty-five more pills as a cathartic last night."

The shells, however, were small, and wrought but little damage. It was a more serious matter when Arnold's riflemen advanced and began picking off the sentries and gunners on the walls, and the garrison soon found it worth their lives to show themselves to the enemy.

The point, however, from which Carleton had the most to fear was a piece of rising ground on the Heights of Abraham, some seven hundred yards from the town, on which a windmill idly swung its arms, and whence a battery might command the works. And there, by painful night labor in the bitter cold, a battery grew into being. It was difficult for the garrison to observe it at first, so well it fitted into the wintry scene about them, for the battery was built of ice. Nothing could have been made of the frozen earth. But in a wooden framework, snow had been packed and drenched from time to time with water until a firm wall had thus arisen to protect the guns. On December fifteenth, with the cannon mounted and ready in the menacing embrasures, Arnold and one of Mont-

gomery's aides, with a white flag and a drummer beating for parley, marched boldly up to the city.

"We desire to speak with General Carleton," Arnold replied to the question of the sentinel. But the Governor's only answer was that he would hold no communication with traitors.

The ice redoubt proved only a threat. Its cannon could not hope to break the wall, and it was soon ripped to pieces by Carleton's gunners. Lamb, just as a British ball splashed into his works, dismounting a cannon and sprawling a few more of his men, heard the voice of Montgomery beside him.

"This is warm work, sir." Behind the General, he noted the boyish figure of Aaron Burr, unmoved as another shot sent the ice flying.

"Indeed it is," he replied, "and certainly no place for you, sir."

"Why so, Captain?"

"Because there are enough of us here to be killed without the loss of you, which would be irreparable."

Montgomery withdrew the men. His artillery, outweighed and outnumbered, had been a failure from the first. It was obvious that only an assault could win the town, and as ammunition and hard money were almost gone, his Continental currency useless till the conquest was complete, and smallpox already in the army, the assault could not be delayed. The time was definitely limited by the fact that the enlistments of most of Arnold's men would expire with the year, and the greater part of these were determined to return. The General shared their longing. "I sigh for home like a New Englander," he wrote to the young wife at his manor on the Hudson, from whom he had parted with the proud assurance, "You shall not blush for your Montgomery." The weight of responsibility bore heavily upon him. He saw only this stubborn fortress between the United Colonies and a triumphant reunion with the empire, between himself and her.

Behind the walls of Quebec, Carleton and his officers reconstructed the tales of spies and deserters, the successive desperate plans

that were evolved in the besieging headquarters for their undoing, at Holland House, out on plains, where a group of men gathered in the evenings, sipped their wine by the roaring glow of the fire and chatted earnestly. He heard, no doubt, of Montgomery's proclamation of the fifteenth. This had followed his refusal to receive the summons. And this, too, was a summons, a summons to the besiegers to storm the city.

"The Troops, flushed with continual Success, confident of the Justice of their cause," it announced, "and relying on that Providence which has uniformly protected them, will advance with alacrity to attack the works incapable of being defended by the wretched Garrison behind them." This encouraging declaration was reinforced with the prospect of the confiscation and division of the property of those active in resistance. Knowing how perilous the attempt must be, Montgomery had been sounding his men, and found them ready to follow him. And when the council of war finally decided for an escalade, the plan was one whose desperate temerity alone promised it success.

The besiegers were arming themselves with hatchets and spears for close fighting. Scaling ladders, with strong iron hooks to hold them to the stones, had been made and the men were being drilled in their use. An escaped prisoner brought in the news. The garrison could hardly believe their enemies so foolhardy as to try the works. They would have been more surprised to learn that the main attack, screened by a series of feints along the western wall, was to be made upon the gigantic cliff of Cape Diamond, where nature's own defenses had been strengthened but little. Carleton mounted more cannon, ordered more men on night duty, and waited.

Days passed in cold succession, glaring white under the yellow sun, leaden gray, or smothered in snow. Smallpox was spreading in the rebel army, despite the efforts to quarantine it, and, no less dangerous a disease, factions were cutting at its morale. Arnold was meeting insults with a wrathful bitterness that threatened disaster. The malcontents proposed to form a corps of their own, distinct

from his command, to be led by Major Brown, and when Montgomery refused to consider it, declared themselves unwilling to storm the city, except on this condition. But the wrangle was as shallow as loud, and Montgomery's impersonal determination was holding the men to their duty.

Montgomery, in a piece of soldierly bravado for the heartening of his men, had declared that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Quebec or in hell. Christmas passed in anxious waiting, and not until the twenty-seventh did night bring the snow he needed to obscure his approach, and the men were ordered to advance. Hardly were they in motion, however, when the skies cleared and a retreat was ordered. Then, with the fateful New Year's Eve near at hand, deserters slipped into the city and revealed the plan.

Promptly, the plan was changed. The disaffection in Arnold's corps had already argued a less hazardous scheme. There would be a feint against Cape Diamond, and the main division would fall upon the Lower Town. It would be impossible, were they successful in this, to continue into the Upper Town, towering above, but they would have possession of the warehouses and most of the wealth of the city. It would hearten them, and give them materials reasons for reënlisting, and the garrison, cut off from its harbor, isolated on the lofty rock, might waver in its obstinacy.

In the meanwhile, the garrison, used to constant alarms, kept the flares burning on the walls when the moon failed them, and waited in restless vigilance, sometimes as many as a thousand men in arms. Thursday, the twenty-eighth passed, clear and fine, and Friday and Saturday like it. But on Saturday, the wind shifted and blew from the sea, bringing with it, toward dusk, the long-awaited snow. Deserters entered the city with the news that the rebels would attack that night. Sunday, the thirty-first, passed in a bluster of snow.

At night the clouds cleared and the moon shone, for a while, and then the snow swept down again, fine flakes, fiercely driven by the wind, whirling over all a cold, impenetrable darkness. Behind the walls the watchers could distinguish lights near them ranged across

the Plains of Abraham. At about half after four in the morning, Malcolm Fraser, Captain of the Main Guard, saw rocket signals wavering up into the storm, near St. John's Gate, in the western wall. And suddenly, the regular "All's well!" of the sentinels gave way to the frantic cry, "Turn out! Turn out! Turn out!" echoing down the narrow streets. Many of the garrison, seeing flashes in the storm, were already at their places, the gunners with flaring matches waiting only for the sight of an enemy. There was a hurry of armed men for their alarm posts. All the bells in the city were clanging in discordant warning, and beneath their wild clamor the long roll of the drums sounded a warlike summons. Within ten minutes the walls were fully manned. Hard on the tocsin came the fierce reality. With a heavy peal, the battery of St. Roch opened fire. Shells were falling in the city, bullets splattering the ramparts, as the loyal guns opened in reply.

Some rushed madly through the streets, some, like the good nuns, smothered their fears in prayer while the walls about them trembled with the thunder of battle. In the midst of all the confusion, his presence welding the excited groups of men into an effective unit, was Carleton. He was waiting for the main attack, on which he must concentrate his force. Steady, alert, fearless, he stood, unmoved by anything, until, on a sudden rush of breathless messengers, there came the news that the rebels were in the Lower Town. McLean was ordered down to judge the report. He was soon back.

"By God, sir," he cried, "it's true!"

III. The Sault au Matelot.

At about four o'clock on that stormy night, Montgomery and Arnold began their advance upon the strongest fortress on the continent, the houses of the little town huddled darkly in the snow before the long, thin columns of the assault. In five divisions, a thousand shaggy warriors moved with them from the camp, many

still in rags, many wearing the red coats of the King, all united by scraps of white paper fastened to their caps, bearing the motto, "Liberty or Death." A scant hundred men followed Captain Jacob Brown, brother of the Major, whose intrigues had lost him the honor of a part in the escalade, in the feint against Cape Diamond. As they neared the place, they fired three rockets into the storm, the signal for general attack, it being essential that the closing in of the divisions should be as nearly simultaneous as possible. Soon they were under the bastion that crowned the Cape, their muskets rattling determinedly from a safe distance. Obscured by this feint, Montgomery, at the head of his three hundred New Yorkers, advanced upon the barricades of the Lower Town. Protected in like manner by a false attack on Palace Gate at the north of the city, the main body, under Arnold, was to enter the Lower Town from the opposite end, and the conquest would be completed when the Colonel and the Brigadier joined forces in the middle. A third feint was to be made at St. John's Gate by Colonel James Livingston's habitant regiment, "a few ragamuffin Canadians," Montgomery had called it.

At two o'clock, Arnold's corps had been paraded in the suburbs of St. Roch, six hundred men waiting in the darkness and the drifting snow, their officers passing with lanterns along the lines to make sure that all was in readiness for action. At four they were advancing. The vanguard, about thirty men, was led by the Colonel and Captain Oswald, behind these, Lamb and a body of his artillery with a brass six-pounder mounted on a sledge, and then Morgan, Natanis with the Abenakis, and the musketeers. At last the rockets whirled up from Cape Diamond, and the men, eager to be moving in the bitter cold, advanced at a run. At their head, Arnold broke the path through the snow, a rifle swinging in his hand. The men pushed steadily forward in single file, their heads held low against the storm, clutching the locks of their guns with handkerchiefs or the edges of their coats, to protect the powder.

Then came the bells, the drums and the shouting in the city, vividly borne to them on the fierce wind. The battery in St. Roch, behind them, broke into a roar, and at the Palace Gate, beside them as they hurried on, a crackle of musketry and a blaze of firebrands told of the attempt to burn it down. More faintly, muffled by the storm, they heard the firing from Cape Diamond and the Plains of Abraham. The column passed Palace Gate undiscovered, but still it must cover a narrow third of a mile close under the bluffs of the Upper Town, and here, soon after Arnold had gone by, fire balls were hurled down from the walls, revealing the dark ribbon of armed men as they hurried through the drifts. Then the silence of their coming was suddenly ended in a crash of musketry from the blackness above them, now crowned with flashes of red flame, shimmering weirdly through the storm. Wounded men stumbled to the rear, those who had fallen lay smothered in the drifting snow. The disabled must shift for themselves, the hurrying column would not pause.

Unchecked by the flanking fire, the column followed the faint trail of Arnold's little vanguard, and plunged like a sword-thrust into a narrow street, down which lay the first barricade of the Lower Town, with the muzzles of two twelve-pound cannon staring at them in threatening silence. Lamb's men found it impossible to drag their field-piece farther through the drifts, and came to a halt. Word was sent ahead to Arnold that they could not advance, and the captain of the next company in line refused to pass them, stating that his orders were to follow the artillery. At this, Morgan appeared, scattering curses in his deep voice, the gunners opened to right and left, and the advance began again.

Arnold's plan had been to announce his presence by a well-aimed discharge from the six-pounder, and, while Morgan made a circuit on the frozen river to attack its rear, to charge the battery in front. Now the cannon had failed him, and the movement on the ice seemed impractical. He sent word to Lamb to abandon his piece and throw his men into the fight with their muskets.

Then, calling on the riflemen to follow him, he led a rush against the dim barrier before them. The men charged with a yell, and were met by a tremendous explosion, as the grapeshot thundered over their heads. Thrusting their rifles into the enemy loopholes, they drove back the gunners, and the battery was silenced. Suddenly, a fire was opened upon them from the windows of the houses in front. The bodies of the fallen made dark blots in the shadowy drifts around the feet of the fighters. A glancing bullet struck Arnold in the left leg below the knee, tearing its way down along the bone to his ankle. For a while he stood, leaning on his gun, the blood spreading beneath him on the snow, encouraging the men about him, who, aiming by the flashes in the darkness, were returning the fire from the houses. Thus, as the riflemen were running forward with ladders to scale the barricade, Morgan found him, already weak from bleeding, and plainly unequal to the work before them. With Parson Spring supporting him on one side, he ordered a rifleman to take the other, and Arnold was sent limping to the rear.

The soldiers called for Morgan to lead them, and after a hasty consultation with Greene and a few others, it was agreed that he, by right of his experience in active warfare, should have the command. The huge Virginian leapt for a ladder, and Arnold, as he moved painfully away, must have heard his tremendous, "Now, boys, follow me!" No sooner had the defenders caught sight of his head, than a volley of musketry roared over the wall, and the heavy body rolled with a thud from the ladder to the trampled snow. In a moment, his short beard clipped through by a bullet, his face deeply powder burned, he was up the ladder again and over the wall, another lucky tumble on the cannon within saving him from the ready British bayonets. Close after him, his boys swarmed over, showering bullets before them and then charging with bayonet and spear. Some thirty of the enemy threw down their arms. The barrier had been taken, and frightened fugitives bore to Carleton the news that the rebels were in the Lower Town.

More slowly now the long file advanced through darkness broken only by the deadly flashes overhead, uncertain of their way among the walls that rose about them as they neared the barrier. They stumbled against boats and anchors and maritime litter scattered beneath the long, smooth drifts that moved like waves before the icy wind. Then, close to them, in the narrow path, the Colonel came limping painfully back, his arms over the shoulders of the men who held him. In a tone of cheering confidence, he urged them forward, promised a speedy success, glory and wealth to the victors, and cursed the hireling cowards. Young Henry, hunting for a short cut, was caught suddenly under the chin by a ship's hawser, and hurled down a sharp declivity; he rejoined the line among the New Englanders and found them much depressed by the Colonel's going, heedless of his words of encouragement. There were muttered comments as they pushed forward, and a querulous "We are sold" was heard repeatedly in the line.

Back along the narrow stretch toward Palace Gate Arnold passed in his retreat, the muskets still crackling overhead, with now and then the brief whine of a bullet near them in the wind. He grew weaker, unable to stand upon the wounded leg, dragging it numbly after him. At last he could walk no farther, and for more than a mile beyond the suburb of St. Roch to the General Hospital by the St. Charles, they carried him. The din of battle was still borne to them through the blustering of the storm, but there seemed an ominous lull in the firing.

Ominous, indeed, it was. Not far beyond the captured barrier, under the shadow of a tall cliff where the street turned again, and again was blocked by a line of defense, Morgan and the head of the column were waiting. It was here, under the precipice called the "Sailor's Leap," the Sault au Matelot, that Montgomery had promised to join them. Morgan, sensing the need for swift action, was for an immediate attack upon the barricade while the enemy was still in confusion from their first success. But he abandoned

the impulse before the "hard reasoning," as he called it, of his officers: to wait, they said, was to obey the orders of the General, who would soon be with them; the men were slow in coming to the front, the prisoners almost outnumbered them; their guides had been killed; prudence, in short, demanded that they wait. And they waited, while Montgomery's New Yorkers were retreating ignobly from the battery whence a drunken sailor, swearing that he would not run without one shot for the honor of the kingdom, had hurled a charge of grapeshot among them. Montgomery, a few still shapes behind him, lay in lonely glory in the snow, and still they waited, in the narrow blackness under the Sault au Matelot, while Carleton wrapped his strength around them.

For Arnold the walls and chimneys of the Hospital rose darkly through the whirling gray of dawn, with a gleam of yellow in the window panes for welcome. Here a bevy of placid nuns had long striven in good works and had remained at their posts when the Americans came, a little fearful at first, but well pleased by the courteous treatment they received. Henry, reared in the strict Calvinist tradition, remembered it as "this holy place." Now Dr. Senter was its presiding spirit. This tall youth had begged in vain for the command of a company in the assault, but he found himself busy enough with the wounded. Into a room crowded with blood-stained warriors stretched on the straw-littered floor or sitting against the walls, some motionless and silent, some moaning in their pain, some feeling their bandages and relating in hushed voices how it happened, Arnold was carried. He was laid on a pallet bed, the doctor and an assistant bending over him, breaking away the crimson ice that covered the wounded leg, removing stocking and shoe and cutting out the fragment of lead that had done the damage.

While they were at work, Ogden came in with a flesh wound in the shoulder, and stated his opinion that the attack would fail. Others followed, to swell the rumors of disaster. It was not long before an excited messenger stumbled in with the news of the death

of Montgomery and the flight of his men. Only a miracle could bring them victory now. The deadening realization of defeat came over them, and from it they awoke to a sudden alarm for themselves, the birth of panic. The army was broken, leaderless, the last remnant of its strength waiting for Carleton to trap and crush it in the mazes of the Lower Town. Then they would fall upon the helpless remnants on the plains.

Fear, dismay, despair, swept through the little mob of refugees and unfortunates gathered at the Hospital. A rush of bullets and bayonets was momently expected, and the men had no heart for fighting. Anxious faces lined the windows and watched from the doors. There was heard a din of firing, nearer, from St. Roch. The black-robed nuns fluttered to and fro, gasping piously in French. But the men were soldiers still, and Arnold was their commander. They came to him, begging that they might bear him out of danger. He, however, drily rejected the offer, and ordered that no man leave the place. He propped himself up on the bed, shook the scabbard from his sword and laid its shining length across the blood-soaked cloths beside him. He demanded that his pistols, emptied in the fight at the barrier, be loaded, and then, with a bright-barreled weapon ready in each hand, swore that the first of the enemy to enter the room would die for it. He spoke his orders in a bold, clear voice. Muskets were brought, and the sick and wounded, the bright-eyed and firm-mouthed once more, seized them eagerly. A desperate garrison lined the windows now, or sat upon the bloody straw. And the staid edifice, which the strange religion had raised to Mercy, became a fortress against the victorious forces of the King.

CHAPTER VI

EXODUS

I. The Fire-eater Holds His Ground.

THROUGH the gray of morning on that wan New Year's Day, while the firing had begun to rage anew at the Sault au Matelot, and Arnold was lying among his guard of wounded men, a force of the jubilant garrison had sallied from the walls and swept through St. Roch with the cry, "Damn the dogs, we'll take them all!" A few hastily mustered stragglers had met them with a wrathful storm of cannon and musketry, and they retreated, dragging with them, however, the five small mortars with which Lamb's men had scattered shells upon the city. Arnold's order to move the guns to a place of greater safety had been neglected, and the capture soured even this meager taste of success. The firing in the Lower Town died out at last. A leaden gloom held the shattered army in inactivity. All that day the snow fell silently around them, hiding the vestiges of battle under its white smoothness, leaving only the wild memories of the night and the thought of missing comrades to remind them of defeat.

Now the old bitterness came again, as the New England troops railed against the New Yorkers for deserting the General, for ruining all by their cowardice, and were cursed in turn for their Yankee impudence. In the Hospital, where Arnold, weak and in great pain, was penning concise accounts of the assault, calling for immediate reinforcements, the wounded men in the straw raised piteous arms above them, moaning, "Montgomery is dead. Montgomery is dead." And the good nuns, who had given them their coverlets and torn their linen into bandages, echoed it as they passed from room to room, "Poor Montgomery is dead."

On the next day, Major Meigs, of Arnold's corps, came into the camp, a prisoner on parole, bringing them the first news of the fate of his comrades. They had all been taken, those at least who had survived a desperate battle in the narrow death trap by the precipice. After that fatal delay of waiting, they had renewed the fight, firing at the flashes around them, crying, "Quebec is ours!" The riflemen had loudly dared the cowards to come from their covert and try the rifles, now for sale at a low rate, to which the wits of the garrison called back that they expected to have them soon for nothing. But the flare of pugnacity had given way to desperation as a wall of musket fire and bayonets had closed round them with terrible effect. Five hundred men, sallying from Palace Gate, had blocked their rear. Still had they held out to the last, hoping that Montgomery would come. Late in the morning they had laid down their arms. Morgan, whose gigantic voice had guided them through the darkness and torturing confusion, who had called in vain on the exhausted men to fight their way to liberty, had been the last to surrender, his powder-blackened face streaked with tears as he stood against a wall, holding back a crowd of angry redcoats with his sword, crying, "Shoot if you will!" and "No scoundrel of those cowards shall take it from my hand!" But Carleton, according to his wise policy, which the British government never learned to appreciate, treated his captives well, and allowed Major Meigs to return on parole and bring in their baggage. Even Arnold was touched with gratitude for the Governor's kindness to his men.

On that day Arnold wrote to Wooster in Montreal, giving the details of his plight. Over a hundred men, whose enlistments had expired, had already abandoned their dejected comrades and set out for home. Ammunition, provisions, medicines and money were very low. Not including the unreliable Canadian regiment, six hundred men, many unfit for active duty, were besieging Carleton's garrison of three times their number. A sortie was anticipated, and the call for reinforcements was an urgent one.

"I shall endeavor," Arnold declared, "to continue the blockade while there are any hopes of success. For God's sake order as many men down here as you can possibly spare, consistently with the safety of Montreal, and all the mortars, howitzers and shells that you can possibly bring. I hope you will stop every rascal who has deserted from us and bring him back again." He needed cash, he needed food, he needed three thousand men at least to take the city, he was in excessive pain from his wound and would be pinned to his bed for two months or more. Wooster, himself in straits, received these complaints with placid concern, and set himself industriously to do what he could.

Arnold sat on his bed in the Hospital, a portable writing desk across his thighs, quill in hand, sallow of face and hard of eye, the black hair hanging in disarray. The pangs of gout added to the gnawing agony of the long wound in his leg. But this was only half the torment: he had been defeated. Quebec must be won in a few months or lost forever. He was commander of an army and could do nothing. He plied the surgeons with questions and made varying calculations of the weeks until he could stand on his feet again. The pen scraped the paper with resolute impatience, as the sensitive lips quivered with pain and the mortification of inactivity. And one moment he would be in despair, and long only to be quit of the wretched business, and then the fierce determination would return.

"The command of the army," he wrote on January sixth, "by the death of my truly great and good friend, General Montgomery, devolves upon me, a task I find too heavy under my present circumstances." And then, in a sudden burst of the old, proud energy, "I have no thoughts of abandoning this proud town until I first enter it in triumph. My wound has been exceedingly painful but is now easy, and the surgeons assure me will be well in eight weeks. I know you will be anxious for me. That Providence which has carried me through so many dangers is still my protection. I am in the way of my duty and know no fear."

In his suffering and sense of helplessness he resigned the command to his second in rank, Colonel Donald Campbell, a blustering, insinuating body, with a keen taste for everything in a soldier's life but the danger, thoroughly unpopular in the camp for having been the man who ordered the retreat of the New Yorkers. Campbell stood among the group in Arnold's room in the Hospital and made oath to a number of bloody intentions. But in the end he found himself obliged to call a council of officers, which decided unanimously that the invalid fighter should lead them. Arnold was willing now to see another in the chief command. Perhaps he realized that the venture into Canada was doomed to failure. He had already told Wooster that his presence was absolutely necessary to restore the morale of the dispirited men. Wooster promised reinforcements, but declared himself unable to come, and Arnold wrote to Washington of his predicament, suggesting that General Lee, "or some other experienced officer" be assigned to the command.

From their passive confidence that Quebec would fall, the patriots were suddenly awakened by the news of defeat. Before the attack took place, they had indignantly combated a rumor that Montgomery had been killed in an unsuccessful escalade. Now they had to announce the hopeless news, the narrowness of the failure no whit lessening its desperate reality. It was still believed that only the conquest of Canada would save them from a long and bloody war, and Congress and the leaders turned to the task of throwing new strength into the broken little army in the north.

"We now, my friend," General Lee had blandly informed Robert Morris, early in December, "sail triumphantly before the wind, the reduction of Canada, for I suppose it is reduced, gives the Coup de grace to the hellish junk. Montgomery and Arnold deserve statues of gold, and I hope the Congress will erect 'em." Washington, at the same time, was showing a high admiration for Arnold. "The merit of this gentleman," he wrote, "is certainly great, and I heartily wish that fortune may distinguish him as one of her

favorites. I am convinced that he will do everything that his prudence and valor shall suggest to add to the success of our arms." Nor did his reputation suffer by the losses of the fateful New Year's Eve, while his bold continuance of the siege seemed fresh proof of his ability. His happy combination of courage, prudence and a respect for appearances, won him the faithful admiration of many of his men. "You will ever see him the intrepid hero," wrote one of them, "the unruffled Christian."

In Congress, however, the seeds of distrust had already been planted, and grew steadily, nurtured by the fire-eater's implacable foes. Montgomery had given the cause the glory of his sacrifice and name, but Arnold was still a hot, uncertain reality. Yet he, if any man, had earned advancement, and, on January tenth, on the motion of Silas Deane, with whom he had kept in touch, but not without argument and delay, he was appointed Brigadier-General. Later, a ship of war was named the *Montgomery,* and a floating battery, the *Arnold*. Hero worship, for the time being, rested there.

Hitherto, in a more pious than practical spirit, Congress had left its Canadian adventure in the care of an all-seeing Providence, whose favors had been duly rewarded with mention in the public records and utterances. It now appeared, as Charles Lee was wont to remark when the army was ordered to prayers, that Heaven favored the strongest battalions, and they acted accordingly. "To the rescue!" however, was the cry in London as well as in Philadelphia, and they knew that haste was essential. They had rested in the confidence that the war for Liberty would gather momentum among the Canadians themselves as soon as an army of patriots had come among them. Now they found that a new and larger army, with an effective organization built up behind it, must be launched on the long march, must cross the snowy wastes and conquer the stubborn city before the royal transports came through. It had been a romantic, strange campaign, so small were the contending armies, so great the empire for which they fought, its contrasts of heroism and cowardice, of vigor and weakness, so strong, its

victories so narrowly gained, each little band seeking even to bluster its enemies into a sense of defeat to turn the sagging balance. And now it was to be a long hard race of reinforcements to the battle front.

Anxiously the two armies at Quebec watched the passing of the precious days, some furiously cold, driving the sentries from their posts, some with a presage of spring, filling the hollows in the snow with glittering pools. The garrison, uncertain when their enemies might be strengthened and try the walls again, mounted guard with unabated vigilance, and prepared, whenever snow came with the darkness, for the expected assault. But they were more confident now, the citizens passing their time merrily enough, with a derisive song or two for "Arnold, *ce fameux maquignon,*" jockey and brigand. The besiegers too were apprehensive of attack. Arnold had retired his main body about a mile, where he placed them in such a manner as to guard the roads and be ready to unite in resistance to a sortie. This left the magazine in an exposed position, but he did not move it to a place of safety, fearing that further precaution might alarm the habitants who had aided and supplied the army. He protected it, therefore, with the remnant of his cannon. The advance guards were still stationed close to the city, and around the exposed parts of the camp there rose ramparts of packed and frozen snow, substantial enough to stop a musket ball.

That the Americans, with a scant seven hundred men, should have held a garrison of almost two thousand imprisoned behind its works reflects great credit on their commander, and was declared a marvel by his fellow officers. But obviously, Carleton had much to lose and little to gain by a sortie in force. Many of his men had too little enthusiasm in the cause, many were too inexperienced in military maneuvers to take the field. While he had provision enough behind the walls to keep the populace contented, it would have been folly to have risked all in an attack across the snowy plains. It was only of firewood that he was dangerously in want, and parties were sent out under guard to gather timbers and

fence rails from the suburbs. Aware of the need, the Americans kindled as many fires as they could among these sources of supply. The icy days slipped by, broken by raids and skirmishing in the neutral ground, and by the constant expectation of attack.

On the twenty-fourth more than two hundred of Wooster's men at last arrived in camp, and on the fourth of February twenty-five New Englanders trudged in on snowshoes, the vanguard of the reinforcements from home. A supply of hard money relieved one worry of the jaded commander. Ordnance, however, was slow in coming while four feet of snow still covered the ground on the level stretches, and Arnold hoped to enforce his next attack with an effective bombardment. He was busy with a scheme to lay a boom across the St. Lawrence below the town, to delay relief from the sea.

He was out of bed now, hobbling to the windows with the help of a cane. By the end of February, he was making the rounds of the camp, General Arnold, rousing a cheer as he rode by, proudly saluted by his old comrades, broadly stared upon by the new recruits. Major Brown, to be sure, was still chairman for a coterie of disgruntled officers. The fire-eater's method with these malcontents was an unusual one. Instead of ignoring them in his orders and keeping them in obscurity, he gave them dangerous and important duties to perform, opportunities, if they acted with spirit, to win glory and promotion. In this they could read no other motive than a desire to see them lose their lives in an encounter with the enemy. Such an event would probably not have been a cause for remorse to Arnold, but his design was more probably to assert his authority over them, and, in the belief that they were all cowards, give them the chance to disgrace themselves.

Brown had now a lofty opinion of his value as an officer, founded on the fact that, by the sheerest bravado, he had argued the entire British flotilla at Montreal into a surrender. His objective was now a Colonel's commission, supported by a verbal promise of the immortal Montgomery. Arnold, scorning the fine points of

defamation which had been used against him, informed Congress with the frankness and candor which belong to a high sense of duty that both Brown and Easton were very commonly believed to have plundered the baggage of some of the prisoners at Montreal. He pointed to the impropriety of a promotion until the doubts in this matter were cleared, adding that, as he acted purely in the public interest, he did not wish his part in the matter to be kept secret from any one. Brown was outmatched. "Genl. Arnold and I," he wrote his wife with gloomy foreboding, "do not agree very well —I expect another storm soon; suppose I must be a Uriah."

Early in March, the first company of a regiment of Pennsylvanians was cheered into camp. They were newly recruited troops and uniformed, although their long march, hardly less terrible than Arnold's, had worn the cloth to tatters. Their dress was a cheap and serviceable brown, the coats faced with buff and crossed on back and chest by the broad white belts that supported cartridge box and canteen. With knapsacks and blankets on their backs, hatchets swinging at their sides, with shoes and leggins and mittens, much the worse for wear, but with the long barrels of the firelocks bristling overhead to give the note of confidence and power, they were joyously welcomed at the post of danger. Company by company, the reinforcements marched in, until by April the besiegers numbered almost twenty-five hundred men.

Blessings and trials, however, came in equal quantities. The smallpox continued to spread, until as many as four hundred lay stricken at one time and the burial parties were almost daily at work. Finances dwindled again, both at Quebec and Montreal, bringing the pinch of hunger, pillaging, and the hostility of the Canadians. Arnold had assured Washington that he hoped "to rub along" in this matter, but the last hazardous expedient of forcing paper money on the people became a necessity, with Quebec as defiant as ever.

"We labour under as many difficulties," he wrote, "as the Israelites did of old, obliged to make bricks without straw." He again

sent a summons to the walls, with only the cold satisfaction of a verbal instead of explosive rejection. His army still too weak to risk an assault, he concentrated on the difficult work of raising batteries, and began to prepare a small navy with which he might attack the harbor when the weather permitted, for most of the warships' guns had been remounted in the town.

Gradually, after the defeat at the Lower Town, the campaign had been losing its character of a friendly reinforcement of the Canadian liberals and becoming purely a military operation, a desperate effort at armed conquest. The change condemned it to failure. Inevitably, signs of enmity appeared among the Canadians. And, suddenly, the peasants whose allegiance both sides had so long endeavored to secure rose in arms under the banner of the King. The scheme, with the priests behind it, the seigneurs at the head of it, and a force of three hundred and fifty men, was to capture the American post at Point Levi, across the river from Quebec. The threatened detachment was hopelessly outnumbered and its defeat would break the siege. For a few days, everything hung in the balance. Arnold acted quickly. Strengthening Point Levi, he hurled two hundred men against the enemy, surprised and made prisoner their advance guard after a brief scuffle. The main body scattered, and the revolt against revolt was ended. But the incident was a sorry blow to the still lingering hope that the Canadians would rally round the standard of Liberty. Arnold, a fighter to the last, assured Washington in positive terms that the habitants were still as friendly as ever. Nor had they turned bodily against him, for many had aided in the defeat of the relief force. But he was certainly ignoring the growing hostility of the leaders of these simple folk, the clergy and the noblesse.

Arnold might glower at the silent, snow-laden fortress, and grind his teeth in sullen fury, but the chances of its capture were all but hopeless now, and melted daily, with the snow. And he knew it. It was a thing which men might sense, which would rise in their minds and overshadow them without ever finding an expression.

Keenest to sense it were these adventurers. Aaron Burr, after a sharp quarrel with his General, had already left the camp. Charles Lee had been assigned to the command in Canada, raising the hopes of many, but had not considered it a likely investment, and had been transferred to the southern department. Arnold himself left Quebec when a superior officer arrived and he could do so with honor. It was not a callous admission of defeat. The patriot arms and his own career were too closely linked for this, while there yet lingered a chance of victory. The immediate cause of his going was the old proud intolerance of a superior officer, particularly intolerable here, where the superior officer was General David Wooster.

A temperate old Puritan, without tact or tactics, Wooster could boast of thirty years of honorable service and no immediate accomplishment. He was old-fashioned and sometimes a little absurd, "an old man, with an enormous periwig," as one of Carleton's officers summed him up. Silas Deane had opposed his appointment to the army, stating his repugnance, as he put it, "to sacrifice the good of my country to the whim of an old man, or old woman rather." Washington had been almost as blunt. "I have no opinion at all," he had observed to Joseph Reed, with confidential irony, "of W—r's enterprising genius." His blundering shortsightedness at Montreal had brought confusion and discontent. Worst, perhaps, of all his failings, was a pious refusal to consider the Canadian priests as anything better than the arch-idolaters of Antichrist. He lacked utterly that bold initiative the crisis demanded.

It was impossible that Arnold should long submit to the domination of the old General's cautious incompetence. It was on the first of April that Wooster arrived. With him, to the great joy of the camp, he brought not only reinforcements, but heavy siege artillery. If the British had been annoyed by the cheering in the American camp from time to time, announcing the coming of new strength, the Americans had grown heartily tired of the regular "All's well!" from the ramparts. They were weary of inactivity,

and here was at last a chance to raise an uproar and tumble a few of Carleton's walls around him. But Arnold was already in none too agreeable a frame of mind from Wooster's slowness and negligence in supporting him from Montreal, and now it was evident that he was not greatly respected and would have no very important part in the operations. On the following day, to add a more acrid flavor, his horse fell upon him, severely bruising the wounded leg. Leave of absence was not begrudged him, and he promptly repaired to Montreal and there assumed command.

"Had I been able to take an active part," he wrote to Schuyler on the twentieth, "I should by no means have left camp, but as General Wooster did not think proper to consult me, I am convinced I shall be more useful here. He confided that he felt very dubious of Wooster's ever taking the city, especially as he had almost eight hundred men on the sick list, only seventeen hundred on duty, and the terms of fifteen hundred had expired, about half of whom, he thought, would reënlist. He had, however, no thought of abandoning Canada. If Quebec held out, a campaign in the field would follow, and might, he reflected, prove more successful. Signs of his vigorous hand began to appear in the confusion at Montreal.

"Arnold," as Aaron Burr described him, "is a perfect madman in the excitements of battle, and is ready for any deeds of valor; but he has not a particle of moral courage. He is utterly unprincipled and has no love of country or self-respect to guide him. He is not to be trusted anywhere but under the eye of a superior." But for the last sentence, there is sufficient truth in this damning description to excuse its coming from Aaron Burr. It was under the eye of a superior that Arnold was least dependable. What every spirited officer desired was a detached command, with the opportunity to show his powers, and to this impatient fire-eater a detached command was essential. As long as his country's cause and his own were united he had enough of self-respect and enough of honor to be worthy of the trust.

II. The Last Man to Go.

In Montreal, the adventurer issued his orders from Wooster's old headquarters, a low stone edifice erected more than half a century before and the residence of the English governors since the conquest, the château de Ramezay. In the cellar, Fleury Mesplet, printer, was kept busy with the literature of Freedom's cause, hortatory and explanatory pronouncements whose value was greatly limited by the fact that most of the good people of Canada were unable to read. Patriot officers, in as great a variety of costumes as faces, passed and repassed the sentry lounging at the door. For a while, the fire-eater was too busy to quarrel. In his inability to find or inspire trustworthiness in his immediate subordinates, especially in matters financial, every problem of the army came under his personal control. The position of the city, the chief American base in Canada and the midway point between Quebec and Ticonderoga, made the task an important one.

It was here that he first came into intimate contact with the Congress. He had already enemies and friends at Philadelphia, and had felt the sting of the new government's scrupulous distrust. Now he was to learn the frailty of their support, for although they were at last giving the best they had in a desperate race for Canada, he soon realized the prodigal futility of the business. At the same time, he came into personal relations with three distinguished members, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, commissioners sent by Congress to examine and direct the tangled affairs behind the fighting lines.

Congress had reacted quickly and firmly to the news of the disaster at Quebec. "We will never abandon you to the unrelenting fury of your and our enemies," the Canadians were promptly reassured; "two battalions have already received orders to march to Canada." In February it was resolved to send the committee of three, to make known to the people of Canada the splendid intentions of their deliverers, to show them the closeness of their interests,

to quiet the disputes that had arisen between the troops and the inhabitants, and to weed incompetency from the army where it might appear. With them came John Carroll, later to become the first Archbishop of Baltimore, ready with all his powers of persuasion to meet the hostility of the clergy of New France. And with them came no less a personage than Frederick William, Baron de Woedtke, Knight of Malta, Knight of the Order of Jerusalem, &c., &c., late of the Prussian army, Brigade Major to the King's Own Command, who, according to the tale which he recounted in melancholy confidence and a thick accent to all persons whomsoever, had been summarily dismissed from his honorable command when obliged to bear to the warlike monarch news of the death of his nephew. But America had welcomed him with many expressions of sympathy and the title of Brigadier-General. And behind them, money and provisions were advancing slowly into Canada, and a legion of tall flintlocks on the shoulders of the tall young men who had answered the call of their country and the lure to adventure in the spring.

On the night of April twenty-ninth the honorable commissioners crossed the St. Lawrence to Montreal. The city, reaching out to them a shimmer of lights across the dark water, welcomed their arrival with a roar of artillery. On the wharf, in a blaze of lanterns, with a file of soldiery for background, they are greeted by Arnold in his scarlet dress, his officers about him, and the patriot citizens of the town crowding forward to pay their compliments to the five travelworn men: Franklin, Chase and the two Carrolls returning compliments with weary dignity, and the bleary-faced Baron emitting good-natured grunts from a heavy body completely swathed in furs, to exalt the scene with a touch of the ridiculous. Thence they are ushered into the stolid hall of the château de Ramezay, with wine and toasts and shaking of hands and good wishes of welcome, and candles throwing a confusion of shadow grotesques upon the walls and ceiling. And then to another apartment, suddenly finding themselves among a great number of ladies, a rustle

of fine gowns, and light French accents rippling in excitement and hospitality. Steaming cups are passed by the servants, and sipped in a flurry of confidential chatter. His muscular frame all alert formality, the tan now faded from his face and replaced by the florid countenance which then distinguished the gentleman who lived well, his hair lightly powdered, a different figure from the roughly clad fighter at Quebec, the General finds himself a center for bright attention, the long-nosed priest for reverent curiosity. Franklin's genial good humor no doubt rises to the occasion and wins him a heart or two, while the worthy Baron is smiled at for his awkward imitation of Parisian courtliness. The favored guests pass in to supper, which is concluded with the singing of the ladies, until, at last, the fatigued envoys are permitted to retire.

The commissioners went at once to their work, and did something to tighten the organization of the invading forces, but their chief accomplishment was to reveal more clearly the utter hopelessness of the situation. The deft arguments of John Carroll could not persuade the clergy to a union with the papist-hating colonies of the south. The army was continually melting before disease and short enlistments. Supplies and money were perpetually lacking, and among the many debtors were the poor soldiers themselves, grumbling for their pay. Such poverty led inevitably to plundering, and so feeble was discipline that the officers did little to check it, and Arnold, writing to Chase of the men who had looted the house of a friendly Canadian, "They are suicides, and will be made an example of," must needs suggest in the same letter that seizure was now the only recourse to supply the army.

Franklin, failing in health and utterly discouraged, determined to return and report in person. On the tenth of May news came to Montreal that John Thomas, who had succeeded to the command in Canada and had reached Wooster's lines at Quebec but a few days before, was in disorderly retreat. The British, reinforced from the sea, had sallied and carried the campaign into the field. On the following day, Franklin and John Carroll departed. The two re-

maining congressmen retired to St. Johns until the fate of the army should be clear, but they were not idle. The vantage points of the St. Lawrence were ordered fortified, row galleys built to hold the river, and they threw their own funds into the bottomless purse of the army of the north. Wooster, who had given more thought to a choleric tiff with the Baron de Woedtke than to providing for a retreat, was blamed for the disaster. Having already been put in a very bad temper by the arrival of Thomas, he set an example of insubordination by threatening to leave the army, and accused the commission of improper interference.

The commissioners, however, had been vested with authority to remove any officer whom their judgment might condemn, and although they had expressly declared an intention not to interfere with the military situation, this power made them a storm center for all manner of quarrels and appeals. The fire-eater had done everything in his power to ingratiate himself with these important individuals, and they were impressed, with interest if not enthusiasm. Chase, with the small, straight mouth and the cool, critical eyes, had sounded him in a friendly interchange of letters, and judged him without the powers of a truly great commander. But he had starved and bled and struggled with disaster, earning well the fame that he had gained. Even when it was clear that the crown would sweep the rebels back to Ticonderoga before the summer was out, his resolute demeanor still fired the tattered ranks with the hope of victory. Clearly, he meant to identify himself with a stubborn, brilliant fight for this rich province. Perhaps he foresaw a contest on better terms and a new invasion, should the enemy continue their advance southward on the lake passage.

Such, indeed, was the intention of His Majesty's ministry. The Canadian invasion, futile as it seemed, had consequences of tremendous importance to the independence of America. For by it the forces of the crown were divided, and the reinforcements now arrived at Quebec under General John Burgoyne might otherwise have given a conquering preponderance to Howe's army in the

south. The plan was for this northern army to drive the rebels from the province, take Ticonderoga and garrison it against future invasion, and then to march down the Hudson and unite with Howe. To drive out the rebels proved easy enough, but the counter invasion was to be checked in the late autumn, when Arnold met it with a fiery welcome at the battle of Valcour. And in the following year, when the attempt was made again, against a rebuilt patriot army, it was to go thundering down to defeat, with Arnold in the front of the battle still, on the fields of Saratoga.

While Burgoyne, with a splendidly appointed army of eight British regiments and two thousand German mercenaries, thirteen thousand men, was preparing with assurance and deliberation to follow his advantages, Arnold at Montreal was assaulted from the west. "I have posted five hundred men at the Cedars, a narrow pass fifteen leagues above this place," he noted in a report of May eighth to Washington. "They have two pieces of cannon and well entrenched, by which the enemy must pass." The post was designed to protect Montreal from any hostile activity which the Tories of western Canada might raise, and to cut them off from the British sympathizers below. On May fifteenth Arnold wrote that, despite threatened attack, the place was in little danger. Four days later, thanks only to the cowardice of its commander, it was surrendered, with four hundred men, to an equal number of Indians and about a hundred and fifty British and Canadians. A small reinforcement, on its way from Montreal, was ambushed and overpowered. Captain Forster, at the head of the uprising, advanced triumphantly on Montreal, where signs of a conspiracy in his favor seemed to promise an easy victory should he appear.

The fire-eater dashed westward with a scant hundred men, and entrenched, in expectation of attack. But Forster, encumbered by prisoners and deserted by many of his Indians, hesitated, and when Arnold was shortly reinforced with five hundred men, the tide turned. Forster fell back. He gathered his prisoners under a guard of Indians, who amused themselves by shooting them with mud bul-

lets and other forms of savage sport, and he replied to Arnold's summons that every rebel in his power would die for it if he were attacked.

"Words cannot express my feelings at the delivery of this message," Arnold wrote to the commissioners. "Torn by conflicting passions of revenge and humanity, a sufficient force to take ample revenge, raging for action, urged me on one hand; and humanity for five hundred unhappy wretches, who were on the point of being sacrificed if our vengeance were not delayed, plead equally strong on the other." He called, nevertheless, for an instant, surprise attack, but a council of his officers voted it down in a storm of hot words. Forster offered to exchange the prisoners for as many British captives, on condition that the Americans could not serve again in the war. Arnold offered exchange on equal terms and the alternative of immediate attack. He promised, if one prisoner died, to cut down every soul that fell into his hands. The exchange was made, and Forster slipped away into the fastnesses whence he had come.

Needless raids upon the Indian villages were marked by disobedience of officers and sullen accusations of cowardice from the fire-eater. He had saved Montreal, but there was a humiliation in the affair to which his inevitable answer was a sour fury.

There were other shadows over Arnold's crowded activities in and about the city of Montreal, the old tangle of hatred, faction and intrigue. In his letters he scrupulously avoided the personal side of a wrangle, and sought to show it a public affair. The partnership of Easton and Brown was still active, the fire-eater having effectually excluded these gentlemen from the service of their country by fastening upon them the suspicion of plundering. There was no conclusive evidence, and the robbery seems only to have been, as was usually the case, a matter of a few private soldiers helping themselves to much needed equipment. But higher authorities are easily blamed, and many were willing to suspect the embattled attorney and tavern-keeper-deacon of Pittsfield. And they, in turn, were provoked by the spectacle of Arnold's cool villainy, to use

an immoderation of language by which their cause was melted in its own heat. Easton dashed to Philadelphia, where he was shortly imprisoned for debt. Brown vainly applied to Wooster, Schuyler, the commissioners and General Horatio Gates, for a court of inquiry, fuming, denouncing, demanding the arrest of his enemy, calling on "men and angels" to prove the charge, and succeeding only, after a great many months had elapsed, in obtaining a hearing before the Board of War at Philadelphia. With so little evidence to act upon, the Board naturally gave credence to the placid statements offered by Arnold in the interest of regular procedure and the public good.

In a similar case, the General undertook to break the reputable career of Colonel Moses Hazen. Here, however, there appeared a new factor of importance: General Arnold's acquisitive instinct. The Colonel was a Canadian who had made a distinguished place for himself in the service of the colonies. He had entered it at the head of a regiment of French Canadian troops of his own raising and had been prominent in affairs at Montreal since the coming of Montgomery. But with the coming of Arnold trouble came also. Hazen used his own judgment in interpreting Arnold's orders, with Arnold too busy and too cautious to force an open quarrel. Hard language passed between them at the Cedars. They were natural enemies, as rivals for high places in the Canadian service.

In June, shortly after his return from the Cedars, Arnold gave orders to an aide to take possession of sundry merchandise from various commercial houses in the city. The only payment offered was orders on himself, which were counted worthless, as it was then commonly known that the army was on the point of retreat. The unwisdom of the action was heightened by the fact that the seizures included silks and other goods of great value but of no use to the army. The natural inference is that Arnold was arranging some material return for his personal investments in the campaign. The seizure, however, was made with all the regularity that could be attached to such an act and fully reported to higher authorities.

The goods were sent in charge of Major Scott to Chambly, on the line of retreat, where Hazen, stationed at that post, was ordered to receive and store them. Hazen, in a natural opposition to such measures, refused at first to receive them, and Scott being called away, they remained for a while unguarded on the river bank, during which time a considerable portion disappeared. The poor merchants, following disconsolately in the hope of payment, raised a clamor against Arnold. And, characteristically, the fire-eater at once defended himself against the inevitable charge of peculation, by loudly accusing Hazen of negligence and disobedience of orders.

Colonel Hazen demanded a court-martial, and his wish was, in the course of time, granted. The trial proved a victory for Hazen, and, on the whole, a furious little farce. The testimony of Major Scott, on which Arnold's case depended, was declared inadmissible, as he was interested in the verdict. The fire-eater told the court that its action was unprecedented and unjust. This protest the court pronounced "illegal, illiberal and ungentlemanlike," refused it a place in the minutes and demanded an apology. "Ungentlemanlike" was tactless. The fire-eater replied in a curious mixture of rage and dignity.

"The very extraordinary note of the court," he informed that body, "and the directions given to the President, and his still more extraordinary demand, are in my opinion ungenteel and indecent reflections on a superior officer; which the nature and words of my protest will by no means justify; nor was it designed as you have construed it. I am not very conversant with courts martial, but this I may venture to say: they are composed of men not infallible; even you may have erred. Congress will judge between us; to whom I will desire the General to transmit the proceedings of this court. This I can assure you, I shall ever in public or private be ready to support the character of a man of honor; and as your very nice and delicate honor in your apprehension is injured, you may depend as soon as this disagreeable service is at an end (which God grant may soon be the case,) I will by no means withhold from any

gentleman of the court, the satisfaction his nice sense of honor may require. Your demand I shall not comply with." In these words he flung contempt and defiance in the teeth of the worthy judges, summoned them to fight him at the first opportunity, and hinted, as he had done before, that he was only too ready to quit a service rendered intolerable by unfounded and malicious aspersions.

The judges referred the outrage to General Gates, commanding at Ticonderoga, where the little drama was staged, demanding the arrest of Arnold. But at that time the British counter invasion was looming and a good organizer and fighter was needed. Gates dissolved the court. "The warmth of General Arnold's temper," he commented in submitting the papers to Congress, "might possibly lead him a little farther than is marked by the precise line of decorum to be observed towards a court martial," but "the United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's services at this important moment."

This event was to be reached in August, when Canada was in the possession of the crown. But to return to Montreal, we find Arnold had already been cultivating friendly relations with General Gates. From Chambly, on the thirty-first of May, he had inscribed a pleasant letter.

"My Dear General:

"I am a thousand times obliged to you for your kind letter of the 3rd of April, of which I have a most grateful sense. I shall be ever happy in your friendship and society; and hope, with you, that our next winter-quarters will be more agreeable, though I must doubt it if affairs go as ill with you as here. Neglected by Congress below; pinched with every want here; distressed with the smallpox; want of Generals and discipline in our army which may rather be called a great rabble; our late unhappy retreat from Quebec, and loss of the Cedars; our credit and reputation lost, and great part of the country; and a powerful foreign enemy advancing upon us,—are so many difficulties we cannot surmount them. My whole thoughts are now bent on making a safe retreat out of this country; however, I hope we shall not be obliged to leave it until we have had one more bout for the honour of America. I think we can make a last stand at Isle-aux-Noix, and keep the lake this

summer from an invasion that way. We have little to fear; But I am heartily chagrined to think that we have lost in one month all the immortal Montgomery was a whole campaign in gaining, together with our credit, and as many men, and an amazing sum of money. The Commissioners this day leave us, as our good fortune has long since; but as Miss, like most other Misses, is fickle, and often changes, I still hope for her favours again; and that we shall have the pleasure of dying or living happy together.

"In every vicissitude of fortune, believe me, with great esteem and friendship, my dear General, your obedient humble servant,

"Benedict Arnold."

A day after this letter had been written, the fire-eater had welcomed to Canada General John Sullivan, his ranking officer, come to join Thomas with a brigade of well equipped and uniformed troops. With the death of Thomas from smallpox a day later, and the subsequent removal of Wooster for incompetence, he had come suddenly to the chief command. Ignorant of the forces against him, seeing only a chance for greatness, he had met Wooster's retreating line, and turned it back to face the enemy once more.

A detachment hurried forward to surprise the British at Three Rivers, midway between Quebec and Montreal. But a treacherous guide misled them into a long morass, and the enemy was out to meet them when the mud-stained stroops at last deployed on solid ground. Colonel Wayne, swinging his hat, cheered on a long line of blue and white, thrusting flanking parties to right and left, driving twice his number of redcoats before him. It was Mad Anthony's first taste of fire. Aware now of the enemy's superiority, the rebel line boldly assaulted a breastwork from which a deadly fire was poured upon them, reinforced by the shout, "We are three to one!" Beaten back, threatened in the rear, they fled. Only Wayne's tireless efforts kept a semblance of order in the retreat. But Sullivan obstinately held his ground, with the way open for Carleton to pass him on the north and throw a force in his rear sufficient to trap all the rebels in Canada. In vain his officers implored him to retreat.

On the thirteenth of June, Arnold warned him again of the necessity. "There will be more honor in making a safe retreat than in hazarding a battle against such superiority. . . . These arguments," he added, "are not urged by fear for my personal safety; I am content to be the last man who leaves this country, and fall, so that my country may rise. But let us not fall altogether." On that day, Sullivan yielded, and, in orderly array, but not an hour too soon, the retreat began.

Arnold arranged for the fortification of St. Johns, on which the main army would fall back. He then returned to Montreal. Here, as he grimly announced to Schuyler, "I shall remain, until I have orders to quit it, or am attacked, when it will be too late." On the fifteenth, he received news of Sullivan's decision, followed shortly by young James Wilkinson, one of his aides, breathless from a hard ride, and word that Carleton was marching to cut him off. He acted quickly and on his own responsibility, gathered his forces, crossed the river, and marched for St. Johns, destroying the bridge behind him. Wilkinson galloped for Chambly with a plea to Sullivan to send a force to cover the retreat. General de Woedtke was ordered to this duty, but the worthy Baron, who had opposed the whole business of retreating, was nowhere to be found. He had written to Franklin that he had many enemies, but sturdily announced that they were "all Tories." The truth was, that the good-hearted Knight of Malta had revealed a frailty for strong drink which totally unfitted him as a commander. Wayne undertook the duty, but no fighting was necessary, and Arnold marched safely into St. Johns on the next day. Sullivan, who had formerly taken a slightly contemptuous attitude toward Arnold, had now a word of praise for this "very prudent and judicious retreat."

With Carleton still close at their heels, a council of officers decided unanimously to retire to Crown Point, and there prepare for a stand. On Tuesday, the eighteenth, with the army embarked and moving southward, a long scattering of laden barges down the water, and the logs of the fort and the houses round about billowing

gray smoke into the sky, Arnold and Wilkinson rode out to reconnoiter the advancing enemy. Finally, they turned, and galloped back to the shore, where the last bateau was waiting. They shot down their horses and threw the bridles into the boat. Arnold shook the hand of a somber chief of his savage allies, who had come to say farewell. Then he ordered the men aboard, pushed the craft from the bank himself, and leapt into the stern. They pulled steadily along, the smoke rolling overhead, watching behind them the bright flashes of steel and scarlet that moved around the blazing, crumbling timbers of the fort, until the scene had faded in distance and the falling dusk.

CHAPTER VII

THE BATTLE OF VALCOUR

I. Friends and Enemies.

Looking about them over the camp at Isle aux Noix, where the dirt-stained, tattered, starving soldiers gathered at dusk by their fires, where the sick lay everywhere, unsheltered, in the wet grass, moaning and crying out, and the new dead, stiffening in their rags, waited a hasty burial in the morning, a number of officers, men who had shown their skill and spirit in the face of the enemy, sat down together and drank themselves insensible. Dr. Samuel Meyrick wandered ceaselessly among his charges, his tired face glistening with tears. It was an army beaten, broken and disheartened, "this wretched army," Sullivan called it, "perhaps the most pitiful one that was ever formed." The men of the Canadian campaigns had endured sufferings to which Valley Forge was nothing, and soon, revived by the sense of home and the coming of a foreign invader, they rose as bravely to the need as Washington's veteran line at Monmouth, two years after. The determination that had led them forth awakened more vividly. Much of warfare had been learned in this hard school of battle and defeat, and leaders of later renown had first shown their qualities in its rigorous tests.

Sullivan, unwilling to tarnish his fame by ordering further retreat, sent Arnold to Schuyler for orders. With his return, the lean companies embarked again, with their burden of disease and humiliation. On the first of July they were arriving at Crown Point, and Crown Point they abandoned for Ticonderoga, leaving three hundred new-made graves behind them.

Southward, the siege of Boston had ended in the retirement of the British, and Washington, now almost hopelessly outnumbered by Howe's new army, was boldly preparing to defend New York. At this time, the rebel colonies declared themselves a nation. The King, much as Arnold might have done, had sought to drive hostility into the open, there to crush it, and in so doing had only fanned the flame. And the colonies, as obstinate as Arnold in his quarrels, answered defiance with defiance.

Safe from their pursuers behind the walls of Ticonderoga, the army of the northern department found itself assailed by the most dangerous of all the multifarious intrigues which the uncertainties and opportunities of the time aroused among ambitious officers. Vague, unorganized, and cautiously expressed, an opinion was taking form among politicians and soldiers that the Commander-in-chief was after all a man of mediocre talents and small experience, and that an opportunity might shortly arise for his replacement by a better qualified general. And very impressive among the candidates for this honor stood General Horatio Gates.

This personage, short of stature but important of bearing, an insignificant figure surmounted by a heavy face of genial gravity, wrinkle-encircled eyes behind spectacles, a large mouth and a prominent aquiline nose sharply pointed downward, had received his training in the British regular army, had commanded a company under Braddock, and had been appointed Adjutant-General to the Continental Army at the outbreak of the war. As Adjutant-General at Cambridge, he had discovered that he knew more of the detail and routine of an army than Washington, and, having a natural ignorance of deeper qualities for action, he became strongly convinced that the Americans would find in himself the ideal commander. Gates was shallow and vulgar. But his shallowness could be poured out in such broad expanses of military theory and doctrine as to create a common impression of profundity and wisdom. And his vulgarity was of a convivial sort, at its best when mellowed by a few rounds of good liquor. So that, by dint of cen-

sorious assertions, subtle promises and a jovial good-fellowship, Gates had gained many strong admirers, both in Congress and the army.

When Arnold was able to pursue an intrigue dispassionately, he took an open position, put himself forward as the self-sacrificing patriot attacked by jealous and treacherous enemies, as the gentleman and soldier, half unwilling to accuse. Gates followed a more delicate course, giving much time to the cultivation of friends in Congress, where he succeeded in winning the confidence of Samuel Adams and the powerful New England group. He did not aspire immediately to replace Washington. His first objective was Schuyler's detached and important domain, the Northern Department. For months Schuyler had been harassed by secret attempts to injure his reputation. Vague reports were circulated until they assumed the proportion of facts. He who had spent a greater part of his own fortune in the hapless Canadian venture was accused of embezzling the public funds, and he who had labored so tirelessly and with such meager support from Congress to supply the scattered forces was suspected of plotting to bring all available military supplies to the frontier and there deliver them to the enemy. More than once he had demanded a court of inquiry to vindicate his honor, but since those who relayed the charges to their friends refused to defend them openly, Washington found nothing on which to begin an investigation.

It was with the New Englanders that Schuyler was most unpopular. His enforcement of strict discipline while in command of the army of invasion had emphasized to them the fact that he was a Dutch aristocrat, and on him they were ready to blame their terrible losses in the wreck of the Canadian armies. Of this disfavor Gates took advantage in cultivating the New England delegation, and his efforts won him the rank of Major-General and an order to take command of the army "in Canada." This distinction was one of doubtful value, as, at the time of the appointment, there no longer was an army in Canada. Sullivan, justly offended at being

thus suddenly replaced by an officer rightfully his junior, resigned, and went south to win greater glory in other fields of action. Gates came determined to reorganize the northern army under adherents of his own, but this resolve was suppressed by Schuyler, who brought the matter to a head at their first interview at the headquarters in Albany. Then the white-haired aristocrat, considering the difference settled on a friendly basis, placed Gates in command of Ticonderoga, the post of danger, and Gates, accepting the honor with all amiability, applied himself again to Congress.

He wrote in ponderous earnestness to the delegates. He wrote jokingly to "Dear Put," and kept in lively correspondence with others whose friendship might serve him. Among these was Arnold. If the fire-eater perceived the undercurrents of division, he refrained from committing himself, although his letters show that he was on much warmer terms of intimacy with Gates than with Schuyler. Gates' last contact with Arnold had been at Cambridge, where he had used his influence in his favor for the Kennebec expedition, and now he proffered more valuable services, saving him from embarrassment in the tumultuous outcome of the Hazen court-martial, and giving him the most important post it was in his power to bestow. This appointment he conferred without the formality of consulting either Congress or General Schuyler. "General Arnold (who is perfectly skilled in maritime affairs)," he announced to John Hancock on the twenty-ninth of July, "has most nobly undertaken to command our fleet on the lake. With infinite satisfaction I have committed the whole of that department to his care." It was a wise choice, and by it Gates found himself winning a powerful, albeit a dangerously intractable, ally and relieved of troublesome duties.

Schuyler remained in the background, closely in touch with the situation, holding things together. Already, finding the abuse of his enemies intolerable, he had resigned, but Congress had refused to accept the resignation, begging him to remain in control during the crisis. Colonel Wayne was at the fort, another element

of strength. He was considered for promotion, and a friend in Congress advised him—*"inter nos"*—if he would win a general's epaulettes, to court the favor and recommendation of Gates. Many ambitious officers were trying the same course. Wayne indignantly rejected the proposal. With the departure of the thick-headed Baron, Arnold had been left the only Brigadier in the department. To the hospital at Lake George, which Schuyler had established to cleanse the army of disease, de Woedtke had been borne, and there closed his grotesque career in death.

II. Two Generals Turn Admiral.

The reorganized army at "Ty" was divided into four brigades of four regiments each, of which Arnold commanded the First, consisting of New England men. Carleton, with his thirteen thousand, outnumbered them by more than ten thousand men. But weeks before the arrival of the army, Schuyler had been gathering carpenters and materials with which to build a fleet that would command the lakes. Skilled shipbuilders were enticed from the seaboard by fabulous wages. Arnold fully realized the importance of a dominant position on the water. His plans conceived greater things than were possible, but in the final achievement he had the satisfaction of having squeezed adverse circumstances to the utmost. Most of his ships were flat-bottomed affairs of no great size, carrying sails, but also pierced for oars, so that they could be independent of the fickle inland winds. The gondolas, smallest and least manageable, carried a complement of about fifty men. The galleys, larger and by virtue of a deeper keel more easily handled under sail, carried a force of eighty or a hundred. These craft were the latest development in freshwater warfare, and Arnold had had experience in their construction on the St. Lawrence. But he hoped to supplement them with a thirty-six-gun frigate, which would be the real fighting power on the lakes, if less easy to bring into action. Too many of the ship carpenters were down by the sea,

however, pounding out hulls for the business of privateering, and he had to abandon the plan.

It was another regret that of the nine hundred men needed to man his squadron, there could be so few who had ever smelled of tar. "We have a wretched motley crew in the fleet," he wrote, "the marines, the refuse of every regiment, and the sailors, few of them ever wet with salt water." He pleaded for deep-water sailors, a hundred of them, to distribute through the fleet: "One hundred seamen, no land-lubbers." He had a good word, however, for the spirited work of his carpenters, and all day the soldiers' axes brought stout timber crashing to the earth, the fortifications were growing in strength, men and supplies coming in, a cheerful confidence everywhere. They were more than eight thousand soon, a force well able to meet the British superiority in so strong a position. "Fortune," Wayne announced to "Dear Polly" at the mansion in Pennsylvania, "has heretofore been a fickle goddess to us—and like some other females, changed for the first new face she saw. We shall once more court her in the face of all the British thunder, and take her *Vi et armis* from her present possessors." Salt pork and fire cake were replaced by venison, beef and mutton, vegetables and butter and cheese, and punch and porter to wash them down. "We begin to fear," a young soldier wrote home, "that they will not Darst to come and meet us."

In August, with much flapping of sails and splashing of oars, Arnold's flotilla was on the water in its first maneuvers. Scouts reported no danger as yet from the invasion, and the defenders advanced to Crown Point, intending to cruise down the lake as far as possible and choose a favorable position at which to make their stand. On the fifteenth Arnold arrived at Crown Point, to take command. There he found himself embroiled in a new difficulty, caused by the uncertain relations of the two major-generals, Schuyler and Gates.

Before the arrival of the retreating army, Schuyler had promised the command of the fleet which he was already preparing to build

to an old friend, a sturdy Dutch seaman and soldier, Captain Jacobus Wyncoop. Both Congress and General Gates, however, contemplated the recommendation with placid indifference. Congress did nothing; Gates, without consulting anybody, assigned the command of the water to his ally, the fire-eating brigadier. Finding matters in this way at Ticonderoga, Jacobus Wyncoop prudently decided to accept a subordinate station until Congress might act. And Arnold entrusted to him his principal vessel, a schooner which he had christened in ungracious reference to King George, the *Royal Savage*. Through every busy day, Wyncoop was expectantly awaiting the order from Congress that would give him the place which seemed so definitely assured him, and so dishonorably usurped by the fiery little Yankee general. But the days passed, filled with the crash of axes and hammers, the hoarse purring of many saws, the commands of bustling officers, and loud-voiced cheerfulness, and yet unruffled by the longed-for dispatch. Patient till the last possible moment, he suddenly rebelled.

On the night of the seventeenth, a detachment of soldiers guarding a party of oar makers northward on the lake, undertook to cheer themselves by building a great fire near the water's edge. This was interpreted as a signal of alarm, and Arnold ordered the schooners *Liberty* and *Revenge* to move down to their assistance. The general's irritable temper was at the time not improved by a slight attack of the fever, prevalent around the camp. And the two ships were scarcely under way, when they were brought to by a howl of cannon from the *Royal Savage*. This action was explained in a curt note: there was but one power on shipboard, a gentleman who would tolerate no interference in his department, and who signed himself, "Jacobus Wyncoop, Commander of Lake Champlain." Arnold replied that he must surely be out of his senses, and threatened arrest. He had at least no worry on the outcome of the affair. Both wrote urgently to Gates, and Gates ordered the refractory captain under guard.

"A little of the dictatorial power was exerted," Gates confessed

to Hancock, "but perhaps it was never more necessary than on that occasion." Wyncoop cooled and apologized, and Arnold pleaded that he be allowed to leave camp without trial for his offense. General Arnold had had trouble enough with courts-martial. The discomfited Dutchman, therefore, hurried away to his chief at Albany. Schuyler had already shown satisfaction when informed of Arnold's new command, and was much surprised at the "strange infatuation" of his friend in not yielding to an officer of higher rank. Both he and Washington had declared the choice of Arnold a good one, and the querulous memorials of Wyncoop were received without sympathy at Philadelphia.

The intimate coöperation of Gates and Arnold had not been without occasional passages of gentlemanly jocularity. "The surgeon's mate of Colonel St. Claire's regiment," Arnold suggested in one of his epistles, "has a good box of medicines and will incline to go with the fleet. I wish he could be sent here, or someone who will answer to kill a man *secundum artem*." The surgeon, as it happened, failed to appear, so Arnold borrowed a case of instruments and a few drugs, and sailed without him, his ten little warships pounding northward against the blustering Autumn weather. He had also borrowed from a friend who had borrowed it in turn from Benjamin Franklin, the Rev. Dr. Price's *Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty,* and read it in his cabin. Far to the northward, down the water, Carleton was informed by a captured American scout that Benedict Arnold "was Commodore on the lake, and commanded on board the *Royal Savage* in great force." Twenty thousand men was the prisoner's generous estimate of his strength.

Gallantly outriding a six-day gale from the northeast, the ten little ships arrived, early in September, at Isle aux Têtes, in the narrow bottom of the lake. There the first British outpost, several hundred strong, fled at the sight of their sails through a morning mist, and alarmed the main army with the news that the rebels were upon them in an armada of forty great vessels. The enemy, however, were far too strongly placed for even a raid to succeed,

and in this narrower part of the lake it was possible for them to bombard the Americans from the shore. Arnold fell back to Windmill Point, where he blocked the lake by mooring his ships in a line across it. Guard boats, about a mile below, maintained a vigilant patrol, and two parties of scouts, on the two sides of the water, went forward to learn the strength of the enemy.

Even at this advanced station, the proud warrior was not out of touch with the power behind the battle lines. "My character," he complained in a report to Gates from Windmill Point, "is much injured by a report prevailing in Philadelphia of my having sequestered the goods seized in Montreal." He begged the general to be kind enough to make the facts definitely known. "I cannot but think it extremely cruel, when I have sacrificed ease, health and a great part of my private property in the cause of my country, to be calumniated as a robber and thief; at a time, too, when I have it not in my power to be heard in my own defense."

But there were less distant enemies to be considered. Parties had been sent ashore to cut fascines, stout poles with which a defense against bullets and boarders was being woven along the gunwales of the low and partially decked gondolas, and this had led to skirmishing with Indians and soldiery. Hostile eyes watched them from the forests, and on dark nights the white birch canoes of the savages crept out like wary ghosts upon the water. At night, soon, there were heard mysterious sounds from the shore. Arnold, concluding that the enemy was secretly preparing a battery and realizing that such an attack would sooner or later be undertaken, fell back to seek a still more advantageous position. Some three hundred British Canadians and Indians kept pace with the line of ships, both parties enlivening the journey with an irregular fire. On the nineteenth of September they arrived at Bay St. Armand, north of Cumberland Head, on the western shore. Southward, beyond the Head, long and thickly wooded, rose the island of Valcour. And Arnold, finding that the channel between the island and the mainland was deep and broad enough for his fleet, decided to enter it

and there await the coming of whatever Carleton might bring against him.

There, on the thirtieth, the last of the shipyard's products arrived under General David Waterbury, of the Connecticut militia, second officer of the fleet. Arnold had now sixteen vessels. Of these, he depended most on his four row-galleys, the *Congress,* the *Washington,* the *Trumbull* and the *Lee,* and took personal command of the *Congress* immediately on her arrival. The galleys carried eight guns, throwing from eighteen- to four-pound shot, and were worked by crews of eighty men. The unwieldy sloop *Enterprise* and the schooner *Royal Savage* were manned by fifty men with twelve guns. The *Revenge* was more lightly armed, and smallest of all the sailing ships was the *Liberty,* the captured schooner on which Arnold had begun his naval career in 'seventy-five, now doing duty on the line of communication and destined to have no part in the coming engagement. Eight little gondolas completed the force, each with a heavy gun at the bow, six two pounders at the sides, and a crew of forty-five good fellows. In addition to the cannon at bow, stern and broadside, the ships mounted from eight to sixteen swivel guns, too small in caliber to accomplish any great damage. In accordance with the orders of General Gates, the line of fifteen sail was divided into three divisions, General Arnold in the center, General Waterbury, with the *Washington,* on the right, and Colonel Edward Wigglesworth, third officer, on the left, on board the *Trumbull.* "This disposition," as Gates' prudent nature viewed the situation, "will teach the captains of the vessels to know their commanding officers, and prevent any confusion or dispute about command in case an unlucky shot, or other accident, should take off the general."

To Governor Sir Guy Carleton, taking off the general would have been an eminently satisfactory event. He knew enough of this person to be assured that his presence meant fighting. When Arnold was cruising the lake and his strength was realized, he delayed his own sailing for a month, until three new ships, too

large to pass the rapids, could be brought overland from the St. Lawrence, and rebuilt on the lake. He already outnumbered the American fleet, but these three vessels alone might have proved a match for it. Strongest of the three, was a large three-masted square-rigged ship, of the size that Arnold had hoped in vain to build, the *Inflexible.* On her he mounted eighteen twelve-pounders. At the same time, two schooners were brought up and reassembled, the *Carleton,* and, in honor of the Governor's lady, the *Maria.* This powerful triad, however, was but the last of many exertions. The ready timbers for ten gunboats had been shipped from England, and ten more built in the shipyards by the lake. Every available carpenter had been drafted, and the royal navy had supplied arms and equipment in abundance, as well as seven hundred sailors, and a number of spirited young officers, eager to show their worth. Thirty longboats, four hundred bateaux, the thirty-ton gondola, *Loyal Convert,* captured from the Americans at Quebec, and a great two-masted scow, bristling with cannon and howitzers, the *Thunderer,* lay crowded on the water by the camp.

At the end of September, the fleet weighed anchor and moved up the lake, to see what might be done about the rebels. With the *Inflexible, Maria* and *Carleton* in the lead, the twenty gunboats followed, each depending for its offensive strength on one piece mounted in the bow and larger than anything in Arnold's armament, and four longboats with provisions brought up the rear. The *Thunderer* and *Loyal Convert* formed the fleet's awkward squad, and tagged along as best they could. If Carleton's ninety guns barely outnumbered Arnold's, they were all of heavier caliber, could hurl twice his weight of metal, and, as heavier shot was much more effective than the difference in weight would indicate, his advantage was tremendous. In addition to this, experienced sailors worked the vessels, veteran artillerymen manned the gunboats, infantry of the regular army served as marines, and the whole was supported by a substantial commissary. A pack of savages rambled at hand to make the shores unsafe for the enemies of the King. And behind

all these, Burgoyne and the ponderous main army were waiting, ready to follow in their bateaux as soon as the way should be cleared. Orders were issue from the *Maria* by Captain Thomas Pringle of the royal navy, Carleton accompanying him to take the responsibility in larger problems.

III. For the Honor of America.

Arnold's last desire in the dark days of the Canadian disaster had been, as he had written to Gates in cheerful recognition of defeat, "one more bout for the honour of America." Wayne, and the garrison at Ticonderoga were confident that Carleton would not be able to pass their fleet. Gates, who could judge best the British strength, and was by nature cautious, had prepared the minds of his men for bad news when the echoes of Arnold's cannon, firing at some Indians on the shore, had sent vague reports of a battle flying southward. The fire-eater himself was optimistic. When one of his spies reported the British superiority, he was unable to believe their advantage so great, and sent the man to Ticonderoga in irons.

Gates' instructions to his admiral reminded him that a strictly defensive war was being maintained, but demanded that if attacked, he receive the enemy "with such cool determined valour, as will give them reason to repent their temerity." To keep up the spirits of his men, however, Arnold was to make it appear as if he intended an offensive campaign. "Words occasionally dropped from you," Gates explained it with the tact of an adept, "with that prudence which excludes every sort of affectation, may, together with all your motions, induce our people to conclude it is our real intention to invade the enemy."

The retreat to Valcour Island hardly served this purpose, but it was an essentially prudent movement, Arnold had informed Gates of his intention of retiring thither, and announced his willingness to return north if desired. At Valcour, he explained, the fleet would have a good harbor from which it might run out to battle in the

open lake, there some twenty miles in width, and where, were they attacked, their flanks would be protected and their fire concentrated. As the wind blows north or south on the lake, their opponents would naturally enter the passage from above, before a north wind, where, if defeated, none could escape, while the Americans might at any time retire. The island was high and closely wooded, leaving small opportunity for Carleton to land cannon upon it. Gates, whose instructions generously acknowledged an ignorance of maritime affairs and left much to Arnold's judgment, did not object to the position.

On shipboard, however, the commander's decision was disputed. Arnold was apparently the only officer who realized that the fleet must make a definite stand. If it could not conquer, it must delay the enemy, for the season was late, and winter would end the campaign. It would have been of little service lying under the guns of Ticonderoga. And there was that in Arnold's nature which loved a close gamble for high stakes, for glory, honor, for Canada. He still belittled the reports of Carleton's fleet, but he knew that it would be superior to his, and trusted that in the narrow channel the full strength of the enemy could not be brought against him. He paid no attention, therefore, to the opinion put forward by General Waterbury, that the fleet should accompany the enemy southward in a running fight.

October came, and the days passed in anxious waiting on the first American fleet. The men, the white flesh seen too often through their rags, shivered and grew hoarse as the fleet's substitute for warm clothing ran low in the barrels. Arnold amused himself by seizing natives of the shore suspected of being in touch with the enemy, and shipping them to Ticonderoga.

Early in the morning of October the eleventh, a guard boat, tugging at her moorings off the northern tip of the island, sighted at last the black hulls and rounded canvas of His Majesty's squadron, the advance of the invasion. Leaning breathlessly forward, close to the water in their stolid little craft, they watched the great hull of the

Inflexible loom slowly around Cumberland Head, followed by a long train of sail. Flint was cracking on iron and tinder, their little cannon flashing flame and bellowing out its warning signal, which echoed along the narrow passage.

Down in the channel, at its southerly end, a semicircle of fifteen small ships tugged and splashed at their anchor ropes. A clear sky reflected its brilliance on the water, whipped into whitecaps by a strong north wind. Westward, over the forest, the peaks of the Adirondacks gleamed white with snow, and the pine trees stood out along the summit of Valcour, like New England's symbolic Appeal to Heaven, wildly waving their arms in the cold wind. Crackling at the masthead of each ship was a flag of thirteen stripes and a blue field, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, which raised a note of jubilant defiance above the waiting line. From each ship a crowd of ragged men gazed excitedly, uttering solemn oaths of vengeance for their country's wrongs, speculating jocosely on the gruesome calamities which the bedizened tyrants of Britain might expect that day.

Hours passed. The wind brushed over the forest and rattled the rigging overhead, but still the watchers saw no enemy upon the channel. For Carleton's scouts had not reported the American position at Valcour, and he expected to find them in the open lake. He must, therefore, attack awkwardly against the wind, or allow Arnold the advantage of striking at him from the windward. Arnold watched from the deck of the *Congress,* alert and confident.

At eleven in the morning, Carleton sighted a rebel patrol boat off the southern point, swung in, and found the rebel line. The wind, strong from the north, was cut off in the lee of the island, and they found later to advance against it up the channel was most difficult of all. The three sailing ships tacked and tacked again in futile eagerness for battle. The giant scow, *Thunderer,* her huge square sails blustering helplessly, drifted steadily southward out of harm's way, followed in like manner by the *Loyal Convert.* The twenty gunboats, with sails furled and oars clutching desperately at the water,

advanced in a slow, irregular line, and were the first to round the point and gain the windy channel. Down to meet them, before the larger ships could come to their support, rode the four galleys and the *Royal Savage,* wheeled, and slid along before them with a thunderous exchange of fire.

Here, through the smoke of battle, Arnold saw for the first time the tremendous strength against him. Here, too, was a brief opportunity, by striking a divided foe, to gain a narrow victory. But the *Royal Savage,* mismanaged by her crew of landsmen, battered at long range by the *Inflexible,* threatened disaster in the perilous manœuver, and the *Carleton* was steadily closing in, ready to enter the broken American line. He signalled for the ships to fall back and resume their places, grinding his teeth in fury as the schooner veered and tacked in the uncertain gusts under the lee of the island, cursing the lubbers in a hoarse whisper as she ran too close to the shore and drove aground. The nearest gunboats splintering her timbers with their shot, keeled over too far for the crew to fight their guns, her sails flapping in impotent despair, she was abandoned by her men. The galleys crept back into line, returning the fire of the enemy from the twin cannon at their sterns.

At noon, the gunboats were abreast of the American crescent line, and later, the *Carleton* came into range among them with a ponderous roar of cannon. The entire American fleet was now in action, giving and receiving a cannonade which impressed even the old veteran, von Riedesel, commander of the Hessian mercenaries. From the shores on either side, the Indians kept up an excited and ineffective fire, filling every momentary lull in the storm of battle with their unearthly yells.

Powder had been too scarce for the American gunners to practice with their arms, but if awkward at first, they warmed to the work, and directed a more and more deadly fire as the fight progressed, splashing round shot into the enemy sides and showering them with grape. Lying in mid-channel, the *Congress* bore the heaviest fire. And Arnold, seeing that his men were not getting

the best for their powder, aimed most of the shots himself, moving swiftly from gun to gun, sighting along the barrel as his strong arms swung it to the right angle and adjusted the screw beneath, and then on to the next as the gunner reached out his match, the flame shot up from the touchhole, and the piece leapt back upon the hawsers that held it, hurling the iron from its muzzle with a roar that shook the deck. Quickly unloosed and rolled back, sponge rammed down to clear out the sparks, powder ladled in and wadded down with the rammer, and the charge snugly fitted on top, it was ready as the commander came again. Cheering on his men, laughing when an enemy shot sent the sharp splinters flying, turning quickly to a wounded soldier, Arnold paused only from time to time to gaze along his line of battle, on each side of him bellowing smoke and a futile fury of iron shot against an unwavering British line. All the vessels showed scars, the masts of some of the gondolas tilted at dangerous angles, but their guns were still at work, and they could still, faintly heard through the tumultuous din, follow a well-aimed discharge with a cheer.

Two gunboats in turn fell silent, careened and slid nose downward under water, hoarsely applauded from the rebel hulls. Another, late in the fight, exploded with a deafening gust of flame, leaving a wreck of shattered timbers and Hesse-Hanau artillerymen. At five o'clock, with the wind weaker, but still holding from the north, a consultation on the British flagship determined to end the action for the day. The rebels had been badly battered and could not hope to fight a passage through them. In the morning, batteries on the shore could force a surrender. The *Carleton,* however, in advance of the gunboat line, her guns silenced and her rigging so damaged that she could not make sail, was unable to move, and the American gunners made the best of their advantage in a furious effort to sink her. Two gunboats were sent to tow her down, and gallantly, in the face of ball, grape and musketry, succeeded in dragging her out of range.

Some six hundred yards from the American, the new British

battle line was formed, anchors splashed down and guns opened anew. The firing, however, was infrequent and ineffectual. The Indians on the shore continued for a while to bang away with uproarious zest and small execution. As darkness closed in, the explosions slowly subsided, and America's crippled fleet lay in a quiet broken only by low voices and the splash of water pumped from its leaking hulls. Red flames for a time spread a weird glow over the southern point of Valcour, showed them the shapes of the hostile ships in a lurid silhouette, shot upward in a sudden roaring column, hurling abroad the fiery remnants of the *Royal Savage,* and hissed at last into silence and obscurity.

With a foggy night closing in, and signs of a strong northeaster to follow, Arnold had no thought of waiting in patient submission for the morning. His ammunition was three-quarters gone, and his leaking vessels, outnumbered and outweighed, could hope for nothing from a renewal of the fight. The gondola, *Philadelphia,* was allowed to sink, as only the steady efforts of all her men could keep her afloat. "The *Congress,*" in the words of Arnold's report, "received seven shot between wind and water; was hulled a dozen times; had her mainmast wounded in two places; and her yard in one." Every ship had manned her pumps, and it was plain that another such hammering would finish them. In the cabin of the *Congress,* Waterbury, Wigglesworth and Arnold, three tired men smelling of sweat and burnt powder, met, passed around a glass and agreed to retire. Orders were tersely given and quickly executed. At seven o'clock, through a black, damp night, the fleet was creeping southward in a stealthy, silent file.

The *Trumbull* led, found the opening that had been chosen and stole through. A single light was set in the stern of each vessel, and so screened as to be visible only to the next in line. The *Washington,* and last of all, the *Congress,* brought up the rear. Rains hissed through the mist-laden night, and gusts of sleet rattled over the slippery decks. Shivering and grumbling in the wet and cold, Carleton's regiments came up in their bateaux, built their fires and

placed their guards along the shores, not knowing that the prey had fled for cover. Before daylight, twelve thousand men were ashore, and gun after gun landed and dragged over the slippery forest soil to the banks of the channel. But daylight came at last, hazy and gray, to show to the eager victors a stretch of rippling water, with only the protruding mast of the *Philadelphia,* holding up in pitiful irony one lonely, bedraggled emblem of rebellion.

Roused from their berths in the cabin of the *Maria,* Captain Pringle stared at the Governor, and the Governor at Captain Pringle. The immediate reaction of both was to be up and after them. The signal danced aloft at the flagship's masthead, the capstans briskly clicked in answer as dripping anchors rose and sails fluttered into the wind once more, drew taut and straining as the ships swung out on their southward course. But Carleton, when the sun was up and the fog cleared, seeing no sign of an enemy, and realizing that he had left without providing for the disposition of his army, returned to organize a more orderly pursuit.

In the meantime, Arnold had come to anchor at Schuyler's Island, some twelve miles south of Valcour, where his men were busy plugging leaks and mending their rigging. Two of the gondolas were hastily dismantled and sunk. Early in the afternoon they were moving south again. Lighter and lighter grew the wind, and at last shifted, flapping back the sails in the faces of the tired and anxious men. The *Enterprise* and *Revenge,* tacking steadily, made safe headway, but the four galleys and the five little gondolas must needs struggle laboriously with their oars. At dawn on the thirteenth, after a night of aching toil, they had passed the Islands of the Four Winds, and were within thirty miles of Crown Point. Behind them, through the lifting mist, the sails of the pursuers grew larger on the water.

A new breeze from the north brought the towering *Inflexible* and her two sisters within range before the fugitives could profit by it. Small in the distance behind them, the gunboats were struggling eagerly forward. The oars of the *Congress* were shipped, her sails

set again. Arnold, a short, soldierly figure standing on the raw green timbers, already cracked and scarred by battle, watched the chase until the *Maria,* in the lead, with a low, long-echoing explosion, opened fire. Little geysers leapt up from the water about him, where the shot were falling. His face darkened by a rough growth of beard and shadowed by his black, wind-blown hair, his clothing unkempt and stained, the crew of the *Congress* watched him and wondered what their fate would be. His eyes narrow for a moment, perhaps, his jaw jerks forward in a sudden gesture of some brief emotion, he slowly moistens his lips, turns, and tells the gunners to be ready.

The *Enterprise* and *Revenge,* the galleys *Trumbull* and *Lee,* and one gondola, stood well to the south and held to their course rather than lose all in the hopeless struggle behind them. The *Congress* and *Washington,* with four gondolas keeping pace, began a slow running fight, their squat bows determinedly butting the water aside, every sail in the wind and oars from time to time shot out for a few strong pulls to some place of advantage in the course. Cannon crashed intermittently. Through Split Rock, the narrow doorway to the lower lake, they passed, still more than twenty miles from harbor. The *Washington* was lagging in the race. Waterbury, the only officer of his battered and badly leaking ship still on his feet, the *Inflexible* on one side of him and the *Maria* on the other, emptied his guns in a last burst of defiance and hauled down his flag.

Four British gunboats had crept into the action, exchanging shots with the four gondolas. But these must inevitably surrender if the *Congress* struck. It was the little flagship now that barred their way, and they gathered round her in a ring. For more than two hours, the long fight had gone on. Now, surrounded, the *Maria, Carleton* and *Inflexible* slashing her with round and grape, the gunboats adding what they could, she lay in a haze of drifting smoke, her fierce discharges drowned in the brutal thunder of their guns, her low-set hull a-tremble as their shot crashed into its timbers.

Arnold was down among his gunners, crouching behind the cannon as he gripped and sighted them, determined that the invaders should lose one more of their precious days before they advanced again. His own concise report to Schuyler tells the outcome of the action.

"They kept up an incessant fire on us for about five glasses with round and grape shot which we returned as briskly. The sails, rigging and hull of the *Congress* were shattered, and torn in pieces, the First Lieutenant and three men killed, when, to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands, who had seven sail around me, I ran her ashore in a small creek ten miles from Crown Point."

Oars foaming at her sides, she shot through, and bore up to the windward, so that the sailing ships would be slow to follow. The gondolas joined the sudden dash, and the five ships were set on fire, their men deploying along the bank to hold the enemy away until their destruction was assured. The wounded were helped ashore, while fine columns of smoke curled out into the wind, and a warning crackle of musketry made the advancing gunboats pause. Arnold was the last man to leave the *Congress,* leaping into the shallow water and wading out upon the sand, with the flames dancing over the splintered wreckage on his ship, clamoring around the mainmast where her banner flashed still among the billowing clouds of smoke.

In a swift file, on a narrow forest trail, the retreat was begun again, five successive explosions echoing behind it. Carleton at once landed his Indians, who set out at a fast pace by another way, hoping to satisfy their appetites for slaughter in an ambuscade. But the men, some two hundred of them, burdened with weariness, their wounded, and their arms, had passed safely when the trap was laid, and shortly after nightfall, came out upon the lake shore, across from the low earthworks of Crown Point. The little outpost had already learned of the first battle, but of the second they had only heard the rumble of cannon from northward down the lake, and at last had rowed out to meet the five returning survivors, and

to be told of Arnold's plight, hopelessly outnumbered and surrounded. And now, from Chimney Point, across the water, they saw fires spring up, and heard a long halloo. The fugitives were ferried over, and had, no doubt, a brief rest and a few congratulatory rounds of warm New England rum. Arnold ordered everything immediately loaded on shipboard and all the buildings of the post set on fire. At four in the morning, the little armament furled sail at Ticonderoga, in safe water, the General, as he confessed, "exceedingly fatigued and unwell, having been without sleep or refreshment for near three days."

IV. Ticonderoga Stands Unconquered.

For a day and a night, the fire-eater rested his exhausted body. He then rose, inspected the garrison and fortifications, and wrote his report of the second engagement to Schuyler. Both major-generals were satisfied that their little navy had been given the best that was possible in the shipyards and in battle. Gates looked upon the man who had weathered so much of fire and iron and perilous escape with a generous respect. The defeat was not considered a serious matter, for the walls of Ticonderoga remained to be conquered, and it increased Arnold's popularity as another active rebuttal of the opinion common among Englishmen, that the Americans would not fight. Scandal, to be sure, lingering from the Hazen court-martial, still teased him, and there were those among the officers who roundly condemned his strategy upon the lake.

One veteran, congratulating the new Governor of New Jersey, added, "in a private way," some reflections on the battle. "General Arnold," he confided, "our evil genius to the north, has, with a good deal of industry, got us clear of all our fine fleet, only five of the most indifferent of them, one row galley, excepted; and he has managed his point so well with the old man, the General, that he has got his thanks for his services. Our fleet, by all impartial accounts, was much the strongest, but he suffered himself to be sur-

rounded between an island and the mainland, where the enemy landed their men on both places, and annoyed our men from both places, more than from their vessels; but still our people repelled them with ease the first afternoon. In the night, he gave orders to every vessel to make the best of their way, by which they became an easy prey, beat by one, twos and threes, and ran them on shore, or destroyed them all; but one row galley fell into their hands. This was a pretty piece of admiralship, after going to their doors almost, and bantering them for two months or more." The disappointment was shared by many.

Britannia, sensitive to the heroism of her sons upon the water, was well pleased with the victory, and Sir Guy, in due course, became Knight of the Bath. His army was now encamped at Crown Point. Riedesel, returning from a reconnaissance to Ticonderoga, reported that the place could easily be taken by the force under their command. The nine thousand Americans who manned the works expected an attack at any time and awaited it with enthusiasm. But the winter was now too near for a siege, and Carleton's prudent nature restrained him from seeking further glory in an assault. The mere fact of Arnold's presence promised that the rebel lines could not be carried at one charge. Far-reaching injuries to his cause might follow a repulse, and as long as he controlled the lake, Ticonderoga might be attacked when he pleased. He maintained at Crown Point, however, all the appearances of ominous preparation, in order to prevent detachments of the garrison from reinforcing Washington in the south.

A few days after the battle, a crowd of ragged, haggard men marched into the parade ground at Ticonderoga, a hundred of Wayne's Pennsylvanians, whom he had sent to the hospital at Lake George as unfit for duty, and who, hearing of the loss of the fleet, returned to take their places at the breastworks of the fort. The garrison received them with a cheer, and Mad Anthony returned their salute with a sad, proud smile. Through the perils of battle and disease, through miseries, as Wayne himself confessed, "the bare

recital of which would shock humanity," there had come into being a gaunt and knotty individual, the Revolutionary soldier.

A good fellow with his friends, coarsely brutal when antagonized, he was easily moved by the whims of the crowd but utterly impatient of any control that did not appeal to his own sense of justice. The crew of the captured *Washington,* treated to grog, praised and gently admonished by Carleton, sent home on parole with presents of food and clothing, so forgot principles in their admiration for this generous conduct that Gates dared not allow them within his lines. Within the lines there was no such tempering of patriotism. The prospect of being in a battle would always bring a horde of eager rebels to the front; it was the tedium of marching, countermarching and garrison duty that made them grumble and go home. "If we are not attacked within six days," a soldier in the fort announced to Jenny, "general Carleton deserves to be hanged."

Despising England with the savage intensity of hatred that wars breed, the rebel soldier was almost equally suspicious of all the newfangled notions of military discipline, and fought against them with mutiny and guile and placid disregard, until some strong leader broke him to the harness and taught him to be proud to wear it. Poverty and hardship whetted his acquisitive appetites and made him none too popular with the peaceable inhabitants. The moral restraints to which he had been born and bred relaxed before the arduous and adventuresome business of soldiering. He gambled what little he had. He cursed with a zest which, as the pious complained, no American soldier had used before, and did not suit the character of the champion of civil liberty. He loved sport and eluded formalities. He stole out a-hunting for rabbits or pigeons or such game as Providence might offer, and indeed it was a good captain who could prevent his men, as they walked along on the march, from banging away at whatever marks might catch their fancies. He slipped away for friendly picnics in the woods, he fought, singly and in mobs, and he stood in solemn silence while camp culprits were flogged or hanged. In this desolate lack of a more subtle

entertainment, his inevitable recourse was strong drink. Quite possibly, he had been drunk into the army by a recruiting sergeant.

"Great confusion was in the camp," Ebenezer Elmer recorded in his journal, "as strong liquor is now plenty; and this day being appointed by the Creator as a day of rest, was allowed to most of them as such: but instead of spending it as he has directed, many were using it to satisfy their brutish passions. May God Omnipotent convince us of our error, and ere it is too late deliver us from the bondage of sin and Satan." The officers, he noticed, were not immune, and at night, as he described it, "Many of them got very happy; upon which, appointing Captains Dickinson and Potter and Major Barber, Sachems, they knocked up an Indian dance, at which they yelled much." Another soldier, weakening before the tempter, rose again to announce his contrition in verse.

> "Both the last nights quite drunk was I,
> Pray God forgive me the sin;
> But had I been in good company,
> Me in that case no man had seen."

Wages, when they were paid, brought an immediate reaction of howling jollity. And when the Whig ladies of Philadelphia, having raised a sum of money, suggested giving two dollars cash to every tattered warrior at Valley Forge, Washington tactfully replied that a shirt would be a much more suitable present. To this ubiquitous thirst may be ascribed the general prevalence of drunkenness after the war, and, close on the heels of sin, the temperance movement which has raised so ponderous a monument in the land.

This gaunt and raw-boned personage, the Revolutionary soldier, might be seen, as well as anywhere else, standing guard by the headquarters of Major-General Horatio Gates. A tall, lean man, his shoes out at the toes, muscular legs showing through the holes in his stockings, leather breeches and a wretched old coat about his body, a weathered, bristly face, a three-cornered hat with a dirty cockade, hair tied at the nape of the neck with a dirtier ribbon—

a tall, lean man, a rough, worn face with a whimsical uncertainty about the mouth and in the patient, deep-set eyes—he stands, the butt of his long firelock on the ground and his hands gripping the barrel, legs well apart and knees bending and straightening in a gesture of vacant abstraction. From time to time, he peers through the door behind him, to see what he can see. Suddenly, on the path from the anchorage, General Arnold is approaching. The sentry reaches one hand into his hair to scratch behind an ear, and watches him draw nearer with a symptom of interest in his face. He straightens his shoulders a little. He touches a bony finger to the side of his hat, moistens his lips in a crooked, convivial grin, spits adroitly into the bore of his gun, and inquires,

"General, how be ye?"

The General raises an arm in a curt half salute, a trace of an answering smile on his lips, and crosses the threshold, heedless of the graceless visage peering after him around the door.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIRE-EATER WOOS A LADY AND WINS A BATTLE

I. Points of Honor.

"GENTLEMAN" and "honor," words so useful and so significant to the hero of Quebec and Valcour, were new and not too clearly defined in the speech of his rebellious countrymen. The Sons of Liberty had a sturdy contempt for all social distinctions. It is told of General Putnam that, when commanding a body of provincial auxiliaries in one of the old French wars, his outspoken resentment against the disdainful airs of the British officers brought from one of them a challenge. It was explained to Put that he had been challenged to fight, and that it was now his privilege to choose the weapons. He chose two kegs of gunpowder with slow-matches: the combatants would sit upon the kegs, and the first to be blown up would be the loser. The kegs were brought and the matches lighted. The Yankee sat with folded arms, his nose in the air, his hat cocked over one eye and his heels kicking the barrel staves with all the unconcern of the gentleman to whom death is nothing if honor be maintained. But the Englishman, disturbed by the approach of the flame and his unusual situation, left his place and retired to a safe distance. There was no explosion, as the kegs contained only a few quarts of onions.

The officers of the Revolution, however, had begun to learn the more sophisticated conceptions of dignity and self-respect. They were rough diamonds, for the most part. "Why cannot we have gentlemen for officers?" Montgomery had complained, disgusted by his clamoring New Englanders. It was inevitable that with the size of the organization for war and of the undertaking, the result-

ing upheaval and opportunity would cultivate ambitions and a sense of importance. To the consequent confusion of disputes and rivalries there was added a confusion of courts of appeal. The state militiamen were responsible to their state legislatures, the Continental Army to the Congress at Philadelphia, but in the interrelations of the fourteen armies and the fourteen deliberative bodies there was an intricate lack of definition and uniformity. The congresses had an acknowledged power over the military which made them the resort of the discontented, but their own jealous factions and their extreme reluctance to play the unpopular rôle of strong executive authority, made the power a weak and capricious matter at best. The adolescent republic was suffering from an overdose of liberty. Politics, to which Gates and Arnold and innumerable others turned for the advancement of their fortunes, was a gamble and a dangerous game.

To Congress, Arnold displayed the pose which he maintained in everything throughout the war. He was the patriot, swift, fearless, brilliant, but he was also a gentleman of a delicate sense of honor. Encouraged and respected, he would be a terrible scourge against the enemies of his country, but any slight, any interference which reflected on his integrity, might drive him from the service. His plunging energy and courage made him the patriot, his intolerance of meddling made him the man of honor. It was the fierce independence that made a subordinate command unbearable.

Congress, on the other hand, had no regard for points of honor nor hesitation in doubting the motives of an officer. Arnold was too much on the defensive to hope to win a faction of his own, as Gates was doing. The best that he could do was to hold off complaints by complaining and flourish the threat of resignation. To further his cause, he had the friendship and respect of Washington, Schuyler and Gates, but his record, commendable as it was, lacked the brilliance of victory. Every one had expected Quebec to fall and Carleton's fleet to be repulsed. The difficulties were not clear from a distance. He was thought of as fiery and impetuous but without

discretion, and the tales of Brown and Easton, the stories of the sack of Montreal, increased the distrust.

Early in November, Carleton withdrew from Crown Point. Wayne was left in command at Ticonderoga, while Gates and Arnold went south to see what Fortune might hold in store for them. They were friends, but not allies. Gates also distrusted Arnold's temerity, and no doubt realized that he could not depend on the allegiance of this far-seeking adventurer. The two were intimate, however, and might have made a powerful team in working together for the public favor, for Arnold had the dash and glitter of a fighting warrior which Gates lacked and which, could the spectacled little schemer have been assured of its subservience, would have greatly forwarded his career. With a body of troops withdrawn from the garrison, they joined Schuyler at his house at Saratoga and with him marched to headquarters at Albany.

There they tarried for a short space, and there took place one of the many mysterious occurrences of a mysterious career to the perplexity and confusion of historians. Benedict Arnold refused an invitation to fight. To deepen the puzzle, it was the infuriated warrior-attorney, John Brown, who offered this opportunity. Brown was still playing the part of Nemesis, and Arnold, after the manner of military men toward such a pursuit, regarded it with a sneering contempt. Since that inconvenient haze of suspicion had been attached to their names, Brown and his fellow sufferer, James Easton, had been to every general in the department, and at last to Congress, pleading for a court of inquiry and obtaining only denial or delay. Both had been to Philadelphia at different times: Easton only to be jailed for debt, and Brown finally to wring from the Congressional Board of War a promise of promotion as soon as a court of inquiry reported in their favor. Gates was to summon the court, and Gates, still Arnold's friend and protector, referred the matter back to the Board of War.

Thus, when chance brought these old enemies together at Albany, Brown was in a very sour temper indeed. So had his wrongs

rankled in him that his cause was utterly ruined by complaints exaggerated to absurdity. That he should be impeded by a groundless charge, while his enemy throve under a similar suspicion based on the seizures at Montreal, racked him. His tortured imagination created a theory that Arnold had offered his services to the crown after his expulsion from Ticonderoga in 'seventy-five. Now, to the lively interest of headquarters society, he published a handbill, rehearsing in vehement denunciation all the outrages that could be attributed to Brigadier-General Arnold, and concluding with the crowning inference, "Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it he would sacrifice his country."

The paper was boldly read aloud at the mess over which Arnold presided, some of the members of which did not count themselves among his friends. The fire-eater sat at the head of the table, his brows down and his cheeks scarlet with fury. When the reading was done, his comments were coarse and harsh. They were capped with the statements that Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, as he called himself, was a rascal, and that he would kick him at the first opportunity. An officer remarked that since these reflections had been publicly made, there would be no objection to their being repeated to Colonel Brown. Arnold replied that he would feel obliged to any gentleman who would make known to Colonel Brown his sentiments on the subject of the handbill and its author.

On the following evening, with the cloth laid and the bustling servant girls spreading the dinner upon it under the tall candles, the blue-coated officers chatting together by the firelight in a glitter of buttons and sword hilts, Brown entered. He looked quickly over the room. Directly opposite, with the table between them, Arnold stood, his back to the fire, glaring contemptuously. The conversation died away. The lean, sallow officer walked with desperate calmness around the table, faced his enemy and spoke.

"I understand, sir, that you have said you would kick me. I now present myself to give you an opportunity to put your threat

into execution." Arnold's disdainful silence encouraged him. "Sir, you are a dirty scoundrel." Still the glowering face was silent, and Brown, with a brief apology to the spectators, left the room.

A theory was evolved when popular clamor was against him, that Arnold was a coward, primed by liquor to deeds of reckless daring, and this incident was used to uphold it. But, granting that the account, coming from a partisan, is correct, there are other explanations for Arnold's silence than that he was sober. Sober, indeed, he must have been at that hour, and in better control of his temper than when he had made the threat, at which time, the usual liquid conclusion of the repast, he may have been, as the gentlemen of that day phrased it, "a trifle elevated." It would have been utterly inconsistent with his station and dignity to have seized and kicked Brown, according to his promise. To have done so would have injured his career with a flood of scandal and ridicule. And it would have been almost as dangerous to have met the insult with a challenge, for Brown had none of Arnold's skill with the pistol and the northern winter had so injured his eyesight that he had been for a time blind and was still declared unfit for active duty. Arnold, moreover, had offered the first insult and his reply had not been a challenge. Brown was no longer a rival, and the public would have been shocked had he been forced to his death on the field of honor. A contemptuous silence met the situation.

"The latter gentleman," General Schuyler once observed to General Gates in kindly reference to their mutual friend, "will always be the subject of complaint because his impartiality and candor will not suffer him to see impropriety of conduct with impunity." Brown's next complaint was a document furiously overloaded with thirteen charges of misconduct. This was submitted to Gates on the first of December. On the second, Brown wrote twice to that officer, demanding to know what was going to be done about it. Gates replied curtly that he would refer it to the Congress. And after a lapse of some months, the Congress, very naturally, acquitted General Arnold and censured his accuser. In this manner, the poor

lawyer of Pittsfield was driven to resignation from the Continental service. He continued in the field, however, at the head of a regiment of militia, still hurling ever more bitter invective against his tormentor.

Colonel Moses Hazen was also at Albany, where he had come on the business of settling his accounts for the last campaign. This was complicated by General Arnold's inability "to see impropriety of conduct with impunity," and he was assailed with evidence of having embezzled military stores in Canada. Hazen, however, was promptly exonerated by a court of inquiry held on December second.

Shortly after, at the head of four regiments, Gates marched for the south, taking with him his stormy protégé. He was eager to present himself at Philadelphia, and he had already written to Congress, praising the zeal and abilities of General Arnold, who was also desirous of proceeding thither. Arnold's desire was a natural one, for his public accounts, since the march to Quebec, had never been audited and settled and considerable sums must have been due him for his services and expenses. To be introduced by the influential General Gates, moreover, would make the matter an easier one. Schuyler prayed Congress to hurry the business, as he needed Arnold in the north. But Washington postponed the hopes of both by ordering his hot-blooded little adventurer to a new field of action.

The Commander-in-chief had been a trifle annoyed, and not for the first or the last time, by Gates' neglect to inform him of his movements. He had come about half the distance from Albany to the bivouac in New Jersey when Washington learned of his whereabouts. On the seventeenth of December, the little force reached Bethlehem, to be met by a courier with the news that a British army was moving up the Sound from New York, apparently intending a descent upon some part of New England, and with orders for General Arnold to proceed at once to New London or whatever point might be their objective, and place himself under Major-General Joseph Spencer, at the head of such forces as they could

muster. General Gates was to hurry forward with the detachment under his command.

Gates replied on behalf of his friend. General Arnold, he wrote, has information which he thinks—and which, indeed, was—authentic, that the enemy had landed at Rhode Island. He also believes that there are sufficient troops in that quarter to oppose any aggression. It would seem best, therefore, for General Arnold to consult in person with the Commander-in-chief before his departure. Arnold continued, and another day's march brought them into the camp by the Delaware. Washington, now planning the attack of Christmas night, with his army dwindling and Philadelphia threatened, did not alter his opinion, and Arnold left on the twenty-second, three days before Trenton, for New England.

Thus was severed a budding partnership. Arnold went north again, to love and battle. Gates repaired to the capital city, where he delicately reminded the delegates of his accomplishments, and refused to resume his old place in the army, observing with modest satisfaction, "I had last year . . . the good fortune to prevent the enemy from making their so much wished for junction with General Howe. After this, to be expected to dwindle again to the adjutant-general . . ."

Fortunately, the other hero was absent.

II. The Heavenly Miss De Blois.

The expedition which Sir William Howe had dispatched against New England sailed from New York on the first of December under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton, an officer with whom, in time, Arnold was to have dealings of a more subtle nature. Howe was of the opinion that the war could be ended in a year by three decisive thrusts, one against Philadelphia and ultimately the South, one up the Hudson to Albany, and this, whose successive objectives were to be Newport, Providence and Boston. The transports carried more than six thousand British

and Hessian troops, who, a week after their departure, landed and took possession of Newport without opposition. On the twelfth of January Arnold arrived at Providence to find the militia already mustering under General Spencer.

Not long after the fire-eater's arrival, there began to take shape in the rebel headquarters a plan of attack. It is needless to doubt that the plan was Arnold's. His, certainly, was the energy behind it. General Spencer was not the man to elaborate, with the small forces under his command, on his instructions, which were for a defensive campaign. He was sixty-three years of age at the time, a veteran of the French and Indian wars, a magistrate and assemblyman, an earnest Christian and an officer extremely sensitive on considerations of rank. He had already left the army in an informal manner, disgusted because General Putnam had been made his superior, and it was not until Congress, four months earlier, had created him Major-General that he returned. As old women, in this day, presided at the bed of childbirth, so it was the custom among military men to ascribe such an obstetrical function to officers deemed lacking in courage and spirit. The word "midwife," however, was generally avoided for a colloquial and less professional term. It is said that General Spencer, emerging from his quarters one morning, had the misfortune to find the following critical ditty pinned to his doorpost. Undoubtedly, a crowd of the curious had gathered to watch his face as he read it.

> "Israel wanted bread,
> The Lord sent them manna;
> Rhode Island wants a head,
> And Congress sends—a granny."

Thenceforward, he was "Granny Spencer" to the people of Rhode Island. But this happened when Arnold was no longer on the scene.

The attack was brought into the range of possibility when the invaders, having no intention of penetrating farther into the country at that season, withdrew two thousand men to New York. This

left the two armies of about equal size. But on one side there were war-hardened grenadiers and Hessians, and on the other a mob of veteran plowmen and red-cheeked farmer lads, most of whom had never been in action or even seen a redcoat before. Arnold strove desperately to obtain four or five regiments of Continentals as the nucleus for a fighting force. He wrote enthusiastically to Washington, enclosing maps and an outline of the proposed assault, and Washington replied, conceding the advantages of the project should it succeed, but pointing to the disastrous consequences of a failure and declaring it inadvisable unless success appeared a certainty. He could not promise a reinforcement of Continentals immediately. Arnold turned at once to the hope of drawing troops from winterquarters in one of the neighboring states. Massachusetts had the most formidable reserve, and, as Boston was threatened, should be willing to join the enterprise. Spencer had already been to Boston, early in February, while Arnold was constructing boats for an attack by water. The fire-eater now determined to go himself. Early in March he rode into the little city and looked it over. One fifty-gun ship, he commented, might take, plunder and burn the town. The citizens displeased him: "the only contest they seem to have is with the Farmers abt. Eggs, Butter &c." He conferred with legislators and warriors, he dined with the leading people, and, with that plump little eighteenth-century Cupid performing miracles of archery overhead, he made the acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth De Blois.

As a lover, with honorable intentions, the adventurer was distressingly methodical. His appeal was founded on a desire to accord with the strictest rules of custom and propriety in such matters, and not on any acquaintance with the character of the young lady herself. The young lady was sixteen years of age, her warlike lover thirty-six. She had the charms of beauty, gayety and riches, and had all the popularity that follows them. John Quincy Adams, always a careful observer of ladies, met her at a dinner party, more than a decade later. "Miss Deblois," he confided to his diary, "has been

much celebrated as a beauty; and she may still be called very handsome, though she be as much as twenty-seven." John Quincy was then in his twenty-first year. "She is sociable and agreeable, though she is not yet destitute of that kind of vanity which is so naturally the companion of beauty. She puckers her mouth a little, and contracts her eyelids a little, to look very pretty; and is not wholly unsuccessful."

On March the seventh General Arnold indited a note to Colonel Paul Revere, begging as a favor that he apply to Mr. Austin for a sword knot and sash, "two best appalits" and a dozen silk hose. Powdered and smiling, his Continental buff and blue a-glitter with the accouterments of war, General Arnold began the siege with a formidable display of power. His first active maneuver was a bombardment of expensive presents.

"I have taken the liberty," he wrote in an engaging letter, quite unlike his usual direct style, addressed to the wife of General Knox, a Boston lady, "of enclosing a letter to the heavenly Miss *Deblois,* which I beg the *favor* of your delivering with the trunk of *gowns,* etc., which Mrs. ———— promised *me* to send to *you.* I hope she will make no objection to receiving them. I make no doubt you will soon have the pleasure to see the *charming* Mrs. Emery and have it in your power to give the favorable intelligence. I shall remain under the most anxious suspense," he concluded, no doubt in the assurance that the ardent phrases would be repeated, "for the favor of a *Line* from you, who, if I may judge, will from your own experience consider the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, and the chilling fears that alternately possess the *heart* of, dear Madam,

"Your obedient and humble *servant,*

"Benedict Arnold."

As the proposed attack on Rhode Island languished for want of support from Massachusetts, which only agreed to the sending of troops some months later, and showed no evidence of being moved by General Arnold's ambitious appeals, so the operations against the heart of Miss Betsy lacked the needed forces. "Miss Deblois," General Knox's lady confided to her husband a month later, "has

positively refused to listen to the general, which, with his other mortification, will come very hard upon him." Hope was not so readily abandoned, but both projects were rudely interrupted when the blundering indifference of Congress cast a shadow upon the honor of Benedict Arnold. This must be removed before he could renew the pursuit of either.

On the third of March Washington had dispatched another letter to Arnold, urging a temperate viewpoint. "Unless your strength and circumstances be such that you can reasonably promise yourself a *moral* certainty of succeeding," he cautioned him with regard to the Rhode Island proposal, "I would have you by all means relinquish the undertaking and confine yourself, in the main, to a defensive operation. We have lately had," he went on, "several promotions to the rank of major-general, and I am at a loss whether you have a preceding appointment, as the newspapers announce, or whether you have been omitted through some mistake. Should the latter be the case, I beg you will not take any hasty steps in consequence of it, but allow proper time for recollection, which I flatter myself will remedy any error that may have been made. My endeavors to that end shall not be wanting."

In February, Congress, with the loyal Silas Deane now absent on a mission to France, had elected five new major-generals, Lord Stirling, Mifflin, St. Clair, Stephens and Lincoln. Of Arnold, who formerly outranked them all, and should have headed the list, there was no mention. To his late friend and patron of Ticonderoga, the aggrieved brigadier wrote in somber, appealing anger. Ease, interests, happiness had been sacrificed. He quoted some vindictive Gothic cadences, the address of Araster to his sons.

"I know some Villain has been busy with my Fame—& basely slandered me.
But who will not rest in safety that has done me wrong.
By Heavens, I will have Justice
And I'm a Villain if I seek not
A Brave Revenge for injured honour."

Gates had been in Philadelphia at the time, writing letters about Washington and Schuyler, putting himself forward in one way and another, but if he showed any interest in Arnold's cause, he had not sufficient influence to serve it.

The Commander-in-chief, on the other hand, valued Arnold's services more highly. The poverty of Congress and the activity of the enemy allowed scant opportunity to build up a hardened military organization, and the only thing which could effectively replace it was the brilliant, pugnacious leadership that Arnold offered. To Washington the fire-eater replied with grateful formality.

"Congress," he observed, "undoubtedly have a right of promoting those whom, from their abilities, and their long and arduous services, they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals, I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it, when I can no longer serve my country with honor. The person who, void of the nice feelings of honor, will tamely condescend to give up his right, and retain a commission at the expense of his reputation, I hold as a disgrace to the army, and unworthy of the glorious cause in which we are engaged. When I entered the service of my country my character was unimpeached. I have sacrificed my ease, interest and happiness in her cause. It is rather a misfortune than a fault that my exertions have not been crowned with success. I am conscious of the rectitude of my intentions."

He would not, he avowed, be guilty of any hasty step, but demanded a court of inquiry into his conduct. The letter was well penned. He was not anxious to resign, but he would not submit to a situation of this sort. Situations of this sort were only too common in the army, and were the cause of wrangling, complaints and threats from all ranks of officers. Congress had but a casual regard for military etiquette and ethics. The members considered the rights of their states first. And Washington, after some inquiry,

found that such a jealousy underlay the neglect of Arnold. Connecticut had already two major-generals and it was declared that this was her full share. A court of inquiry, as Washington pointed out, was impossible, as there was no charge into which to inquire.

The threat of resignation, for which much blame has been set upon Arnold, was continually employed in the war and was not considered dishonorable. It was the only hold of the soldier on the statesman. Such officers as Greene, Knox and Sullivan, and even Washington, had used it. "For my part," the steady, soldierly Greene had once declared, "I would never give any legislative body an opportunity to humiliate me but once." But Arnold had no intention of subsiding, tamely, and without the reason why. When April brought warmer days and better roads, he set out for Philadelphia.

III. A Brave Revenge.

"A brave revenge for injured honor," the fire-eater had promised. Without cause, his reputation as a soldier had been tarnished, his honor as a gentleman, his prespects as a lover. The effect upon his disposition can be imagined. But fortunately, before he presented himself at Congress, an opportunity was offered for him to spend a little of the violence of his temper. The opportunitty was offered by William Tryon, His Majesty's royal Governor of New York. This gentleman had a grudge of his own, for the war had put an end to a lucrative business in land which he had combined with his official duties. He vented his dislike for the Americans as commander of a number of raiding expeditions, in which he displayed a taste for destruction, and probably did more than any other of the King's commanders to destroy the possibility of reconciliation.

While Arnold was tarrying at New Haven with Hannah and the three healthy, noisy boys, a fleet of twenty-three transports, convoyed by the ship *Eagle* and two sloops-of-war, appeared off

Compo Hill, near Fairfield, some twenty miles to the west. From these, on the twenty-fifth day of April, Governor William Tryon landed two thousand men, and marched them hastily northward. His objective was the rebel supply base at Danbury, a score of miles through country that would be none too friendly to his coming.

In Fairfield Brigadier-General Gold Silliman of the Connecticut militia was steering his plow in the furrow, plodding sturdily, gripping the plow handles to force an even cut in the rocky soil, when a courier dashed into the field with the news. Soon riders were galloping from farm to farm, the little white churches were ringing their bells, and the militiamen were taking down their long guns, slinging powder horn and canteen from their shoulders, bidding the womenfolks farewell, waving in answer to the "God bless ye's" as they passed in hurried groups along the highway.

Tryon's two thousand advanced at a steady pace, his Tory regiments jeering exultantly at the people who came to watch them as they trudged by. In the early afternoon of the twenty-sixth, he reached Danbury. The village had not been warned until he was within eight miles and there had been no time to remove the stores. Disorders began when a few youths, inflamed either by patriotism or drink, a point which historians have been unable to determine, opened fire from a house. House and its garrison were burned together by the infuriated invaders. In the next few hours, some five thousand barrels of beef and pork were destroyed, with large quantities of cloth, destined for uniforms and tents. Three hundred puncheons of rum and fifty pipes of wine were poured out, chiefly down the throats of the victors, who passed the night in jubilant carousing, mere soldiers no longer, but furious heroes and eminent good fellows, shouting and singing through the darkness all night long.

To Redding, twelve miles southward, Silliman had come with five hundred men and boys, in hard pursuit. It was raw and rainy weather. Shortly after night, a group of horsemen dashed in, with a splattering of mud and a shouting for news. At their head rode

two old acquaintances, Generals Wooster and Arnold. Both now had injured honor to vindicate, for Wooster, after his removal from the command in Canada, had returned in high dudgeon and demanded a court of inquiry. He could not very well be condemned for senility, and Congress declared him exonerated, couching the resolve in such terms as to confer all the blame for the Canadian disaster upon Schuyler. But they had offered the old general no command, and he still felt that he was distrusted. Now a crowd of militiamen gathered to gape at the famous leaders, lanterns glistening through the rain on their wet faces.

The enemy was at Danbury. It was Arnold's first news of their position, and so enraged was he to hear it, that he could hardly keep his saddle for impatience, so we are told, while his great curses fell among the startled lads beneath him, "like thunder claps." Wooster, senior officer, assumed command, and the weary column pushed onward, through blackness, mud and drenching rain. Near midnight, they camped at Bethel, three miles from the jovial scenes of the Governor's triumph.

Morning dawned with cold showers still washing over the country from a leaden sky. Over Danbury, where Tryon was burning the rebel houses, a haze of dark smoke crept into the air. This done, he marched for his ships, taking a new road, to the westward, in order to avoid the pursuing force. The pursuers, now but little more than seven hundred strong, could hope for nothing from a pitched battle with two thousand men, with artillery. After a hasty consultation, Wooster set out with some three hundred men to harry the enemy's rear, while Arnold and Silliman, with four hundred, marched as swiftly to take a stand in front.

Through a heavy mist that clung to the earth, Wooster came within shot of the enemy at about eight o'clock, deployed his men, and brought them at a run through the wet grass, over slippery rocks and under the dripping pines. He took the sentries by surprise and broke into the camp where the redcoats were gathering round their kettles for a hot breakfast, gave them a volley, and fell

back as quickly as he had come, with about forty prisoners. Three hours later, his troops, most of whom were new to the business, but heartened by their first success and the fact that Tryon was retreating before them attacked again. This time they were expected. A crackle of musketry met the advancing line, a broken bellowing of cannon as the grapeshot screamed through their ranks. The line wavered. Wooster riding ahead, shouted to attack. It was an old man's gallant and tragic plea for an honorable name before his country. He turned in the saddle and waved his sword.

"Come on, my boys!" he called. "Never mind such random shots!"

He clutched a hand to his side as the blade flew into the air and he slumped to the ground. He was carried hastily to the rear, the line falling back with its general, pursued only by repeated volleys of lead and iron. A surgeon dressed his wound. The long crimson sash he had worn over his shoulder was unrolled and wrapped about him, and he was carried to a farmhouse in Danbury, whispering sadly through his pain. Arnold, by a forced march, reached the road to the sea at Ridgefield at about eleven o'clock, and immediately placed his men across it. In its southward course, the road surmounted a line of hills, upon which it would be difficult to attack an enemy. But if, by a show of greater force than he possessed, he could divert Tryon into a more circuitous route through the valleys, he could harry his march, as Gage's regiments had been harried back from Concord, and perhaps cut him to pieces before he reached the shore.

Arnold, with two hundred men, took a position between a ledge of rocks on his left and the farmhouse where old Benjamin Stebbins, a cripple and a Tory, lay on the floor in a well founded fear for his life. His militiamen, heartened by the dull roar of Wooster's last fight, a mile to the north of them, and by the resolute enthusiasm of their commander, worked with speed and care on the barricade of logs and carts and earth that was to shelter them from the oncoming storm. Silliman with the other two hundred of their force,

was to protect the flanks of this position. The rain had ceased to fall, and low-flying clouds rolled in swift masses across the sky.

Tryon's rapid pace soon brought him to this new obstacle. He at once attacked in front. The bullets whistled by and the round shot sent the mud and splinters flying. To this the defenders replied with great spirit, firing quickly, dodging back to reload, the wounded dragging themselves into the Stebbins' house. Orders could not be heard through the din, but Arnold, holding his nervous horse in check with a strong wrist, rode back and forth behind the line, watching the work.

Tryon's natural maneuver was to throw out flanking parties, and in this attempt he was successful. A platoon of his infantry appeared suddenly on the ledge of rocks, delivered their fire and charged with the bayonet. The Americans instantly took to their heels. The mounted officer, scarce thirty yards away, was a conspicuous target, and his horse rolled to the earth, nine balls through its body. Arnold was struggling to free himself from the trembling carcass. A soldier, plunging toward him with outstretched bayonet, shouted a hoarse warning to surrender. The man was a Tory, well known in that country. The fire-eater shot and killed him. In a moment he was on his feet, emptied the other pistol, and threw them both away as he ran desperately for a wooded swamp across the clearing, bounding over hillocks and crumpled bodies, the bullets whining around him, leaping a rail fence and diving into the shelter of the trees. There he paused for breath, and a small group gathered to him.

"One live man is worth ten dead ones," he remarked, descending to philosophy, as even the man of action is apt to do in a time of defeat. He ordered all the men he could find to rendezvous at Saugatuck Bridge, near the seacoast, and hastened south to prepare for a new stand.

Down the long street of Ridgefield, dotted with houses and overhung by elm, maple and sycamore, Tryon advanced in the thunder of his cannon. A few Americans made a stand in the old Keeler

tavern, sniping gallantly from windows while the iron shot roared through the walls with a crashing of splintered timber and falling china, filling the rooms with plaster dust. With the village behind them under a pall of smoke, the raiders camped for the night.

It is easy for one who follows the profession of arms to acquire a reputation for ruthlessness and cruelty. It is a ruthless profession, in which chivalry and efficiency do not always accord. In rebellious America, war hatred was growing ever more bitter, and tales of atrocity grew fat upon it. In rebellious America, some gentleness at the expense of military advantages might have aided the royal cause. Sir Guy Carleton, alone of the King's generals, realized this. Tryon followed a course of brutal thoroughness, as Arnold did later when he was raiding rebel bases of supply. Tryon was now wise enough not to underestimate his enemy. At daybreak, he resumed his march to the sea.

At nine o'clock of that morning, Arnold and Silliman were waiting at Saugatuck Bridge with five hundred men. They had now a small but determined regiment of artillery, a most valuable addition to their force. This body was commanded by two old friends of the fire-eater, lately prisoners at Quebec, but exchanged, thanks partly to his recommendations. Colonel John Lamb and Lieutenant-Colonel Eleazer Oswald. Lamb had been struck in the face by a cannon ball at the storming of the Lower Town, had recovered by a miracle, and had succeeded in provoking the annoyance of his captors by a continual overflow of imprecations and ill-wishes against the servants and royal person of His Majesty. Arnold had clinched their friendship by the loan of a thousand pounds toward the raising of his regiment. He now returned to the field, as alert and venomous as ever, his countenance not greatly improved by an enormous scar and one dead eye.

Tryon, to avoid the trap, forded the Saugatuck above the bridge. Arnold sent Silliman north to join a large body of militia who were annoying the enemy as best they could, with orders to attack their rear, while he himself marched to strike them in the flank. Tryon,

however, moved so swiftly, keeping his men for a large part of the way on the run, that Silliman was unable to overtake him. The forces were united again and again the Americans attacked. Some two hours of broken skirmishing ensued, the heavy British formations fighting through at last to Compo Hill.

There the chase grew hot again, thanks to a score or more of eager Yankees who, without orders or officers, chose a propitious opening, and made bold to storm the Hill. Arnold and Lamb at once hurled themselves and a small array into the fight in support of this extemporaneous maneuver. They swept up the hill, met the retreating strategists, and turned them back for a brief, forlorn renewal of the attack. The rebel cannon were silent, the men were moving down again. Lamb was slightly wounded, and Arnold, dismounting, half lifted him into his saddle, held him there as he slumped into unconsciousness. Back, down the hill, crept the little line of battle, through the smoke of a scattered fire. Arnold, striding by the horse's side, clinging to the bridle and the limp body on the saddle, pleaded with the men to turn back and fight. But marines were landing to cover the embarkation; the Danbury raid was over.

The American resistance had been a series of hot skirmishes. In them Arnold won glory and the undeserved credit of a victory. He is still the hero who drove Tryon to his ships. A ball had pierced his coat collar, two horses had been shot under him, he had played a gallant part, and he had certainly hurried the Governor's exit. But his object had been to hold the British back and to cut them to pieces, and in this he had failed.

Both sides, however, received their shares of boast and sorrow. Tryon and Arnold, the two disgruntled men of battle, went one to New York and one to Philadelphia, each to receive the acclaim due to a glorious achievement. Gray-haired Mary Wooster rode up from New Haven to her husband's bedside, to answer his delirious murmurings and watch him die. Gold Silliman jogged back to Fairfield, to chat about it with his neighbors and finish the plowing.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIELDS OF SARATOGA

I. A Call to Battle on the Old Warpath.

"The Rebels lost two of their Generals, Wooster and Silliman," a correspondent in America informed the Earl of Dartmouth with pardonable exaggeration; "and their famous Arnold had a very narrow escape." Their famous Arnold had caught the interest of Englishmen. His march through the forest, his bold assault on Quebec, his reckless daring, his furious resistance against odds to which a more conservative commander would have submitted, made his name as familiar to them as that of Washington. From the printshop windows, large-eyed and ferocious of countenance, sashed and much be-braided and buttoned, he stood in military pose staring sternly into the streets of London. It was the admiration which one can feel for the plucky but unsuccessful enemy.

Among the revolutionists, however, enmity and distrust survived the wave of enthusiasm which followed the Ridgefield fights. There were still disagreeable charges and rumors abroad, and there were those who could reason that the reckless hurling of four or five hundred men against two thousand implied a willingness to sacrifice painfully acquired armies for mere personal glory. Congress responded by conferring the rank of Major-General and a fittingly caparisoned charger to the officer who had had two horses shot under him so gallantly resisting the enemy. The new commission, however, was not antedated: Major-General Arnold was still outranked by the five who had been promoted over him.

"General Arnold's promotion," Washington wrote to the President of Congress, "gives me much pleasure, he has certainly dis-

covered, in every instance where he has had an opportunity, much bravery, activity and enterprise. But what will be done about his rank? He will not act most probably under those he commanded but a few weeks ago." Hoping for a speedy settlement of this small matter, he was arranging for Arnold to take command at Peekskill. It was uncertain whether Howe's next campaign would be directed against Philadelphia or the forts on the Hudson, and Arnold's knowledge of water craft and ability in handling militia commended him to the position at the forts. On the twelfth of May, however, Arnold arrived at the headquarters in New Jersey, and made clear his desire to present his accounts to Congress, to demand an investigation of the charges against him and to demand the rank due his seniority. On that day Washington wrote to Philadelphia, paving the way for his coming.

A name scented with powder smoke, the man whose wild adventures added the thrill of glory to defeat, in his uniform of buff and blue, his scarlet sash and shining epaulettes, this stocky, florid-faced war-hawk rode into the little Quaker town.

The little red city was just learning the dignity and cultivated habits that belong to the metropolis and capital of an empire. There were those who could appreciate the manners and formalities of a sophisticated gentleman at arms. There were those who would glare and sniff at his airs and aloofness, condemn them as incompatible with the Roman spirit of free America, and as, very probably, a hypocritical covering for base designs. At the moment, however, General Arnold was the object for cheerful attentions. Rumors of a British plot for his assassination increased the interest. He addressed himself to Congress.

"I am exceedingly unhappy to find that after having made every sacrifice of fortune, ease and domestic happiness, to serve my country, I am publicly impeached (in particular by Lieutenant-Colonel Brown,) of a catalogue of crimes, which, if true, ought to subject me to disgrace, infamy and the just resentment of my countrymen. Consciousness of the rectitude of my intentions,"—

that favorite phrase—"however I may have erred in judgement, I must request the favor of Congress to point out some mode by which my conduct, and that of my accusers, may be inquired into, and justice done to the innocent and injured."

The innocent and injured, after an examination into the charges by the Board of War, was completely vindicated, an inevitable decision, considering how the complaints had been exaggerated by exasperation, how meager the evidence now was, and how difficult it is to condemn a valuable officer in war time. The more complex matter of the accounts was referred to a committee of Congress. But in the delicate consideration of rating, the legislators were not sympathetic. They were weary of these endless, incomprehensible demands, these officers who came fuming up from the training ground or back from the battle front, as John Adams phrased it, "scrambling for rank and pay like apes for nuts."

In these scenes of Congressional appeal, Arnold had not the center of the stage. That part was held by the big-mouthed little schemer, Horatio Gates, with, playing opposite to him, Philip Schuyler, the tall and staid aristocrat of the Hudson valley. Gates, busy among the New England delegates especially, had in March received the independent command of Ticonderoga, which, as that post was the danger point of the Northern Department, amounted to the superseding of Schuyler. Efforts were made to insult Schuyler into resigning. In April Gates went to Albany where he felt that he could keep an eye on both Ticonderoga and the Congress, while Schuyler, justly outraged at this manner of conducting affairs, arrived at Philadelphia to demand an inquiry. Congress, aroused to a realization of what the Gates faction had put through, provided Schuyler with a definition of his department and an assertion of his authority in it. Schuyler, satisfied, went north. Gates, in a fury, came south, appeared before Congress on a pretense of important news, and made himself ridiculous in an awkward effort to recount his own merits as a general.

The effect of all this on Arnold must be inferred. From the first

expedition to Ticonderoga until this time, he had looked to Congress as a body which would appreciate his accomplishments and to which he might safely appeal. It was now clear that he would never be supported from this quarter. It was the mutual distrust of civil and military authorities that underlay the trouble. Even sectionalism did not help him: "Your best friends," as Samuel Chase, referring to the scandal of the Montreal seizures, had informed him, "are not your countrymen." He must become a follower of Gates, or he must rely on the friendship of Washington and Schuyler. And it was on the friendship of Washington and Schuyler, who asked no personal allegiance, who had spoken so much of his value as an officer, and done so much to aid his career, that he tended more and more to place his reliance.

But Congress was not blind to his military value, and in that summer, when Howe's army threatened an incursion across New Jersey to Philadelphia, ordered him to Trenton to take command of the militia. The militiamen thronged to his standard. He, watching the movements of the enemy with hawklike eagerness for battle, waited the moment to strike, "for fight them we must," he declared, "when all our reinforcements are in; we cannot avoid it with honor." When, however, the enemy withdrew, he returned to Philadelphia, there to urge again the cause of honor.

At this time, in the Northern Department, a British spy sought the clemency of his captors by giving to them their first news of the expedition, under Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, moving to invade again the lake passage, storm Ticonderoga, march down the Hudson and unite with Howe. Schuyler, realizing that valuable time had been lost in the wrangles over precedence, began to make ready his resistance. As other reports confirmed the first, he still felt confident. Ticonderoga he was sure could be held, but should a part of the invasion come down the Mohawk valley, it would find Fort Schuyler unfinished and poorly garrisoned, and the valley full of Tories to add strength to its advance.

Early in July, in the midst of his hurried preparations, came

the news that Ticonderoga had been abandoned by its defenders and occupied by the enemy. A wave of fear and indignation swept through rebellious America. The militia he had been mustering began to melt away. The Gates party in Congress came forward for a new campaign, raising loudly the cry of incompetence and treason.

Sugar Loaf Hill, rising in rocky majesty behind the fortress, had been responsible for all this uproar and consternation. A young officer, a year earlier, had demonstrated to the incredulous Gates that a battery on Sugar Loaf Hill could command the works. Now the fact had been demonstrated again by a corps of British artillery.

Schuyler met the retreating garrison of three thousand men, too small a number to have occupied Sugar Loaf had they been ordered to do so, and made them the nucleus of a brave resistance. He advanced dangerously near to the triumphant invaders, almost three times his strength, and then fell back again, so obstructing the roads as to make their advance a slow and tedious matter. The retreat brought further opprobrium upon him, but it gave him the delay he needed to build an army from militia levies. For a time, however, the chief of this able but distrusted officer's many difficulties was in keeping the militia he already had from going home to their harvest fields. "If Job had been a general in my situation," he had moaned, "his memory had not been so famous for patience." He begged Washington to send him generals popular with the New England troops, and Washington chose for him two officers well fitted to the purpose, Benjamin Lincoln and Benedict Arnold.

It was on the tenth of July, the day that Arnold, as the last maneuver in his campaign for rank and financial settlement, offered his resignation to Congress, that the President of that unappreciative body received a letter from the Commander-in-chief, begging that General Arnold's affairs be settled at once to his satisfaction, as his services were needed to bring the militia into action in the Northern Department. "He is active, judicious and brave," the letter ran, "and an officer in whom the militia will

repose great confidence. Besides this, he is well acquainted with that country, and with the routes and most important passes and defiles in it. I am persuaded that his presence and activity will animate the militia greatly and spur them on to a becoming conduct."

The militiamen were ready enough to turn out for a fight, but they objected to campaigning. That the defense of Ticonderoga in the preceding year had offered nothing more exciting than chopping and digging and garrison routine, thickened the problem of interesting them. Schuyler, for his gentlemanly aloofness, was distrusted. But the name of Arnold promised battle, and if he showed the same haughty gentility among his equals, he shared the hardships of his men, watched over them with a lenient care, and, with all his vigorous pugnacity, led them in person at the points of danger. It is said that he once proved to them the soundness of his Quebec leg by vaulting over a loaded ammunition wagon, a feat not entirely consistent with the dignity of a major-general, but well calculated to win the respect of his men. He could give to these fluctuating, temperamental levies, something of order and discipline, and fill them, in the presence of the enemy, with his own proud fury.

And now the call to battle came clearly. He knew the pettiness of his dispute with Congress. All his highest ambitions in the war were threatened by the invader, advancing now in triumph down the old warpath from the north. If Burgoyne succeeded, Canada would be lost, and if he failed, the tide of American victory might roll northward again in a new invasion. The fire-eater withdrew his resignation, and declared himself willing, in the crisis, to lay aside his claims. Washington, still threatened by Howe and in consequence unable to reinforce Schuyler, was doing what he could to bring out the militia. It was with pleasure that he informed them that General Arnold was on his way to command them. "I have no doubt you will, under his conduct and direction, repel an enemy from your borders who, not content with bringing mer-

cenaries to lay waste your country, have now brought savages, with the avowed and express intent of adding murder to desolation."

II. The Fire-eater Conquers by a Ruse de Guerre.

The invading expedition to which the general felt free to ascribe this bloodthirsty intention, was, on the contrary an affair glittering with all the chivalry and nobility of purpose, all the colorful, dashing, adventurous spirit of its commander. It was imbued with ideals of martial justice and honor, that gallant enthusiasm which accompanies a confidence in success. Four thousand English regulars marched with it, headed by the light infantry, picked men, splendid scouts and skirmishers, and then the tall, proud grenadiers, made taller by their high peaked caps of bearskin, albeit shorn of some of their dignity when, in the scarcity of cloth for patches, their coats had been altered to light infantry style by the removal of the tails. Beside the ranks of red came the blue, four hundred British artillerymen with a long train of guns, and the Germans, more than three thousand strong, chasseurs, grenadiers, artillery, and the poor dragoons, cursing the shortage of horses as they clumped laboriously along in their great heavy boots, sabers rattling at their sides and plumes nodding overhead. Four hundred Indians daily smeared themselves with bear's grease and rubbed on the colored powders in grotesque designs, trimmed their tufted scalp locks with feathers, and stole out in search of blood and plunder. Three hundred shiftless habitants daily stalked the woods on scouting duty, and quarreled by their camp fires as to who should be officers. Behind, a long supply train creaked under a weight rich in both comforts and necessities. It was a small but well appointed army. Some thousand women and other noncombatant adjuncts, raised its numbers to about ten thousand.

To this vivid pageantry was added the brilliance of its officers, old soldiers who loved their men, their profession and their country

with one heart, boys with names that were to be famous in the long wars that followed, members of Parliament, noblemen and sons of noblemen, all sharing the confidence of the ranks in the courageous and dashing cavalryman, their leader. Next in rank, Major-General William Phillips commanded the artillery. It was he who had placed the battery that took Ticonderoga. A skillful and active officer, with all of Arnold's pride and furious temper, Arnold was to know him, in time, more intimately. Of the brigadiers, Simon Fraser was most conspicuous for his bravery and services. The Earl of Balcarres, twenty-three years of age, commanded the light infantry, and Major John Acland, a rough, hard-drinking veteran of thirty, the grenadiers. The Germans were led by perhaps the most thoroughly capable officer in the army, Major-General the Baron von Riedesel, with his hearty German friendliness, his plump figure and his clear blue eyes.

The royal cause, however, suffered from conflicts of jealousy, ambition and faction among officers and in the government behind, similar to those which troubled the rebellion. The petulant bungling of Lord George Germaine, His Majesty's Secretary of State for the American Colonies, was a match for that of Congress. It was partly the enmity between this nobleman and Sir Guy Carleton that accounted for Carleton's remaining in his northern domain, while Burgoyne, an inferior officer, marched southward on the path of glory. The Governor General was a Whig. His advance down the lake passage in 1776, moreover, had brought complaints from Sir William Howe, who, although Commander-in-chief in America, was outranked by Carleton on the army list. Germaine had ordered Carleton back, but the letter failed to arrive in time. Now a new delicacy arose. Sir William's part in the march of the reinforcements from Canada was merely to push up the Hudson and unite with them at Albany. If he had been reluctant to join forces with a superior, he was even more so to unite with an inferior officer who would absorb all the glory of the adventure. He saw only one rebel army in the field, that under Washington hovering

near Philadelphia, and he expected Burgoyne to have no trouble. Perfectly well aware of what was expected of him, he took advantage of Germaine's neglect to send the positive orders and began his glamorous but ineffective campaign against the rebel capital.

Burgoyne, like Montgomery advancing on Quebec, had uttered a conventional military boast, to the effect that he would eat his Christmas dinner at Albany. As ignorant of the plans of Howe as he was of those of Washington and Schuyler, he expected to cut through to his objective with the deliberate certainty of a sharp knife in an American cheese. To the slowness which the obstructions left by the retreating rebels imposed, however, he added that of an elaborate caution against attack. He was eagerly awaiting news of the secondary maneuver of the invasion, expected to increase his strength and quicken his advance. Far to the westward, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry St. Leger was moving down the valley of the Mohawk, with a motley force of British, Germans and Tories, and a horde of Indians, to join him by that route.

On the third of August, St. Leger's army went into camp before the earthen defenses of Fort Schuyler, and all that night his Indians howled and hooted around the dim bastions by the river. Peter Gansevoort, commander of the post, had provisions for six weeks. When these were gone, it was his determination to cut his way down the valley. St. Leger's summons, with its threats of Indian massacre, he rejected with contempt.

The Whigs of the Valley, roused at last, mustered their militia under General Nicholas Herkimer, and marched to the rescue. The lean German farmer, advancing through the forest with the caution natural to his sixty-four years, stirred the impatience of the younger officers. The words, "Tory" and "coward" were heard. Furious, he ordered the files instantly forward, and hurled the whole contingent into a cleverly laid ambush of St. Leger's Indians and Tory Rangers, at Oriskany, seven miles from the fort. Shot down at the first fire, he sat against a tree trunk, puffing his pipe and shouting his orders through the din of one of the most des-

perate and bloody battles of the war. Gansevoort made use of the opportunity to raid the British camp. But the militia, what was left of them, had had their fill when the fight ended at dusk, and Herkimer, who had but a few more days until death found him with his pipe in his mouth and his Bible in his hand, was borne home from Oriskany in the morning.

General Schuyler called a council of his officers and proposed to them that a detachment from the main army be sent to the Mohawk Valley. The main army had still as much trouble with desertions as with recruiting, and had scant confidence in its leader. The council declared against a division of force. Schuyler pointed to the slowness of Burgoyne's and the threat of St. Leger's advance, and then, overhearing an accusing "He means to weaken the army," murmured in the group before him, suddenly crushed the stem of his clay pipe in his teeth, recovered, and with irate dignity announced that he would assume the responsibility himself. Arnold at once offered to take command and was gratefully accepted. Washington had already suggested sending him to raise resistance in the Valley. Congress had but recently voted against his claims to rank, and he, after the formality of a new resignation rejected on the grounds of military necessity by Schuyler, was eager for a chance to redeem his injured honor on the battlefield. In the morning, drums beat through the camp for volunteers, and eight hundred men were on the muster rolls by midday.

Arnold marched with his customary dispatch to Fort Dayton, in the German settlements. In addition to his Continentals, a few disheartened veterans of Oriskany raised his numbers to about a thousand men. He called a halt and summoned a council of war. A warrior of the friendly Oneidas had brought him the news that St. Leger had a thousand Indians and almost as many regulars and loyalist militia. The council determined to wait for reinforcements, and Arnold agreed with its decision. His critics have accused this splendid soldier of foolhardy temerity and blind eagerness for glory. He was, indeed, ready to take a dangerous chance, but that is an

essential part of the profession. Here, as in his arrival before Quebec, he showed that he knew when caution was necessary. It was when there was much to gain and little to lose, as at Valcour, when it was a choice between reckless daring and passive resignation, as at Ridgefield, that he led his men against odds with that wild impetuosity. And when, two days after the council, he learned that St. Leger's trenching and mining had brought the crisis of the siege perilously near, he thrust its decision aside and ordered the little army forward by forced marches. A thousand muskets, shouldered or a-trail, glittered in the sunbeams sifting through the foliage, a thousand pairs of moccasins trod the soft mold in steady silence, wooden canteens slapping sturdy hips and gurgling gently, as the long file slid like a serpent through the forest. Far before it, a strange advance guard was nearing the camp of the enemy.

St. Leger's Indians, on whose support his success depended, were growing weary of siege operations. They had been told that they would have little to do but smoke their pipes and gather plunder, and so far they had borne the brunt of the fighting and had lost a great many hearty young braves, with only the satisfaction of roasting a few prisoners. With more tact than candor, Arnold now sent before his advancing force a message that he loved his brethren, the Indians, and consequently did not wish to fight them, but that he would shortly arrive with a great army to punish the white hirelings of the King. The message was skillfully prepared, and skillfully delivered.

An attempt had been made to rouse the Tories of the lower valley to arms. Captured by Arnold's men, the emissaries had been duly condemned to the gallows. Among them there was a grotesque individual, large of mouth and small of wit, who went by the name of Hon Yost. This genial soul had passed the greater part of his life among the savages, who reverenced his frailties and received his sayings with great respect. His mother and his brother Nicholas came to Fort Dayton, pleading in broken English for his life. The General allowed them to prolong their entreaties, and finally offered

a condition: Nicholas would remain as hostage; Hon Yost would bear his message to the Indians.

Hon Yost, coarse, filthy and ignorant, beamed. Aided, perhaps, by a sight of the waiting coffin and gallows, he not only succeeded in digesting the idea, he elaborated upon it with delighted slyness. He bade some of the American soldiers add a few bullet holes to the rents in his clothes. This done, he vanished in the woods. It was arranged that an Oneida should follow him into the British camp and confirm his story.

In due course, with all the signs of fear and exhaustion, and his best nit-wit manner, Hon Yost was staggering along in a great crowd of his savage brethren. In his high, uneven voice, in awed whispers, he told them of his capture by the approaching host of the war-chief, Arnold, and of how he had escaped from the very foot of the gibbet, showing the bullet holes in his garments to reinforce the tale. How many Americans were coming? He opened his mouth and rolled his eyes and pointed vaguely to the leaves. In the meantime, the Oneida had arrived. Arnold, he announced, who loved the Indians as he hated the English, was almost upon them with two thousand men. The Oneida had come upon some of his friends in the woods and had persuaded them to join the sport. They filtered in with tales of impending doom. One, questioned as to the source of his information, revealed that he had been warned of the danger by a talking bird. The Indians had already heard of Arnold's coming, and had refused to go against him. Now they determined that they had had enough of war and would go home.

St. Leger, helpless without them, summoned a council of chiefs, but the Indians were already on their way. He must follow at once or be left behind, and that was the best answer they could give to his entreaties. Realizing now their power, they revelled in it, stole clothes and liquor, hastened the panic-stricken retreat of the soldiers through the twilight with cries of "They are coming! They are coming!" murdered and scalped the stragglers in the darkness.

Hon Yost slipped back to the fort with the good news. Never

troubled by questions of allegiance, he lived to serve the King again, and died an American citizen. A hasty pursuit failing to overtake its prey, Arnold marched back to the main army with twelve hundred men.

III. Brother Burgoyne Becomes a Bone of Contention.

Arnold's triumphant return to camp found the face of things everywhere altered for the better. When he had left, the rebel arms had only the prospect of a desperate resistance. This was now brightening so rapidly that men were dazzled. Hard on his departure had come the news of the Bennington fight, costing the invader eight hundred men. Howe, to the surprise of friend and foe, had definitely undertaken a campaign against Philadelphia. Victory and the barbarity of the Indian allies of the English were bringing out the militia in increasing force; five thousand men were in, and Schuyler felt sure of twice the number before the crisis came. Still more encouraging, the savages, disgruntled by Burgoyne's efforts to curb them in that part of warfare which they most enjoyed, deserted almost in a body. His Tories, too, were beginning to slip away. The illusion of a triumphal progress was shattered. His numbers, already reduced by garrisoning Ticonderoga, could only diminish. The problem of provision was a growing burden. Worry as he might, however, his orders to advance were positive. But if anxiety existed, it was not expressed. The English regulars, proudly conscious of their well-earned fighting prowess, had not yet met the rebel fire, and were eager to do so. And pompous, handsome Burgoyne, as he watched the long array move past him in review by the banks of the Hudson, uttered a boast which no doubt he intended by battle and maneuver to make a byword for his country's soldiers, "Britons never retreat."

When Arnold returned to camp, Philip Schuyler had fallen the victim of an injustice similar to that done Sir Guy Carleton, save that it was here brought about solely by the persistent intriguing of the rival candidate. The successful rival was Horatio Gates, and

Schuyler acquiesced in the decision of his government and continued to assist the army with a gentlemanly dignity similar to that of the Governor General. To the humiliation of a removal from his command in time of danger, the successful candidate added the insults of studied rudeness, for Schuyler was in his way, and therefore an enemy.

After the war, Charles Lee, the lean and cynical, was asked his opinion of Gates. "A fool," he pronounced. "If you was to tell him that a French army was ascending the Potomac mounted on the backs of alligators, he would believe it." But if he lacked Lee's sophistry and shrewdness, the heavy-witted little general was sharp in his way and no fool. His relentless intriguing, the pious snobbery that accompanied his military and social ambitions, the coarse vulgarity that was natural to him, have obscured the fact that he was a trained soldier, as sharply sagacious in the field as in his other activities. Blustering and at times ridiculous, he was able to command the respect of many officers. He had an easy contempt for "brother Burgoyne," whose character, it can be said for him, he judged most accurately. Gates, finally, had the confidence of the New England delegation to Congress, on whose militia the campaign depended, and Schuyler, the painstaking and deliberate manorial overlord, had not.

Arnold had scrupulously kept on good terms with both leaders. Writing from the Mohawk Valley on August twenty-first, he congratulated each on his victory at Bennington. It was only in his letters to Gates, however, that he offered expressions of personal affection. The fire-eater's return to the main army was marked by assurances of good will from both himself and its new commander, and he was ordered to the left wing, a force consisting chiefly of New England Continentals and militia. There, among his officers, he found two old comrades of the march to Quebec, Henry Dearborn, now at the head of a corps of picked light infantry, and Daniel Morgan, with his small but justly famous regiment of riflemen, which Washington had sent north as a match

for Burgoyne's Indian scouts. It was, therefore, with surprise and perplexity, and with some consternation, that the army watched the friendship of Gates and Arnold bubble and boil and transform itself into a bitter feud. But to those who gaze back across the years, understanding the characters of the two men and of the situation in which they were placed, the change was an inevitable one.

Gates succeeded to an army, still small, but with its vital organization in readiness, an army which possessed the imminent prospect of an overwhelming success. The good fortune of one adventurer always stirs others to action, and Arnold, fresh from victory won by the sheer terror of his coming, was not minded for the part of convivial subservience. He was famous. The enemy feared him and the soldiers loved him. He was the fighting general of the rebellion. And if he could not take the command from Gates, it was in his power, by sheer domineering and by hard fighting when the time came, to control the disposition of the army and to absorb the glory of victory to himself. But Arnold, driving forward with blunt determination, lacked the reserve and subtle judgment of men that is needed for a chain of friendships, and Gates was on his guard. Both were aggressive types, mutually abrasive as soon as their interests were divided.

There was added a difference in policy. Gates already outnumbered the enemy, and might hope to rise to twice or thrice their number. He was determined to depend on this advantage, to block and, if possible, surround Burgoyne, whom he would allow to do the attacking and to take the risks. Like other officers of British regular army training, he distrusted the American militia, and feared that the rout of an attacking party might not stop at the entrenchments, but sweep the whole line into confusion. There was some justice to his apprehension, although his three thousand Continentals could be formed to bear the stress of battle. Oddly, it was such a rout of militia that caused the débâcle at Camden, where his military career was to be ended.

The fighting general, on the other hand, could do wonders with militia, and had proven that they would face danger with him. Burgoyne's excellent field artillery would give him an advantage in storming the American trenches, and, indeed, in any conflict in the open. It was Arnold's suggestion, therefore, to attack him in the woods, where his cannon would be useless, and the Americans at their best. And although Gates realized the value of the suggestion, still he was afraid of this ungovernable soldier of fortune, this stocky gentleman who hurled himself into battle with such reckless zest. Superior officers were apt to be a nuisance to Arnold, and one with a less vigorous program was intolerable. Gates was a man of method and safe courses. He was contemptuous of dash and chivalry, well satisfied to see it in Burgoyne, but fearful of Arnold's swift temerity.

As the human propensity for taking sides asserted itself, factions began to develop. The friends of Schuyler began now to speak as highly of Arnold as they condemned the intrusive Gates. Richard Varick, a large-eyed, large-nosed, placid-faced Hollander of twenty-four years, formerly the secretary of Schuyler, was now the secretary of Arnold, whom he vastly admired. He wrote with faithful regularity to his former chief, describing all that passed in the army.

"N. B.," he noted, at the end of a long letter of September twelfth, "I forgot to tell you that a little spirit happened on Wednesday evening between Gates and Arnold. *Inter nos.*" There was the beginning. But the little spirit soon grew into a notorious wrangle, and Varick became increasingly forceful in his expressions of opinion, softened only at last by a fear that he might be accused of inciting Arnold in his rash opposition. Henry Brockholst Livingston, formerly on Schuyler's staff, now on Arnold's, later a Supreme Court Justice, explained tactfully to the fallen leader, "The reason for the disagreement between two old cronies is simply this: Arnold is your friend."

Gates, too, had friends to take his part, to flatter his vanity and

listen with respect to his pronouncements, among them Colonel Morgan Lewis, his Chief of Staff and Quartermaster-General, a gentleman who not only possessed a low opinion of Dutchmen, but had taken Brown's part in the broil at Albany in 1776. But the strength of Gates lay in the natural reluctance of the senior officers to join in such differences in the presence of an enemy, and in the almost dictatorial powers granted him by Congress. It was within his authority to dismiss any officer from the army, but he was reluctant to exercise the right against so popular an enemy until Arnold had shown some conspicuous insubordination. To end the matter peaceably was impossible, and he therefore allowed it to grow, threatened to weaken Arnold's command by detaching Morgan, and goaded his proud temper by a lack of consideration in his arrangements for the increasing army, and by frequent contemptuous references in his conversations.

The army in which this unpropitious contest was taking place had advanced along the west bank of the Hudson to Stillwater, near Saratoga, and twenty miles to the north of Albany. At Bemis Heights, where the flat lowland bordering the river, on which the road to Albany ran and most of which had been cleared for cultivation, was narrowed by a bend in the river, Gates placed the right wing, under his personal command, and extended the line of trench and battery up the bluffs that overlooked the valley, west and northwest into the hilly, wooded terrain where Arnold commanded the left. In this forest upland, broken by hills and precipitous ravines cutting down to the water, there was but one space of cleared land, a few acres in front of Arnold's position, Freeman's Farm.

The days dawned in a veil of heavy mist, and passed in still, hot brilliance, or trembling under cold storms of thunder and rain. Stirred by tales of Indian atrocity, by the return of the Indians to Canada, by love of country, by the chance of a fight, by the prospect of victory, stained dust brown, weary in face and limb from long marches, the militia were coming in. Lean Yankees strolled through the camp, dragging their guns behind them, asking personal ques-

tions in their loud nasal drawl, looking for likely trades in baccy, drink or clothing, descanting to the blinking New Yorkers on Liberty and Equality. Militiamen learned from the Continentals the trick of making cartridges by rolling enough powder for one shot in enough paper for one gun wadding. Soldiers became proficient in what Washington vainly bemoaned as "the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing." They learned to gamble outrageously. "Pretended piety and Presbyterian general orders" were obnoxious to half the army. They made friends and drank, they made enemies and fought, they stole, they deserted, they proved in a thousand original informalities what Gates was obliged to confess as "the infant state of our military discipline." They worked with sturdy energy at the trenches. They stole out in small bodies to plague the pickets of the enemy.

In the meantime, "Handsome Jack" was approaching, with blithe British determination, ready to make the best of whatever he might find. Much to the disgust of the little blue-eyed Baroness Riedesel, he was wont to forget worries in the charms of an amiable commissary's wife. Oddly enough, General Howe had also a commissary's wife in whom to forget his trials and duties. The saucy rebels always gloated over Howe's bullheadedness.

> "Sir William, he," they sang, "snug as a flea,
> Lay all this time a-snoring,
> Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm,
> In bed with Mrs. L———ng."

The invaders were constantly annoyed by small parties of Americans. Arnold had been ordered out in force to reconnoiter and skirmish, but, finding the ground unfavorable, he retired without an action. Burgoyne, however, as ignorant of Gates' numbers and position as he was of what aid he might expect from Sir Henry Clinton at New York, could only advance blindly and form his battle according to circumstances.

The morning sun of the nineteenth of September cleared the

mist and melted a light hoar frost into dew, rising toward a clear sky, as signal guns boomed ominously in the forest, guiding the march of Burgoyne's advancing columns. Phillips and Riedesel were marching down the river road. Burgoyne and Fraser, with grenadiers and light infantry, were plodding over the thickly wooded hills, the remnant of the Canadian and Indian scouts before them, to attack the American left wing, and, if possible, to turn it.

Gates issued no orders when the movement of the enemy was first reported, but apparently yielding to the arguments of Arnold and the approach of danger, he at last ordered out Morgan and Dearborn to strike the column advancing against their left. There need be no fear that these troops would fall back on the trenches in panic. It was high noon, the warm sunbeams streaming in straight brilliance through the pillared foliage high above, touching, here and there, the lithe hunting shirts as they hurried forward to attack.

Meeting the line of Canadians and Indians with a crackling, irregular volley from the rifles, they hurled it back in wild disorder. They surged forward on the run, and struck the main columns of Burgoyne's maneuver at the clearing of Freeman's Farm. There, in turn, they were met by a storm of ordered volleys that scattered their line in a break for cover. Morgan, sounding his shrill whistle through the woods, cried out, with tears in his eyes, that the corps was ruined. But the riflemen had merely answered the instinct to "give them Indian play," and rallied again to the "turkey call" of their gigantic leader. They were supported now by the two New Hampshire regiments of scowling Colonel Cilley and of Alexander Scammel, with his fine, proud face, eager to win glory for his country and his "Dearest Nabby," waiting at Mystic.

At Freeman's Farm, with its huddle of cabins and its meadows, Burgoyne took advantage of the open ground to form three regiments of his British grenadiers in line, the flanks held by the Twentieth and Twenty-first, two of the oldest and proudest regiments in the King's service. At about one o'clock Arnold placed

his men in action against this line, Morgan's marksmen, many of them perched in trees, began their deadly work, and the New Hampshire Continentals swept the clearing with their volleys. White breeches and scarlet coats side by side, a white and scarlet ribbon across the meadows, it was an easy target, and was soon crumpled and blown back toward the woods beyond. Then the Americans charged, a rush of feet in the grass, a rattle of arms and a long cheer, pouring out under the open sky, till they, too, were withered and driven back by a hidden fire. For almost four hours the fight raged back and forth at Freeman's Farm, Arnold ever watching for points of weakness or danger and filling them with new reinforcements from the rear. Unable to stand in the clearing against an enemy sheltered by the woods, neither side could hold the advantages it gained. Again and again the wave of blue flowed up to the British cannon and uproariously claimed them for America, and then, unable to hold the ground or drag them back without horses, lost them again. The dead lay thick in the grass, "as thick," a Yankee militiaman wrote home to his wife, "as ever I saw rock heaps lay in the field where it is extremely rocky. God grant I may make a wise improvement of such an awful scene."

Arnold, with the advantage of numbers, kept lengthening his left, forcing Burgoyne, to avoid having his flank turned, to bend his line back and face a part of it more and more to the westward. In this manner, the British center became the point of a salient, exposed to a fire from both sides. Again and again the grenadiers charged with the bayonet, bending, but unable to break the rebel line, whose militia had caught the determined valor of the Continentals among whom they fought. The ignorant, quarrelsome, complaining men of camp and march became the heroes of song and story. The English, their cannon silenced, stood desperately among their dead, refusing to admit defeat. Then the tide turned again.

Neither Arnold nor any of his subordinates had considered it necessary to send out scouts or covering detachments to guard the

eastern flank of his advanced position. And now Riedesel, hastening up from the river valley, surprised it. Not waiting for his main body, he rushed the advance guard into action, with a roll of drums and their long German "Hurrah!" their steady volleys drowning the din of irregular fire. It was near dusk. Arnold, riding a gray horse along the rear of the battle, saw the danger and galloped to Gates' headquarters.

"General," he said, "the British are reinforced. We must have more men."

Gates squinted nearsightedly upwards. "You shall have them," he said, and gave orders to an aide for General Learned's brigade to advance at double quick. The two jealous men, without speaking, listened to the sound of the volleys roaring through the din of broken firing. Morgan Lewis rode in, and announced that the battle was still undecided. Arnold ground his teeth and turned his horse.

"By God," he cried, "I'll soon put an end to it!"

With querulous disgust, Lewis remarked that the action was going well, and gave it as his opinion that the firebrand on the gray horse would do no good. Gates nodded and sent an aide riding in pursuit to bring him back. Arnold, with the reinforcements, who doubled the number brought by Riedesel, might have swept the dreaded Germans and the proud but battered grenadiers from the field. Instead, he obeyed the order, and Learned's brigade, ignorant of the ground, failed to come into the action. Twilight was deepening into night, and one by one, the American divisions withdrew to their trenches.

The invasion had lost six hundred of its men, the defense half the number. Had Gates supported Arnold more vigorously, or prevented Riedesel's westward move by an attack along the river, he might have conquered completely. But his policy was primarily defensive. Had Burgoyne carried through his plan of attack on the day after the battle, he, also, might have been victorious, for the rebels, as usual after an engagement, were taking things very easily.

But the fight was out of him for the time, and he had hopes of Clinton's advancing from New York to aid him. He determined to wait, a policy perfectly in accord with that of General Gates. His soldiers, fearless and unvanquished still, were depressed by their losses, their diminishing rations, the daily skirmishes and the gray prospect. All night the wolves barked and howled through the forest, dragging the dead from their shallow graves at Freeman's Farm. The Germans were homesick. The slowness of their motions accentuated the brutality of warfare, and even their allies, in the phrase of a young Englishman, thought of them as "a set of cruel, unfeeling people." A sentimental race, they missed their beer and schnapps.

Shortly after the battle, the invaders heard thirteen booming salutes reëcho from the rebel camp, followed by as many hearty cheers. Gates allowed a prisoner to escape that they might know the cause of it. A raiding party of Americans, acting under the orders of Major-General Lincoln, had swooped down on Ticonderoga, carried the outworks and released a large number of prisoners. All but the old stone fort fell into their hands. Lincoln had found himself too fat and stiff to lead this dashing enterprise in person. That honor he had accorded to the limping Nemesis of this history, Colonel John Brown. Colonel Brown, failing to bluff the old stronghold into surrender after a four days' cannonade, retired with his glory.

The army at Bemis Heights continued to grow in strength from day to day, and the wrangle at headquarters grew with the certainty of victory. Colonel Varick wrote in sour indignation to Schuyler of a military triumph lost through Gates' perfidy. The dispute boiled up again more hotly, as Gates, in his official report of the action, gracefully avoided any mention of Arnold. That gentleman, as may be imagined, was in a fury and made no effort to conceal the fact. He swore that only the imminence of an engagement prevented him from quitting the army. He swore that he would tolerate no further interference from headquarters in his division.

When the service permitted, General Gates would render him satisfaction upon the field of honor. He had been "huffed," he declared, "in such a manner as must mortify a person with less pride than I."

Such threats and such conduct in the presence of an enemy would naturally place one in sympathy with the commanding officer against whom they were directed, were it not obvious that Gates was quite willing to let the matter rise to a crisis. Arnold had shown skill, caution and obedience in the battle, where, considering his lack of training and experience in large operations, he had conducted them extremely well. To have mentioned his services in the report would have been both tact and justice. Such insubordination is further softened when one recollects how common it was, in the individualistic spirit of their civilization, among all ranks of the Revolutionary forces. One might cite the example of John Stark, who, baldly refusing to join the Continental forces till he be given the rank to which he considered himself entitled, happened to be at Bennington in time to win that hard-fought and gallant contest. Sharing then the opinion of his soldiers that they had done enough, he moved only in the most gingerly manner to join Gates, arrived on the day before the battle, and that being the day when their enlistments expired, led them home again.

On September the twenty-second Arnold wrote to Gates, explaining his grievances, complaining that his advice was unheeded, and asked for a pass to go to Philadelphia, where he expressed a hope he might be of some service to his country. Gates read the letter, probably aloud, blandly remarked that Arnold was of no consequence to the army, and sent him a letter of introduction to President Hancock. This was immediately returned with a demand for the reasons behind the public effrontery, and for a pass. The pass was granted, and produced what the adventurer desired, a protest from the army. Many officers felt that Arnold was needed. Many shared the opinion of Schuyler that Gates did not wish to share the glory of success with the more active soldier. In the heat of the faction, moreover, and apparently for the first time in his career,

Arnold had won the friendship of an enemy. He was sharing his quarters in the camp with General Enoch Poor, commander of a brigade in his division. General Poor had been President of the stormy Hazen court-martial, the entire bench of whose judges Arnold had taken the liberty of challenging. He now prepared an address thanking General Arnold for his services and leadership, and offered it for signature to the generals and colonels of the left wing. Some, however, being unwilling to offend Gates, a letter urging Arnold to remain was signed by all the general officers of the army, Lincoln and its commander excepted. But the aggrieved fire-eater, of course, had no intention of going.

Gates had threatened that when Lincoln returned from his business with Ticonderoga, Arnold would find himself without a command. Lincoln had marched in on the twenty-ninth, and at once the shameful uproar grew in intensity. Lincoln found Arnold menacingly sensitive on any interference in his division. The fat old general, however, who was not disposed to partisanship and acted only as he thought best for an orderly régime in the army, was given command of the right, while Gates himself, in an informal manner suited to his purpose, replaced Arnold at the left.

On the first of October, the head of the Northern Department received another futile letter of accusation and complaint. "Conscious of my own innocency and integrity," the fire-eater declared in his best soul-baring fashion, "I am determined to sacrifice my feelings, present Peace & quiet to the Public good, & continue in the army at this critical juncture, when my country needs every support." He ended with a prophecy of ruin should the policy of inactivity be continued.

The dispute now hinged on Gates' power to suspend officers, and this worried him. There was a rumor in the army that the power had been Schuyler's and Gates imagined he could take it over with the command. He wrote to Schuyler about this on the next day. But although the right was his on the authority of Congress, the adventurer with the spectacles was loth to use it. He was obviously

afraid of the effect of so drastic an action on Congress and the army. He withdrew Morgan, friendly to Arnold, from his command. After the arrival of Lincoln he issued orders directly to the brigadiers and colonels of the left, ignoring Arnold. Tantalized by his gradual, inconspicuous exclusion, with the same impotent fury of the early days at Fort Ticonderoga, Arnold walked apart, brooding in sullen rage, tortured by the presence of two enemies to be conquered to his glory and his inability to reach them, waves of wrathful energy tightening the muscles of his body.

IV. The Summit of a Wild Career.

The varying and tangled narratives on which historians must depend so much in reconstructing the scenes of a battlefield, gave rise to theories, in this candid generation thoroughly exploded, that Arnold was not on the field during the first battle of Saratoga, that he gave no orders, and even that he was drunk at his quarters the whole time. He was not, to be sure, at the front of the battle, leading the charges. That is the place of a general only in time of desperate effort or when his men are wavering before the enemy. He rode, with his aides, along the rear of his line, where it was possible for him to be in touch with all its divisions, leaving the field only when the urgent need for reinforcements called him to headquarters. Gates, also, has been condemned for his prudence in keeping out of gunshot, and even suspected of seeking relief from anxiety in the bottle. Gates was certainly not the type of soldier eager to inspirit his men by exposing himself to danger. Caution was his nature, and his position behind the lines accorded with the most efficient control of the army. But the rising rage of his inactivity was bearing Arnold beyond all thought of prudence.

To see many men in battle reveals little of their characters, shows them forcing themselves as best they can into the mold of the fighting machine, or altered by the tense emotions and unnatural environment. Some are coolly themselves. Some, among

them the tempestuous mariner of New Haven, are in their most vivid self-expression. Arnold's commercial and military life shows his forceful demand for action, for the consummation of his ambitions, often acting brutally in despicable deceits. But in the face of an enemy, vivid, concrete, perilous, pettiness was lost and he was at his highest. In battle, his quick, sensitive mind and strong body moved in splendid harmony, clear, precise and terrible. He was not cool and rational. He moved with the hot swiftness of inspiration, and with instinctive accuracy.

Only one circumstance now upheld Arnold's urgent appeals for an attack, Clinton's advance from New York. Reinforced from England, Clinton had at last started up the Hudson into the masses of crag and mountain where "old Put" was the incompetent commander of an inadequate army, past the frowning Dunderberg to Doodletown, and had carried the forts by storm, John Lamb's artillery thundering in vain against him. He was now in a position where he could threaten the base at Albany, whence Schuyler was still devotedly supplying the army of the Northern Department. Fortunately, however, it was his intention to risk no more than the threat.

Gates continued his policy of outpost fighting, and began to cut off Burgoyne's retreat. His prospects were brightening continually, the while that sickness, desertion and despondency wore down the strength of his enemy. Riedesel and Fraser were for retreat while there was yet a chance. But Burgoyne, unable to consider so inglorious a measure, decided at last, without any apparent purpose, on a reconnaissance in force.

Late in the morning of the seventh of October he advanced with fifteen hundred picked troops across the ground he had won so dearly two weeks before, and took a position on a height of the cleared land. The position, however, was a weak one, broken through its front by a ravine, and exposed to flank attacks from the woods. Gates received word of the weakness with zest. Through the American camp the drums were beating to arms.

"Order on Morgan to begin the game," he said.

The big Virginian, at his own suggestion, marched to turn the British right, while Poor's brigade advanced against their left. When these had found their marks, General Learned was to strike the center. The riflemen, supported again by Dearborn's light infantry, struck their blow on the westward, driving back the British right till it was rallied to a stand by Lord Balcarres. Poor's Continentals attacked with cool fury on the east, driving the outnumbered grenadiers before them with exultant carnage. An aide, Sir Francis Clarke, galloped from Burgoyne's side to order a retreat, but fell mortally wounded, and the fight went on.

In the meantime, Arnold, mounted on a splendid bay charger, had been riding about the camp in a torment of impotence, watching his regiments being ordered out by the aides of Gates. His excitement rose till it was bursting into an ecstasy of mad fury. He was full of the high-sounding phrases with which the warriors of that day and of subsequent American melodrama encouraged their troops. He turned wildly to his little family of faithful officers.

"No man shall keep me in my tent to-day!" he cried. "If I am without command I will fight in the ranks, but the soldiers, God bless them, will follow my lead! Come on! Victory or death!"

Learned's men, advancing on the British center, received the rider in buff and blue with a cheer. The men were rushing forward, a hoarse excitement sounding along the ranks as they neared the battle. Arnold was among them, his sword in the air.

"Whose regiment is this?" he called out at one place.

"Colonel Latimer's, sir."

"Ah, my old Norwich and New London friends! God bless you! I am glad to see you! Now come on, boys, if the day is long enough we'll have them all in hell before night!"

Behind him, the jogging line surged forward to the charge. Farmer lads, knuckles white where they gripped their guns, breathing hard, and veterans of three years' service with faces hardened in expectation, ran forward, the weight of the long flintlocks swinging

them on. They halted, delivered their fire, and swept on again, toward the waiting line of blue-coated German infantry: a long wave of homespun, of ragged shirts and bare, broad chests, a wave of bayonets stretched out before the hurtling bodies, and clubbed muskets swinging high. The Germans, holding doggedly to their works, drove them back a space, and then retreated, as the wave surged in again. As three thousand militiamen reinforced the American front, the shattered remnant of their opponents everywhere gave way, Burgoyne himself, his clothing torn by the bullets of the riflemen, bringing them off. The Americans had ripped the reconnaissance to shreds. Their losses were too slight to be felt. They were ready for more, eager to carry the fight into the enemy's camp.

Against their redoubt at Freeman's Farm, commanding in some measure the surrounding country, manned largely by survivors of the wreck, and ably held by the young Earl of Balcarres, Arnold hurled the victorious regiments, shouting like a maniac as he dashed among them, his sword glittering around him through the smoke. Uniting the bodies of men with instinctive skill, he led them to the charge, in the face of musketry and grape, across the abattis and against Balcarres' works. But their rush was checked at the breastwork, and they fell back again, shielding themselves behind stumps and hillocks to keep up a hot, close fire, "a continual sheet of flame along the lines," a British officer described it. But there was small chance to decide the issue here.

Westward, along the neutral ground between the two fires of friend and enemy, the battle-mad fire-eater rode. It was a feat of unheard-of temerity. Coming upon a part of Learned's brigade, he led it against the outposts of a redoubt held by von Breymann's Germans, and cleared them. The redoubt commanded Burgoyne's camp, and to take it would leave him the choice of counter offensive or surrender. Arnold gathered more troops and charged again. Behind him, again, came a wave of long-haired men, of faces lined and sharpened by the struggle with the wilderness strained and

sharpened now behind the surging, lunging bayonets, of hands, hardened by the flail and scythe, swinging their muskets among the bodies before them, as, in a moment, they broke over the top, driving the Germans before them. The fugitives hurled a few last volleys at the charge. A fifer boy, who had played his flammadiddles and paddadiddles in the Mohawk campaign, went down underfoot, gashed across the head by the flying fragments of a comrade's skull. Von Breymann, his sabre red with the blood of his own men, was by them shot down in the redoubt. And there Arnold's bay charger, pounding in through a sally port, threw up its head and rolled upon the trampled ground. The General was wounded, and his men rushed to him. The thigh bone of his left leg was shattered by a bullet. The German who had fired it lay helpless near by, and a soldier ran to take vengeance with his bayonet. Arnold's quick eyes glittered.

"Don't hurt him," he called. "He's a fine fellow!"

Behind the victors on von Breymann's redoubt, the autumn sun glared redly, as the long, cool shadows of the forest crept across them. A little crowd of soldiers, mouths black from biting open their cartridges, hair stringy and faces glistening with sweat, stood around him. A surgeon washed the blood from the white flesh and felt the wound, frowning, and observing that the leg might have to come off. The fire-eater's madness boiled fretfully to the surface again. He would have no such damned nonsense. He struggled to rise, glanced angrily at the faces around him. The battle was not over yet: they would lift him on a horse and he would see the action through.

An officer dismounted and pushed through to the General's side. It was an aide of Gates, who had been pursuing him in vain since he had left the camp. He now delivered his message, an order for General Arnold to return instantly to his quarters. A litter was made of poles and blankets, and the wounded man returned, pale and shaken, but with the infinite satisfaction of having won his enemy's battle for him. It was growing dark and cold, the rattle

of the muskets dying out along the lines. The soldiers, with their tired faces and powder blackened lips, paused on their guns to watch him carried by.

The battle, with its burden of tragedy and triumph, was over. Sir Francis Clarke, whom Burgoyne had sent to withdraw the reconnaissance, was dying, a prisoner, on Gates' bed. Gates was annoyed that he could not convince the young man of the justice of the rebellion. "Did you ever see," he inquired confidentially of an officer, "so impudent a son of a bitch?" Burgoyne himself was in despair. Acland was wounded and a prisoner. Fraser, his best-loved general, had been laid dying on the table where the Baroness Riedesel had invited him to dine that day.

The losses in Gates' army were inconsequential, although an accident of the following day deprived him of his only other major-general. The wounding of Lincoln was in contrast to the dashing fall of Arnold. Lincoln, bald, fleshy and capable, his gaze steady and his big mouth firm despite the fact that he was under fire, was reconnoitering in the hope that Balcarres' position might be severed from the rest of the British camp. Suddenly, he shuddered, the long mouth tightening.

"The rascals have struck me." And when the aide who accompanied him inquired, "In my hip, I believe." The aide dismounted and examined.

"It is your ankle, sir."

"Indeed, I thought it was my hip." They rode back to the hospital.

At the hospital, time dragged slowly. Arnold lay in somber pain and impatience, the faithful Varick watching over him. Captains Brown and Pettingill presented themselves to demand the reason why he had struck them with his sword when animating the troops in the last battle. He apologized for the accidents, of which he had no recollection whatever. He brightened when the danger of an amputation passed, but the inactivity galled him still.

"General Lincoln is in a fair way of recovery," one of the sur-

geons wrote, two months later. "In his character is united the patient philosopher, and pious Christian.

"Not so the gallant Arnold. His peevishness would degrade the most capricious of the fair sex; nor is his wound, though less dangerous in the beginning than Lincoln's, in so fair a way of healing.

"He abuses us for a set of ignorant pretenders and empirics."

V. The Fruits of Victory.

On the seventeenth of October the soldiers of the invasion laid down their arms and marched dejectedly, a stained and tattered array, between the long files of their conquerors, bringing with them into their captivity a great number of slatternly women, dogs, bears, coons, and other objects of sentimental attachment. There was no utterance from the ranks, save only the lively comment of the fifes and drums,

"Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy—"

General Burgoyne and General Gates had met with mutual courtesy, and were engaged now in a war of compliments. The handsome English general, in his glittering scarlet and gold, had fallen to the son of a duke's housekeeper, but he bore it with a proud grace. He had once, in a defiant mood, referred to his adversary as "an old midwife." The American soldiers, in their candor, were willing to agree with him, as far as appearances were concerned, and a version of the surrender scene was passed about the camp, in which their general himself acknowledged the description in a witty parry. Burgoyne, according to the story, marched boldly up to his conqueror and looked him over.

"Are you a general?" says he. "You look more like a granny than you do like a general."

"I be a granny," Gates replies with sturdy emphasis, "and I've delivered you of ten thousand men to-day."

If the terms of the capitulation, thanks to the proximity of Sir Henry Clinton, were not wholly favorable to the victors, Congress mended that in good time by breaking them. An open French alliance was expected with a confidence not to be disappointed. The people as a whole, to be sure, had not lost their distrust of Rome and the traditional enemy, and were wont to think of the race as consisting entirely of barbers and fiddlers and possessed of other strange qualities. But the prospect of a French army and navy on the scene was too tempting for resistance. A young British officer with the habit of doggerel noted their satisfaction in verse.

"Begar, said Monsieur, one grand *coup*
You shall *bientôt* behold, sir.
This was believed as gospel true,
And Jonathan *felt bold,* sir."

"Felt bold" hardly expressed it. Just as hatred, fanned by tales of atrocity, reached its height, came a crushing victory. Propaganda was constructively circulated with all the heaviness and snarling zest of modern nations at war. Plays were acted, gummy with malice. Montgomery was depicted on the stage, preparing his mind for battle:

"Are we the offspring of that cruel foe
Who late at Montreal, with symbol dire,
Did call the savages to taste of blood,
Life-warm and steaming from the bullock slain,
And with full language, told it was the blood
Of a Bostonian made the sacrifice?
At this the hell-hounds, with infernal gust
To the snuffed wind held up their blood-stained mouths,
And filled with howlings the adjacent hills."

Throughout the drama the Englishman is pictured in irascible superlatives.

"The toad's foul mouth, the snake's envenomed bite,
Black spider, asp, or froth of rabid dog,
Is not so deadly as these murderers."

In lighter accompaniment ranted the heavy, bitter humor of the time. Howe would find a carefully constructed proclamation, loudly declared unworthy "the poor, contemptible chief of a vanquished, blockaded, half-starved, half-naked, half-rotten, half-paid, mongrel banditti composed of the sweepings of the jails of Britain, Ireland, Germany and America. Oh, fie, Sir William! Blush, blush for your proclamation!

"Carleton, Burgoyne, Howe,
Bow-wow-wow!"

With the sense of triumph came the demand for an offensive policy. "We have tried Fabius," a member of Congress wrote. "Now let us see what Hannibal can do. Our general will especially shine in both characters." All Congress, however, had not this confidence in "our general." Washington, with Schuyler, had played the part of Fabius, and many felt the same angry impatience that another congress had felt for Fabius himself. Washington, catching the contagion, attacked at Germantown.

But even the Commander-in-chief's policy of defense had failed, and Congress did not take easily the loss of Philadelphia. Gates was the hero, *"Duci strenuo comitia Americana,"* idol of his supporters, godfather to a vast number of male infants, very busy snubbing and criticizing the stolid Virginian, to whom he owed his first rank in the army. As a buzzing undercurrent, there developed the movement to which the talkativeness of one of its less consequential adherents had given the name of the Conway Cabal. A new Board of War was formed on the surrender day, and Gates placed at its head. Dissatisfaction was growing, carefully nurtured, as the machinery for the succession of Gates was prepared.

One of the immediate results of the victory over Burgoyne was

a plan for a return to Canada. Secret preparations began immediately, Gates eagerly behind them. Canada had still the glitter of conquest which had drawn so many to the north. This glitter was now utilized by the insurgent faction for the advancement of their purposes. It was held before the eyes of the young Marquis de Lafayette, who was, by his own ingenuous confession, extremely susceptible to the prospect of glory, to whom they offered the independent command of the northern army in a new invasion. A Frenchman, the Marquis would naturally win the sympathy of many of the Canadians. But the real object of the Board of War was to sever so important a link to France from Washington and unite him to their own following.

Lafayette, entranced by the opportunity, saw nevertheless their design, and accepted only on condition that Washington give him his instructions and receive his reports. He made his allegiance distressingly clear to the conspirators. Then he set out for Albany. There he discovered but the shadow of the great army which the Board, in its eagerness to win him, had assured him was ready for the field. He felt ridiculous. He wrote in bitter complaint of "my fine and glorious campaign." Schuyler and Lincoln had already advised him that the scheme was impractical with the resources at hand. And now Arnold, watching sullenly the bustle of preparation from his sickbed at Albany, added the force of his argument.

Arnold had at last received the rank which he had so vehemently claimed, giving him now precedence over Lincoln and satisfaction to his honor. It was small solace to his energetic soul. The agony of helplessness was added to the aching of his wound. He had always entertained a low opinion of the French. When the boy general came and sat by his bedside, he had strong reasoning to offer against the Canadian venture. As a better plan, he talked much of a diversion against New York, to capture it or aid the retaking of Philadelphia. The Marquis listened with interest if not conviction. For General Arnold was now, in the eyes of every one, except perhaps himself, a Washington man.

CHAPTER X

GENERAL ARNOLD WEARS HIS LAURELS

I. The Taper of Love.

In 1861, the whole of Saratoga County, New York, gathered at a little white farmhouse to celebrate the hundredth birthday of "old father Downing," who had served, as a lad in his teens, in the glorious campaigns of 'seventy-seven. Three years later, in the last days of the Civil War, a visitor came to hear the old man's story, and found him at work in the sunshine among his bees. Arnold he remembered well, for he had marched behind him in the Mohawk Valley.

"Arnold was our fighting general, and a bloody fellow he was. He didn't care for nothing. He'd ride right in. It was 'Come on, boys!' 'twasn't 'Go, boys!' He was as brave a man as ever lived. He was dark skinned, with black hair, of middling height. There wasn't any waste timber in him. He was a stern looking man, but kind to his soldiers. They didn't treat him right: he ought to have had Burgoyne's sword. But he ought to have been true. We had true men then. 'Twasn't as it is now. Everybody was true: the Tories we'd killed or driven to Canada."

Past days towered belligerently over the present as the bent and thin-lipped veteran recalled them. Even the enemy was easier to handle in the old days. "There's where I call 'em *gentlemen*. Bless your body, we had *gentlemen* to fight with in those days. When they was whipped they gave up. It isn't so now. Gates was an old granny looking fellow." And so the pleased old man, whose life lay stretched so vividly behind him, rambled on.

The officers of the Revolutionary army, those who had not come

within range of his implacable displeasure, were now loud in their admiration of General Arnold. Washington presented him with a handsome brace of pistols, and later, when a French gentleman sent him two pairs of epaulettes and sword knots to be awarded where he though honor most due, gave them to Arnold and Lincoln. Even the distrustful Morgan Lewis echoed the praise. The soldiery adored him, for his name meant honor and victory, and his leadership was with them in the time of danger. Congress had no one who dared oppose his ranking. He had reached the height of his fame riding through the smoke and uproar at von Breymann's redoubt. *The Columbiad* describes his glory in the stately, stilted rhythms that measured the beating of young America's exultant heart.

> "And why, sweet Minstrel, from the harp of fame
> Withold so long that once resounding name?
> The chief who, steering by the boreal star,
> O'er wild Canadia led our infant war,
> In desperate straits superior powers display'd,
> Burgoyne's dread scourge, Montgomery's ablest aid;
> Ridgefield and Compo saw his valorous might
> With ill-arm'd swains put veteran troops to flight.
> Tho treason foul hath since absorb'd his soul,
> Bade waves of dark oblivion round him roll,
> Sunk his proud heart, abhorrent and abhorr'd,
> Effaced his memory and defiled his sword;
> Yet then untarnisht roll'd his conquering car;
> The famed and foremost in the ranks of war
> Brave Arnold trod; high valor warm'd his breast,
> And beams of glory play'd around his crest."

The fire-eater's adventures had caught the imagination of the old world. The English did not laugh at him, as they did at many of the homespun generals. It is said that John Wilkes, the English apostle of liberty, on meeting Burgoyne at Bath, had inquired if he thought seriously of a march to Albany.

"Certainly," replied Burgoyne.

"Why then, you will as certainly be taken prisoner by Arnold. Therefore pray accept a letter from me to Hancock."

The General declined with pompous courtesy.

Throughout the campaign, England had been tormented by reports that the rough and furious Arnold was tearing the invaders to pieces, and blithely publishing, as every one else was doing at home and abroad, parodies on the bombastic proclamations of the grandiose invader. Of Gates and Schuyler the English took no notice. It was "one Arnold" that had caught their fancy, for they could both admire an enemy and laugh at defeat.

> "To North the Lean said George the Wise,
> 'Here's with one Arnold much ado;'
> The drowsy Premier, starting, cries,
> ''Tis well, my liege, there are not two.'"

From far-away Mainz came another echo, a poor German butcher, Georg Arnold, pleading and pleading with the great Franklin at Paris to tell him if this noble general of whose valor and warlike deeds he had heard so much, could not be that son of his who had run away to America in 1773. He made a stir about it until people were talking of "General Arnold, the butcher's son."

If the noble General Arnold had reached the highest eminence of his career, he himself, of course, was the person least apt to guess it. To him, one pinnacle was interesting chiefly as it led to another, a fact which added greatly to the torment of the broken thigh, for the wound mended slowly. Two immediate objects were now in the fire-eater's thoughts. The first was to leave the tedious sickbed at Albany as soon as the coming of spring would make traveling possible, and go to New Haven, to Hannah and the boys. The second, and the important object, was the beautiful, the aristocratic and wealthy Miss Elizabeth De Blois. She had rejected him when a slur had been set upon his honor. But honor, rank and glorious victory now belonged to the name he would offer her. In love or war, he did not easily admit defeat.

In December, he received a letter from Mrs. Knox, who had assisted his addresses in the first campaign. Lucy Knox belonged to the earnest, emotional type of gossip, and was distinguished by a loftiness of manner, and, in the opinion of many, an exaggerated regard for social refinements. She had saturated herself in the sentimental romance of the period, and would wring it out generously for the benefit of her absent husband. "How does my dear, dear Harry," she would write. "What is he thinking of and how employ'd. Is he bustling in the busy world, or pensive and alone, reflecting upon the unhappy situation in which he has left poor me." But when the drivel was over, she was able to reply to the General's inquiries on business matters clearly enough. She now poured an offering of good wishes and congratulation for the hero of Saratoga, and in conclusion ventured to remind him that the trunk of gowns originally intended for the heavenly Miss De Blois, was still in her keeping, and might she not, if General Arnold intended disposing of them, have the first selection?

A polite reply on behalf of General Arnold was returned by an aide, Major David Solesbury Franks, a young Jewish merchant of Montreal, who had been a rebel from the first outbreak and had lost everything in the wreck of the invasion. He thanked the good lady for her wishes, and assured her that General Arnold, if he disposed of the contents of the trunk, would accord her the preference, but could part with none of it until he came to Boston, a journey which he intended shortly to undertake.

The journey, painful and slow, began with the first thaws. At the end of March, Middletown, in his native state, greeted the hero with a roar of thirteen guns, a parade of militia, a formal pronouncement of welcome, graciously acknowledged by the invalid, a hushed murmur from the people crowding round, "Oh, the poor General," and "God bless ye, sir." At Middletown he rested for a month, uncertain whether the fortunes of love would lead him on to Boston or back to New Haven and the white mansion on Water Street.

Fundamentally, Benedict Arnold in love was precisely the same as Benedict Arnold in war or in business. Fundamentally, it was simply a matter of fixing upon an object that would contribute to the advance of his fortunes, and driving forcefully toward it. It was not cold, for warmth and passion were always there, but it was calculating. She whom he might desire was offered no spiritual union, for there was no ideal, no faith or structure of faiths on which to found it. He had no far purpose and no cry for immortality, he was not even superstitious. His love was material and defined, not touched by the vague, glimmering brilliance of romance or religion.

At this time, he had honor, glory, and the highest rank it was possible, except by the deaths of other officers, for him to obtain. We see him, for a time, seeking only to set these attainments upon a firmer basis. Miss De Blois would bring him wealth, and, as he never tired of announcing, his own resources had been seriously depleted in his country's service. She would add to his social prestige, a luxury not needed in America, but for which his proud heart yearned. Her family, to be sure, like most of the old aristocracy, suffered from the taint of Toryism, and Gilbert De Blois, her father, importer of hardware and liquors, vestryman of King's Chapel, was a banished loyalist. Betsy herself had been a favorite with the young British officers before the evacuation. But the taint had its practical side, for confiscation was in the air, and the family should more readily agree to an alliance with a major-general of the new era. And Betsy, finally, was beautiful and young, a child beside her war-hardened suitor, whose letters reveal a trace of elderly condescension. In a carefully penned missive, he now renewed the attack, love glittering through the phrases of a scrupulous formality.

"April 8th 1778

"Dear Madam,

"Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart. A heart which has often ben calm and serene amidst the clashing of Arms, and all the din

and horrors of Warr, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so Important to its happiness. Long have I struggled to arace your heavenly Image from it. Neither time, absence, misfortunes, nor your cruel Indifference have ben able to efface the deep impression your Charms have made, and will you doom a heart so true, so faithfull to languish in dispair? Shall I expect no returns to the most sincere, ardent, and disinterested passion? Dear Betsy, suffer that heavenly Bosom (which surely cannot know itself the cause of misfortune without a sympathetic pang) to expand with Friendship at last and let me know my Fate. If a happy one no man will strive more to deserve it; if on the contrary I am doom'd to dispair, my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of Heaven on the Idol, & only wish of my soul.

"Adieu,

"Dear Madam and belive me most sincerely,
"Your devoted Humble Servant,
"B.A."

It was wasted. Miss De Blois did not care a thin shilling for his suit. But even had she expressed her rejection so baldly, the heart "so true, so faithfull" might still have ventured one last effort of entreaty, more earnest and more warm.

"April 26th, 1778

"Dear Betsy,

"Had I imagined my letter would have occationed you a moment's uneasiness, I never should forgive myself for writing it,—You intreat me to solicit no further for your affections; Consider Dear Madam when you urge impossibilities I cannot Obey; as well might you wish me to exist without breathing as cease to love you, and wish for a return of affection.—As your intreaty does not amount to a positive Injunction and you have not forbid me to hope, how can I decline soliciting your particular affections, on which the whole *happiness* of my Life depends:

"A union of hearts I acknowledge is necessary to happiness, but give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance form'd on a romantick passion when Fancy governs more than Judgement.

"Friendship and esteem founded on the Merit of the object is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon, and when there is a Tender and Ardent passion on one side, and Friendship and esteem on the other, the

heart must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of Love is not lighted up at the Flame, which a series of reciprocal kindness and attention will never suffer to expire.

"If Fame alows me any share of Merit, I am in a great measure indebted for it to the Pure and exalted passion your Charms have Inspired me with, which cannot admit of an unworthy thought or action,—A passion productive of good and Injurious to no one you must approve, and suffer me to indulge.

"Pardon me Dear Betsy if I called you Cruel. If the eyes are an Index to the Heart Love and Harmony must banish every Irregular passion from your Heavenly Bosom.

"Dear Betsy I have Inclosed a letter to your Mama for your Papa and have presum'd to Request his sanction to my addresses. May I hope for your approbation? Let me beg of you to suffer your Heart If possible to expand with a sensation more Tender than *Friendship,*—Consider the Consequences before you determine. Consult your own happiness and if incompatible with mine forget there is so unhappy a Wretch, for let me Perish if I would give you one moment's pain to procure the greatest Felicity to myself, whatever my Fate may be my most ardent wish is for your happiness.

"I hope a line in answer will not be deem'd the least Infringement on the Decorum due to your Sex, which I wish you strictly to observe.

"In the most anxious Suspence

"I am Dear Betsy unalterably yours

"B. Arnold."

To be the object of a famous and victorious general's adoration, to be told that on the march and in the heat of battle he had been inspired by her, must have been pleasing to this much admired young lady. But for the heavenly Miss De Blois the taper of love had already been lighted. And she still preferred Mr. Martin Brimmer to the victorious general. The successful rival was a placid young merchant of a well established German family, with a kindly sense of humor, it seems, for after the war, when that delightfully illiterate farm-laborer-school teacher-soldier, Elijah Fisher, found himself hard put to for a living, he goodnaturedly gave him some odd jobs in the garden at an unexpectedly large wage, "and no complaint."

But to the consummation of Mr. Brimmer's desire there was also an obstacle, for Betsy's mother was not anxious for a son-in-law. In the face of his complete eligibility, she opposed the match. Judging from her attitude toward her own exiled companion, she did not consider a husband a necessary adjunct. The lovers planned an elopement, according to tradition, but, at the moment when she was to leap from her window into the wagonload of hay passing beneath, Betsy's courage failed her. And when at last a wedding at King's Chapel was attempted, Ann Coffin De Blois appeared in stern fury and forbade it. Thus it was that Elizabeth De Blois never married, but lived, in comfort and single blessedness to the age of eighty-two: "a straight, tall, elegant woman."

With May's warm sun above him, the wounded general was borne south to New Haven. Thirteen thunderous salutes were echoed back from the hills. The militiamen lined the streets, among them, in their bright scarlet, his old comrades of the Governor's Guards, leading the deep huzzas. And proudly conscious, no doubt, of the crowd that watched them, Hannah and the boys, with a flock of officials, civil and military, followed the litter into the house on Water Street.

II. The Fighting General Considers his Purse.

Defeat, to the fighting General, even in love, urged only a more determined advance. His resolve was to go as soon as possible to the headquarters at Valley Forge. He had no intention of passing a secluded convalescence at New Haven. He had no intention of seeking a new command in the army, even had his wound permitted it. Military rank and glory now supported the honor of Benedict Arnold: but there was lacking that pecuniary foundation on which a family of social eminence must rest. He waited at New Haven only for the arrival of the effusive Mrs. Knox, who, no longer able to bear the pangs of separation from her husband, was to accompany him on the journey. His military family was now a small one.

Varick was at Fort Schuyler, in the hope of seeing active service. Only two aides remained, the placid, gentle Franks, his character now a trifle roughened by the habit which he retained through a not undistinguished career of molding himself in the pattern of his superiors, and Major Matthew Clarkson, a modest, quiet youth of twenty, his hair falling in neat curls around the collar of his uniform, framing his fine features and clear eyes, his thin lips and sharp, slightly receding chin. Clarkson had been shot in the throat while gallantly rallying his men in a skirmish with Burgoyne's advance guard, had recovered in time to serve on Arnold's staff at Saratoga, and was later to become an important figure in his native state of New York. With stately Lucy Knox seated beside him in the chaise, and his aides riding behind, the wounded general arrived at Valley Forge on the twentieth of May.

Among the hills around them, shaded now by the spring foliage, lay the city of log huts in which the winter had been weathered. Stone farmhouses were dotted here and there, homes now for the general officers. The old forge, burned by British raiders of the year before, lay in silent ruin between the precipitous walls of Mount Misery and Mount Joy. Farther down the plunging creek, were the headquarters house, the huts of the Lifeguard and the shining river. The soldiers, in a strange variety of ragged clothing, blanket coats, straw-stuffed moccasins, greasy cotton nightcaps or old hats, lounged about, played ball, marched upon the drill ground or stood guard upon their rusty arms. The Chevalier de Pontgibaud called them an "armed mob." Wayne compared their appearance to two well-known characters of the Philadelphia streets, Crazy Noddy and Paddy Frizzel. Powder horns, carved with quaint designs or vacuous sentiments, bear evidence of how slowly the weeks had passed:

"Help yourself to grog. I hope God will forgive me for passing my time so foolishly."

"The red coat who steals this horn
Will go to hel shures hes born."

The younger officers amused themselves in frivolous entertainment, at barbecues, or other forms of "civil jollity," as they were pleased to call it. These consisted generally of getting drunk to the music of fife and drum, munching lean beef, sucking bottles, "talking bawdy," and slapping their military titles back and forth with a freedom and gusto quite out of keeping with the conventions.

The more serious circle in the social life of the encampment absented themselves from these hilarities, the Commander-in-chief, reserved and impressive, the affable and abstemious Greene, the lean, sardonic Lee, but recently welcomed back into the army from his captivity in New York, Steuben, whose careful work was making a disciplined machine of the army. Lafayette, who had likewise been wounded in the left leg, had no doubt a jest of courteous association with General Arnold. To which one must imagine General Arnold replying that the enemy had honored him by according him the same treatment as the Marquis, while Anthony Wayne, who had always disliked Arnold, frowned, and the gray-haired little man with the spectacles, General Gates, smiled weakly, and ponderous Major-General William Alexander, Lord Stirling, laughed, because it was what the gentlemen around him had done.

Lucy Knox, too, fitted intimately into her set: Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Lady Kitty Stirling, and the other officers' wives, who met at the headquarters houses to drink tea and knit socks for the soldiers. It must have been highly satisfactory to this good lady to find herself associated with a countess. For every true patriot scrupulously ignored the fact that the Earl of Stirling was not really an earl at all. His Lordship was very sensitive on the subject. It is related that when he was once engaged in the business of hanging a spy, the poor wretch called continually on his Maker, "Oh Lord, spare a sinner's soul!"

"Hangman," said the General sternly, "turn him off. I'll have no mercy on a spy."

It was generally, and correctly, expected at headquarters, that the enemy would abandon their dearly won conquest of the previ-

ous year and concentrate upon the defense of New York. In this expectation the Commander-in-chief offered to General Arnold the military governorship of Philadelphia. Two reasons lead one to suppose that the honor was not unsought: Arnold was so eminently unsuited for the post, and it fitted so well with his mercantile projects. The office itself was an important one only for the few days before the civil government would take control. After that period, it was essentially unnecessary and sure to involve the undefined relations between civil and military authority. Arnold, furthermore, lacked what was most needed, tact and a sympathetic, disinterested view of the civil power. The city was the financial center of the states, and, besides its opportunities for legitimate business, contained large stores of merchandise of doubtful ownership or held by persons of uncertain loyalty, the seizure of which might be a source of great profit. Washington could not refuse the appointment without a definite expression of distrust, and he valued his fighting general too highly to wound that delicate sense of honor and of honorable intentions.

Early in June there appeared at the camp a certain Robert Shewell, Jr., seeking a pass to allow a ship in which he was interested, then lying at Philadelphia, to enter a port held by the United States. He was regarded as a suspicious character, and ordered out of the encampment. But before he left, he had met General Arnold, who entered into some sort of confidential agreement and supplied the protection. "In full confidence of their upright intentions, I do hereby grant," and so forth. The schooner *Charming Nancy,* William Moore, master, with her cargo of linens, woolens, salt, glass and other wares, shortly after rode out to sea, having authority to enter whatever port might offer the best returns. The company behind the venture, Shewell, William Shurtliff, William Constable, James Seagrove, were men whose political allegiance it was difficult to determine. Some called them Whig, some Tory. They belonged, in short, to that class which was as willing to be under one government as another and to whom the war was only

a hindrance to trade. Among their business associates, one finds, henceforth, General Benedict Arnold.

In Philadelphia, where it had passed a most enjoyable winter, His Majesty's army was preparing for its departure. Pierre Eugène Du Simitière, the ingenious Swiss artist, gossip and collector of curiosities, who was well acquainted with almost everyone, called on one of the most popular of His Majesty's officers, Major John André, whose quarters were in Benjamin Franklin's house. He found the young man in the act of packing up the better part of Dr. Franklin's library to take away with him. He was shocked at the spectacle and delivered a little lecture contrasting it with the considerate conduct of General Knyphausen. The young man paid no attention whatever to these admonitions; it was probably not the first time that Pierre Eugène Du Simitière had been snubbed.

At Valley Forge, another artist-philosopher, Captain Charles Willson Peale, was painting a miniature of General Arnold. Even Washington grew irksome sitting for his portrait, and General Arnold was in a bad temper. When the painter placidly remarked his eagerness to be in Philadelphia and his intention of entering as soon as the enemy were out of it, the General testily replied that it was his authority to take possession of the city, and all the stores belonging to the enemy, and that he was determined that no one should enter until he was ready. Captain Peale hastened to headquarters where an aide of Washington calmed him with assurances. General Arnold already conducted his office with a tactless bluntness whose fruits were to be distrust and hostility.

On the morning of Friday, the nineteenth of June, General Arnold, with Colonel Jackson's regiment of Massachusetts Continentals, entered the city, whither a great number of the temporary exiles were returning. They found it a soiled and dreary town, fences and deserted houses ripped to pieces for firewood and the less traveled streets reeking with filth. General Arnold, in the spirit of incoming administrations, issued orders for a thorough cleansing. In accordance with a resolve of Congress and his instructions, he

ordered that all stores of merchandise be declared, and forbade the removal, transfer or sale of any goods until the identity and allegiance of the owners should be proven. The city and public markets were proclaimed open, and General Arnold proceeded to establish himself in the finest mansion in the city, formerly the home of Governor Richard Penn, recently the headquarters of General Howe, and later to be the residence of President Washington. It was a spacious brick mansion, with the adjacent conveniences of a walled garden, a coachhouse, a stable and a warehouse.

Behind its pretentious white portal, guarded by the smartly presented musket of a Continental soldier, a new commercial establishment came into being. Franks and his chief had already agreed on a partnership, and Franks had been the first in the city, bearing unsigned instructions from Arnold for the purchase of European and East India goods to any amount, a promise to see to the payment, and a strict charge that he preserve the greatest secrecy in the matter. On Monday, two merchants of Philadelphia entered the firm. James Mease, Clothier-General to the army, and William West, his deputy, had been sent into the city to assist Arnold, and forthwith signed a private agreement with him that all goods included in the public purchases but not needed for the army should be sold for their equal benefit. Thus, with all trade but his own temporarily prohibited, an unlimited field for wholesale purchases at a low price, and broad opportunities for confiscation, the general was, in a more modern economic term, "sitting pretty."

In addition to these activities, his love of speculation led him into a number of privateering ventures, and he did not consider it amiss to draw equipment for his vessels from the public stores. Parson Weems, in the famous Life of Washington, presents a vivid description of Arnold, baffled at last in his embezzlements. Honest Colonel Melcher foils the villain in an attempt to retail public property for his own profit, whereat Arnold turns black with rage and hurls a terrible threat against the placid face of Heaven.

"Damn the rascals!" he cries. "I'll remember them for it! Sam-

son-like, I'll shake the pillars of their liberty temple about their ears."

Under Arnold's mercenary touch, the thrilling story of the sloop *Active* assumed the sordid proportions of a legal and financial tangle. This vessel, rolling up from Jamaica to New York with a cargo of rum and coffee, carried four American seamen, prisoners, but forced to help work the ship. These four fellows, off the coast of Jersey, blockaded their captors below deck and steered for the shore. The British below melted their pewter spoons into bullets, forced up the hatches, and swept the deck with their fire. To this the Americans, although their leader lay now severely wounded, replied with a swivel gun, hurling heavy charges down the companionway. Unable to gain the deck, the besieged crew cut a hole in the ship's stern and wedged her rudder. The Americans had still the advantage, however, for they held possession of the galley. Hunger below forced a compromise: the rudder was released and the four men on deck agreed to steer to within sight of land, and there abandon their prize and make for the shore in one of her boats. While this agreement was being carried out, two Pennsylvania privateers closed in on the vessel and brought her to Philadelphia. A jury awarded three-quarters of the prize money to the privateers and one-quarter to the four sailors. The four sailors, who were Connecticut men, appealed to Arnold, and Arnold, in conjunction with another merchant, purchased their claim and carried an appeal to Congress. Congress reversed the decision and awarded all the money to the cause of the four claimants. The state, however, refused to recognize the reversal and withheld payment, and its resistance, drawn out over a period of thirty years, was productive of endless argument and even armed conflict before the national authority was at last victorious.

It is impossible to accept all the charges of petty fraud and peculation that subsequent animosity lodged against the mercantile Governor of Philadelphia. With him, as in the bucket shops of a later period, principles meant nothing, but there was a point at

which the smallness of the profit and the greatness of the risks brought unrecognized methods into the class of bad business policy. He was not, as has been asserted, lacking in sense of proportion, save in the common fault of placing himself in the center of all things. One must also consider that Arnold, with many of his associates, had been brought to the verge of financial ruin in his country's service. Many officers were leaving the army because the depreciation of the paper currency in which they were paid left them unable to support their families. Arnold's activities were not clearly detrimental to the cause. Their evil lay in their effect upon its morale.

This morale was already sinking dangerously. The Conway cabal, after a premature revelation, had been denounced by its leaders, Gates the loudest of all, but the discontent still lingered, and there were still, in a Congress deserted by its higher talent, a host of lesser intrigues. The outburst of enthusiasm for the French alliance had been followed by a loss of energy. Lafayette, Duportail and other foreigners, full of zeal and principles, were shocked by the conspicuous lack of patriotism. Men were disgusted by the pettiness and quibbling into which they were drawn. In such a mingling of desperate patriotism and contemptuous disregard, of factional jealousies and the distorted imaginations of war time, a popular disapproval was inevitably focused on the prosperous, presumptuous governor of Philadelphia.

The trouble had started immediately, with the proclamation closing the shops. The act brought a general sense of outrage, directed against Arnold partly because he was the agent and partly because of a theory, well grounded but lacking evidence, that he was making the best use of his enviable position. One gentleman, who had left fifty thousand dollars with the general to pay for clothing and stores, had a distressing feeling that the goods had been taken by seizure and the money pocketed. Business, after a week of jealous suspense, was declared open, and the governing body of the state, the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, which had

issued complaints, was invited to dinner at headquarters. Suspicion, however, lived and grew, and evidence was inevitably collected for its support. And if it was obnoxious to see the Governor growing rich from his office, the matter was no whit softened by the pretentious manner in which he bore his station.

III. The Taper of Love is Lighted.

General Knox no more than expressed a current American opinion when he reprimanded Lucy for one of her manifestations of social superiority. "Take care, my love," he cautioned her, "of permitting your disgust to the Connecticut people to escape your lips. . . . The want of refinement which you speak to speak of is, or will be, the salvation of America, for refinement of manners introduces corruption and venality." And the opinion, so it seemed, was never more clearly proven than in the life of war-time Philadelphia.

It was a pretty little town in brick and marble, surrounded by the country seats of its merchants, a graceful mansion commanding every spacious view. But it was not only in politics that the Quaker influence was waning. The neat, prim little city was learning to enjoy itself in a cosmopolitan manner. The British officers had taught it to consider the refinements, and their *Meschianza* had shown it the glamor of the Gothic revival. New characters appeared, portrayed by the satirist in verse. The merchant's daughter, *Miss Goggle, or the Spruce Street Prude,* was beginning to talk of family connections.

> "She's always plum'd on what she calls her birth,
> Tells o'er the sums her peddling father's worth."

Miss Kitty Cut-a-dash, the Arch Street Flirt, promenades before awed spectators,

> ". . . studies fashions with religious care,
> And scoffs religion with a scornful air.

When full equipt she rambles through the town,
Or with her aunt some character runs down,
Or with an air important through the shops,
She cheapens fans, and talks with ruffled fops."

The ruffled fop was himself a novelty,

"His scarlet coat, that everyone may see,
Mark and observe, and know the fool is he,
With buttons garnish'd sparkling in a row
On sleeves and breasts and skirts to make a show,
His waistcoat too with tinsel shining o'er,
His cravat knotted in a bow before,
His empty head with powder loaded deep,
Wings to the same of formal cut and sweep,
With three-cock'd hat and loop and button bright,
And open mouth to show his teeth are white."

Ladies' headdresses were rising like the prices. " 'Tis surprising," a congressman moaned to his wife, "how they fix such loads of trumpery on their polls. The Whig ladies seem as fond of them as the others. But you know, my dear, I have odd, old-fashioned notions." The gentlemen thought of little but speculative opportunities, which they washed down with frivolous social gayety. Money came easily, and the patriots who asked questions and made rules, were none too popular. Washington lectured ponderously on the menace of the situation. Franklin was as disgusted as if salt had been put on his strawberries.

The crippled general, still unable to walk without assistance, needed a carriage, but his critics saw no necessity for the handsome coach in which they watched him pass, or liveried footmen, instead of friends, to offer him their arms. When the French ambassador and his suite arrived in July, 1778, it was the Governor who entertained them, the first of a series of lavish affairs. His keen, proud nature enjoyed it all immensely. It was a vivid contrast to the hard and perilous road by which he had come. He might have been a

medieval tyrant, selfish, sensual, flaunting his power before the people. He had a dislike for moderation or a far-sighted, tactful abstinence. The fortune of war had filled his purse, and he emptied it as freely for his friends. And now, in addition to his own family, he was supporting the orphan children of Warren, whose kindly appreciation he had never forgotten, nor wished, perhaps, others to forget. But through it all, he was still the same self-contained, imperious mystery, respected and hated. A duel was among the rumors for a while, a citizen said to have been seriously wounded. There was certainly no shortage of eligible opponents.

One finds him, in company, seated, the wounded leg stretched out upon another chair, wearing a handsome civilian dress, his rank indicated by a scarlet ribbon crossing the ruffled lace of his shirt. One might find him surrounded by a flock of admiring females as he dandles Franklin's little granddaughter. "She gives such old-fashioned smacks," the fond mother wrote. "General Arnold says he would give a good deal to have her for a schoolmistress to teach the young ladies how to kiss." One might find him explaining to some gentlemen the working of his electrical machine, or reading passages from the latest acquisition to his library. The ubiquitous Du Simitière was a visitor, and succeeded in persuading the General to sit for his portrait. His old ally, Silas Deane, whom a showy style of living suited very well, returned from France and Arnold's house became his home. And later, in 1779, he was joined by the tall, blonde lady, his sister, and the three healthy, turbulent boys.

Unfortunately for his reputation, General not only refused to dislike, but included in his invitations persons of doubtful patriotism. The more outspoken Tories had been mobbed or hated out of the country, but there remained many, unobtrusive, but none the less decidedly disapproving. Many of them had supported the first movement for a redress of grievances. But they could not swallow the Declaration of Independence, and they saw the French alliance as but the exchange of a bad master for a worse one. Arnold himself

distrusted the French, and was not averse to expressing his low opinion of the race. These Tories, moreover, were the aristocracy, and were the most useful mercantile connections. And they, in turn, found in Arnold one who would guard them against government interference.

"Even our military gentlemen," a gossiping lady confided, "are too liberal to make any distinction between Whig and Tory Ladyes. If they make any, it is in favour of the latter. Such, strange as it may seem, is the way those things are conducted at present in this city. It originates at headquarters, and that I may make some apology for such strange conduct, I must tell you that Cupid has given our little General a more mortal wound than all the hosts of Britons could—Miss Peggy Shippen is the fair one."

While the fair one, like the heavenly Miss De Blois, belonged to a family reputed to be Tory, the distinction, for two reasons, was a narrow one. In the first place, her father, Edward Shippen, with his strong, kindly face and exacting rationality, shared the attitude of many another London trained provincial lawyer, an attitude of sympathy for the cause of the colonies, but unable to support so radical and illegal a solution as independence. To him the patriot army was nevertheless "our army," and he felt proud of its victories. One daughter was already married to a young rebel officer. He was not strongly distrusted, and after the war held office under the state, rising at last to chief justice of its supreme court. In the second place, Peggy, at nineteen, was quite innocent of any political theory whatever.

Peggy enters the history of our country in April, 'seventy-five, trotting from one shop to another in vain search for a blue and white coffee pot, tea being at that time out of fashion and coffee pots much in demand. And if the match which General Arnold sought could offer no financial advantage, it would bring him a slim and graceful figure, a very pretty, submissive face, crowned by a fortune in carefully nurtured yellow curls. There were innocent, mischievous gray eyes, and a sensitive, insipid mouth to answer for

them, a weak chin, a weak, sharp little nose, and an air that was not only delicate, but proud. Too timid and guileless a creature for any proficiency in the social arts and affectations, her whole conscious existence was the sum of a few pleasant social contacts. She was not a thoughtful child, and the discursory religion of the time meant nothing to her. And yet to her a submission to some strong, firm guidance was essential. It was on her father that she relied. Her mother had but a perfunctory affection and no influence.

Now she was captured by a lover, a crippled, war-worn hero, a dark-haired gentleman with a warmly florid face, an aquiline nose and domineering chin and brow, with rich, persuasive lips and the boldest eyes that she had ever seen: a forceful, commanding lover, and a great man.

"Oh! All ye powers of love," Elizabeth Tilghman exclaimed at the end of a lively line of gossip for Peggy's sister, "I had like to have forgot the gentle Arnold, where is he, how does he, and when is he like to convert our little Peggy. They say she intends to surrender soon. I thought the fort would not hold out long. Well after all there is nothing like perseverance and a regular attack."

A regular attack it was, of course, in all the strictest conventionality. And the same verbiage, hurled vainly against the bosom of Miss De Blois, now entered the softer breast of Peggy. Friendship and esteem Miss De Blois had acknowledged. So did Miss P. Shippen. And the eloquent protest which had served for one, would serve as well for the other.

"Dear Madam:

"Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart—a heart which, though calm and serene amid the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Dear Madam, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced. My passion is not founded on personal charms only: that sweetness of disposition and good-

ness of heart—that sentiment and sensibility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen—render her amiable beyond expression, and will ever retain the heart she has once captivated.

"On you alone my happiness depends. And will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope it is not impossible I may make a favorable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy! suffer that heavenly bosom (which cannot know itself the cause of pain without a sympathetic pang) to expand with a sensation more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness. But give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance founded on a romantic passion, where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem, founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to found a lasting happiness upon. And when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart (unlike yours) must be callous to every tender sentiment if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.

"I am sensible your prudence, and the affection you bear your amiable and tender parents, forbid your giving encouragement to the addresses of anyone without their approbation. Pardon me, dear madam, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your papa, and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider before you doom me to misery, which I have not deserved but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and, if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself! Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessings of Heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

"Adieu, dear madam, and believe me unalterably your sincere admirer and devoted humble servant,

"B. Arnold.

"September 25, 1778.
"Miss Peggy Shippen."

"My fortune is not large," the fire-eater informed her father, "but sufficient (not to depend upon my expectations) to make us

both happy. I neither expect nor wish one with Miss S. My public character is well known; my private one is, I hope, irreproachable. If I am happy in your approbation of my proposals of an alliance, I shall most willingly accede to any you may please to make consistent with the duty I owe to three lovely children. Our difference in political sentiments will, I hope, be no bar to my happiness. I flatter myself the time is at hand when our unhappy contests will be at an end, and peace and domestic happiness be restored to everyone."

Edward Shippen did not, in his natural conservatism, approve the match. He was a cautious father, and had forbidden his daughters to take their places as ladies of the *Meschianza,* believing the costumes they were expected to wear immodest. There was talk in the family of a conditional engagement. But the only basis on which it could rest was the wounded leg, and that, as Peggy affirmed to everyone, would soon be well. After she had been caught in the fascination of that imperious face, after it had come close enough to show her the fine veins that deepened its color, and she had seen the lips opening in a smile as he drew and held her in a kiss, after that there was no retreat. She was a nervous child and the gentle attempts to explain the unromantic side only brought fits of hysteria and proved to her family the futility of resistance.

In November, with this ominous alliance to a Tory family a matter for common gossip, Joseph Reed was elected to the Presidency of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. Joseph Reed, with his long, ingenuous face, handsome but for the obtrusiveness of a large, straight nose, had been Secretary to Washington and Adjutant-General of the army, had served with distinction in the field, and now came into office determined to make Philadelphia a Whig city.

As the money and the morale of the patriot cause were sinking, more and more vehement measures were considered necessary to inspire the proper attitude of self-sacrificing devotion. Even Robert Morris incurred the thorough displeasure of Reed and his group by selling flour at a profit in time of scarcity. They were demanding

a patriotic form of bankruptcy, with which it was difficult for merchants to sympathize. It was the Governor of the city whom they saw as the greatest menace, as the conflict between an aristocratic and greedy military ruler and the civil authority of the people. All the fears that American democracy might fall, as other democracies had fallen, urged on the struggle.

As for the Governor, he was easily exasperated by courts and congresses. Lafayette had proposed an elaborate plan of Canadian invasion, and late in the fall of 'seventy-eight Washington had declared his disapproval of it, verbally, to Congress. It was his opinion that France would not reconquer her old empire and then greatheartedly turn it all over to her allies. He was then, as later, fearful of entanglements. The tide of invasion had reached its flood in the whirling, icy shadows and the flame and thunder that closed around the Sault au Matelot, and though it continued to flow again and again, it was ever more weakly. The North, with its riches in wheat and fur, was lost, and General Arnold's own lingering hope of a new effort vanished, for it was vain without the aid of France and France was distrusted. The result of his disappointment was to increase the importance of Philadelphia's pecuniary opportunities.

The sudden acquisition of greatness had naturally heightened his self-esteem and desire for self-assertion. Nor was he well enough established financially to take a detached view of the impending conflicts at Philadelphia, had he so desired. With him, of course, it was entirely a matter of personal enmities, and he never sought to conciliate an enemy. The British had attempted to buy Reed for ten thousand guineas and a peerage, to which his reply had been that even if he were worth purchasing, the King of Great Britain was not rich enough to do it. Arnold helped spread the report that the President of the Executive Council had welcomed the proposals. "Arnold, the Commandant at Philadelphia," one English officer wrote to another, "has quarreled with the Executive Council, threatens to murder Reed the Govr."

"Reed the Govr." had taken every precaution to avoid a personal

aspect to the contest. Arnold, on the other hand, contemptuous of their evidence, outspokenly conscious, as ever, of the uprightness of his intentions, sought to appear as the victim of a jealous hatred. He seized eagerly upon a scandal that Reed had once thought of making his peace with the crown, and spread further rumors of traitorous designs. Of the General's staff, Franks was wisely noncommittal, but Clarkson, who had probably not much else to occupy his mind, appeared in the papers in defense of his chief, and boldly snubbed and huffed the inquisitors until he was reported to Congress by the outraged magistracy. Cautiously, sedulously, President Reed, Secretary Timothy Matlack and their associates, gathered evidence, keeping the matter all the while well before the public, and apprising Arnold, from time to time, of what was being learned about him.

The closing of the shops and the General's commercial interests disturbed them most. In closing the shops, as they failed to recognize, he had merely obeyed an order of Congress but in his subsequent business concerns, they believed they could prove him not only defrauding the cause he served, but in treasonable communication with the enemy.

In January, 'seventy-nine, they discovered that Arnold had arranged with Deputy Quartermaster-General John Mitchill that a brigade of twelve wagons should cross New Jersey to Egg Harbor and return with private property. The General had excused the irregularity of the proposal on the ground that the goods were in danger of capture by the enemy, and agreed to pay the cost of the hauling. It was discovered that Wagon Master Jesse Jordan had been instructed to take orders from no less a person than Captain William Moore, of the schooner *Charming Nancy,* who had superintended the carriage and the delivery of the goods to the warehouses of various merchants of Arnold's acquaintance in the city. There had followed a dispute between Arnold and Mitchill on the payment, on which the Supreme Executive Council had seized with delight. Mitchill, interrogated, was all trepidation and excuses. Arnold was the slave to duty, saving valuable wares from the grasp

of the enemy, all willingness to pay for the use of the wagons. They determined that he should pay, and to the full. Jesse Jordan was unearthed from the fastnesses of Chester County, and found himself the plaintiff in a suit to recover £960 from the new business firm, a sum which, if extracted, might be hoped to put a quietus on its activities. But the suit dragged on from February to October, when Jesse Jordan, after the fashion of wagoners, died by violence and without heirs.

There was every reason to believe that the goods brought from Egg Harbor had come by sea from New York, and the pursuers believed they had discovered evidence of a treasonable correspondence. A Miss Levy, suspected of being an emissary of the enemy, had gone through the lines on a pass from Arnold. Arnold was asked to explain, and refused. It was discovered that in New York Miss Levy had gone, by Arnold's direction, to the house of a Mr. Templeton. Again an explanation was demanded. The fire-eater replied curtly that the matter involved business of importance to the United States and that Mr. Templeton's personal safety would be endangered if the facts became known. It was customary in the revolutionary armies for the general officers personally to employ their own secret service agents, but, as the Council very well knew, Arnold was without even the prospect of a command, and should have no need for private intelligence.

While the civil authorities were prodding and questioning and erecting what they considered a most damning fabric of evidence, the people of the city, who might normally have had a partiality for the military hero, were taking an interest in the chase. The dread of lurking enemies, so prominent in the psychology of war, had risen to intensity with the return of the national government to the city. An editor suggested that the right hand and right side of the face of every Tory be dyed black, that his neighbors might know him. Since the Executive Council insisted on remaining steadfastly within the law, rioting mobs took the matter in their own hands. General Arnold was becoming the most conspicuous member of a hated class.

Arnold was not only clearly sympathetic with the Tories, he appeared as a blatant example of all that was offensively aristocratic. His coach, his servants, his ostentatious hospitality, his air of imperious aloofness, were flagrantly unrepublican. Three months after the tyrant's ascension at Philadelphia, Washington had ordered the return of his regiment of Continentals to the army. Arnold delayed in spite of repeated demands until the Council could raise him a force of three hundred militia, a slow business, willing as the state was at that time to give him the power, as a protection against mob violence. The difference between trained soldiery and militia soon appeared. The militia, alertly conscious of their status as freemen, as the equals of any of their countrymen and the superiors of the less enlightened inhabitants of the globe, objected to standing sentry duty at General Arnold's doors when there was no danger against which to guard and when the service included frequent abrupt demands from Franks or some other of the household to fetch and carry and run errands in the town.

To the hostility of the Council and the populace, finally, was added that of the national Congress. Congress, viewing with horror the depravity of its capital city, was beginning to legislate on morals and religion, "to prevent stage playing and such kinds of diversions, as are productive of Vice, Idleness, Dissipation and a general Depravity of Principals and manners."

"You must know," Samuel Adams wrote in sour dudgeon at this time, "that in humble imitation, as it would seem, of the example of the British Army, some of the Officers of ours have condescended to act on the Stage; which others, and one of Superior Rank, were pleased to countenance with their Presence."

Arnold further incurred the disfavor of the honorable members through his association with Silas Deane. In 1778, Deane had returned from his mission to France, proud of his work. Arriving at Paris in 1776 without a friend or even a knowledge of the language, Lafayette, de Kalb, and a host of foreign officers, many of whom were not so conspicuously welcome, had been introduced through

him to the American armies. His negotiations brought into being the mysterious Hortalez and Company, under the suave and eloquent Beaumarchais, through whom had come the arms and clothing without which Burgoyne would never have been conquered. He had made two mistakes: he had been so blind as to urge that the pompous general, Frederick Ferdinand, Count Broglie, be given an enormous salary, the title of Prince and the place of Washington as Commander-in-chief. And he had been so honest as to insist that the bill of Hortalez and Company be paid. Rumors were abroad that the supplies were a gift from France, and the bill which Deane presented on his arrival a scheme for personal enrichment more flagrant than any of those of which Arnold was suspected. There was plenty of graft in the business but that was under the attention of Beaumarchais. And for all the evidence to the contrary, Congress held to the comfortable belief that the supplies were a gift and Deane a scoundrel.

Deane had returned a widower, and, heedless of the perils of the friendship, had accepted Arnold's hospitality at headquarters. Reed had met him at the City Tavern and warned him not to lodge at Arnold's house, and had later advised him that to continue to associate with Arnold and Robert Morris and the other merchants of suspected loyalty would lose him the support of the Pennsylvania delegation in any vote whatsoever. The contest had become furiously bitter by the fall of 'seventy-eight, Thomas Paine leading the pursuit of Deane. In December, young Clarkson replied in the *Pennsylvania Packet,* under the disarming pseudonym of "Plain Truth," to the attacks of Paine. Paine wormed the author's identity from the printer and replied in furious literary gusts, threatening a suit for libel if the youth did not keep silence. This Clarkson, they fumed, is a Scotch notary who thinks he has, under his wealthy patron, Robert Morris, the nation in his talons. Clarkson found himself the object of the same acrid defamation that was overwhelming Deane, but continued boldly in the fight. Poor Deane grew pathetic toward the last in his pleas for justice. And even when Congress had ac-

knowledged that the supplies from France were not a gift, they had so committed themselves to the belief that Deane was a rascal that he was denied even the money owed him for his services and expenses, and he departed, in a few months, penniless and hopeless, across the sea.

One other group looked forward to the discomfiture of the military Governor of the city. This was the old coterie of the Conway Cabal, General Mifflin its leading spirit, still nursing a lingering jealousy of the Commander-in-chief. For Washington was still, as he had always been, the friend and patron of Arnold. On him the fire-eater's disgrace would be reflected.

The enemies of Washington, the enemies of Deane and of a debt to France, the enemies of military power and the spirit of autocracy, all were united in avid hostility to the scowling little Commandant. Gleefully into the uproar came John Brown of Pittsfield. "Can assure your honr.," he confided to Reed, "I am extremely happy to hear that so great a Villain is at last detected." He sent copies of his own vitriolic publications, gloating over the prospect of his enemy's discomfiture. These, under the cryptic signature, "T.G." were relayed to the citizens by Timothy Matlack. "When I meet your carriage in the streets, and think of the splendor in which you live and revel, of the settlement which it is said you have proposed in a certain case, and of the decent frugality necessarily used by other officers of the army, it is impossible to avoid the question: From whence have these riches flowed if you did not plunder Montreal?"

Early in February, the chase was in the open, hot and close. The Council had the pleasure of announcing to the startled populace that General Arnold, in accordance with previous suspicions, had left the city, "on a Pretence of private Business." "The necessity of preserving the Dignity & Security of civil government," they proclaimed, "& guarding the good people of these States against all Abuses of Power," had induced them, though with great reluctance, to take action on the misconduct of General Arnold. Eight charges

A BRITISH BRIGADIER

From a contemporary engraving of General Arnold

were published in the papers and sent to the legislatures of the thirteen states.

Listed first, was the safe conduct to the *Charming Nancy,* then the closing of the shops, the imposing of menial offices on freemen, the delicate matter of the sloop *Active,* the appropriation of the wagons, the pass to Miss Levy, the "indecent and disrespectful refusal" to pay the sum demanded for the use of the wagons, and, finally, a charge of neglecting the friends of liberty in preference to their suspected enemies.

"News of the day," Christopher Marshall jotted in his diary for the eighth of February, "is that General Arnold has left Philada. and gone over to the English." The General had indeed left the city. He had already obtained permission to resign the command of Philadelphia. He was hoping for a grant of land from the state of New York, somewhere in the northwest, near the gateway to Canada, where he might retire from the public service and reign in feudal dignity and power, and it was on this business that he had departed. He was beginning also to consider the advantages which a change of allegiance might offer. It was a daring speculation, and daring speculations were to his taste.

On the eighth of February, Major Clarkson published an indignant complaint that the charges should have been promulgated in so extraordinary a manner. It was obvious that the Council was seeking to turn public opinion against the military hero. Arnold was in a black fury. He instantly demanded a court-martial to cleanse his honor of the stain. An officer more sure of his position would have made the demand long before. He opened his heart to Peggy.

"Camp at Raritan, Febrary 8th, 1779.

"My Dearest Life:

"Never did I so ardently long to see or hear from you as at this instant. I am all impatience and anxiety to know how you do; six days' absence without hearing from my dear Peggy is intolerable. Heavens! What must I have suffered had I continued my journey—the loss of happiness for a few dirty

acres. I can almost bless the villainous roads, and more villainous men, who oblige me to return. I am heartily tired with my journey, and almost so with human nature. I daily discover so much baseness and ingratitude among mankind that I almost blush at being of the same species, and could quit the stage without regret was it not for some gentle, generous souls like my dear Peggy, who still retain the lively impression of their Maker's image, and who, with smiles of benignity and goodness, make all happy around them. Let me beg of you not to suffer the rude attacks on me to give you one moment's uneasiness; they can do me no injury. I am treated with the greatest politeness by General Washington and the officers of the army, who bitterly execrate Mr. Reed and the Council for their villainous attempt to injure me. They have advised me to proceed on my journey. The badness of the roads will not permit, was it possible to support an absence of four weeks, for in less time I could not accomplish it. The day after to-morrow I leave this, and hope to be made happy by your smiles on Friday evening; 'till then all nature smiles in vain; for you alone, heard, felt and seen, possess my every thought, fill every sense and pant in every vein.

"Clarkson will send an express to meet me at Bristol; make me happy by one line to tell me you are so; please to present my best respects to your mama and the family. My prayers and best wishes attend my dear Peggy. Adieu! and believe me, sincerely and affectionately thine,

"B. Arnold."

The Council, dealing with an officer of the United States, considered the proper procedure an appeal to the national legislature. A committee of Congress examined the charges and, in the middle of March, reported that the first three and the fifth, the pass to the *Nancy,* the closing of the stores, the demeanment of free citizens and the use of the wagons, must be decided by court-martial, that the matter of the *Active* was for the civil courts, and that in the others they could find no evidence of guilt. General Arnold breathed a sigh of relief, declared the affair settled to his satisfaction, and resigned the command of the city. But the Council was not through with him yet. Pennsylvania was a powerful state. The army would be in a sad way without her wagon brigades, and in this matter of transportation General Arnold had particularly offended. A joint committee of Congress and Council met, and,

on April third, recommended a court-martial on the first, second, third and fifth charges.

A week later, with this threatening cloud above them, Peggy and her general were married. At her father's house, on the evening of Thursday, the eighth of April, the ceremony was performed with befitting unction. Ladies and gentlemen, in the colorful fashions of the day and the occasion, and a few copiously arrayed infants waited beneath the glistening candelabra in a murmur of voices and a faint odor of delicately perfumed powders. And then, in a sudden silence of the voices, and a rustling of full white silk, Peggy appears upon the stairway and descends among them, like a bewildered little angel coming for the first time upon the lower worlds, Peggy, fidgeting with her long white gloves and clutching at her train, Peggy, her pretty head crowned by an intricate marvel of the hairdresser's art, her cheeks artificially flushed, her pale eyes wide and her little mouth standing open in the probability that a fit of hysterics may be coming on, Peggy, terribly conscious of the faces about her, fluttering on the verge of the hard years that were to follow. Then she is standing before the minister, the cassock and great white sleeves and little black book, standing at the right hand of her hero lover, with his stern, proud face, his buff and blue and glitter of gold. At Arnold's left side, by the shortened leg of Saratoga, a soldier stands to support him. There are a few sobs of feminine emotion overflowing, an undercurrent to the smooth music of the service. The General's Calvinist forefathers, no doubt, shudder in their graves, as he takes the ring and places it on Peggy's finger, holding it there, his little recitation sounding very deep and loud in the hush around them:

"With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Good Lord!" Elizabeth Tilghman exclaimed to Mrs. Major Edward Burd, Peggy's sister, "what will this world come to? who could have ever Imagined that you would turn Preacher, and that

Matrimony should be the Text. Perhaps you think that I don't remember the Quakes tremblings and a thousand other Quirks that you had on a certain occasion. If your feelings were affected, you are a monstrous Hypocrite and have a great sin to answer for in frightening poor Peggy and myself into a solemn Oath, never to change our State, which Oath, Madam P—— most religiously kept, till she was Burgoyned—which, report says, was on Thursday last. Will you my dear give my best love to Mrs. A. Tell her that I wish her every happiness that this world is capable of affording, and that she may long live the delight and comfort of her adoring General—there's a flourish for you."

From an elderly, eccentric Scot and sea fighter, Captain John McPherson, the General had purchased a sedately proportioned country mansion, Mount Pleasant, standing high above the Schuylkill valley. It was a splendid marriage gift to the little bride, and if its value was greatly lessened by mortgages, Peggy was still innocent of business matters.

General Lee had been a center of interest in town at the time of the wedding, trying to laugh away the attacks on his military character. Young Benedict, Richard and Henry were loose in the metropolis, rivaling their father's boyish wildness. Robert Morris won an apologetic parent's thanks for helping Ben out of a scrape. Philadelphia, the General decided, was a "bad school," and put the two eldest under the tutelage of a Maryland clergyman.

"If they have contracted any bad habits," he assured this reverend gentleman, "they are not of long standing, & I make no doubt under your care they will soon forget them.

"I wish their education to be useful rather than learned. Life is too short & uncertain to throw away in speculations upon subjects that perhaps only one man in ten thousand has a genius to make a figure in."

With the departure of the two boys, the family life enjoyed a brief tranquillity. The adventurer, however, was restless and sour, gouty, deprived of the use of either leg, Silas Deane informed a

friend, in constant suffering and yet most deeply pained by the wound in his character. One may picture the little group at dinner, Major Franks, mildly pompous, the handsome, headstrong boy, Clarkson, Hannah, primly watchful over seven year old Henry, Punch, the General's negro man, standing solemnly behind him, and the General, tucking the lace ruffles into his sleeves and smiling across the table to Peggy before he carves the turkey.

It was the particular duty of Franks to act as escort and guard of honor for Mrs. Arnold. He came to be known among the intimates of the family as "the nurse." Only the most pleasant and innocuous subjects could be discussed in her hearing, for in her occasional fits of hysteria, "paroxysms of physical indisposition attended by nervous debility," as Franks diagnosed them, her tongue played wildly with any subject whatever, and they were fearful of the consequences of any slight shock. But for her, withal, the days passed happily enough, in splendid displays at headquarters or Mount Pleasant, prattling with Franks in the carriage as she rode out to call upon her friends or to enjoy the little thrills of shopping in the city. In August, a letter from an old acquaintance came to her through the lines.

"It would make me very happy to be useful to you here," wrote Major John André. "You know the Meschianza made me a complete milliner. Should you not have received supplies for your fullest equipment from that department, I shall be glad to enter into the whole detail of cap-wire, needles, gauze, etc., and, to the best of my abilities, render you in these trifles services from which I hope you would infer a zeal to be further employed."

There was more behind this courtesy than the words acknowledged. In the spring Sir Henry Clinton, commanding at New York, had received, through trusted channels, veiled proposals of a change of allegiance from Gustavus, an officer of high rank in the rebel armies. Valuable information which Gustavus offered in proof of his rank and intentions was found to be correct. Sir Henry turned the negotiations over to his friend and Adjutant-General,

Major André. There were reasons for believing that the mysterious correspondent was the late disgruntled Governor of Philadelphia. And Major André, feeling his way, replying to Gustavus under the name of John Anderson, had approached the guileless Peggy in hope of a more definite clew.

And the truth of the matter was that the adventurer, with Philadelphia's trade opportunities destroyed, with the plan for a settlement in the north interrupted and hindered by the charges and publications of the Executive Council, with vindictive smears upon the honor he had so gallantly defended in the field, with all the unscrupulous impatience of a proud man who has a standard of pretentious living to maintain, of a proud warrior who feels the pinch of want, with his love of a daring gamble for high stakes, with the conviction, entertained by many who watched the course of events at the capital, that the republican government was sagging to its fall, with these considerations, the truth of the matter was that Benedict Arnold, like a wise mariner, had dropped an anchor to windward.

CHAPTER XI

THE EAGLE AND THE VULTURE

I. The Warrior-Merchant Turns Actor.

"Delay is worse than death," the fire-eater wrote to Washington on the fifth of May with his customary emphasis, "and when it is considered that the President and Council have had three months to produce the evidence, I cannot suppose the ordering of a court-martial to determine the matter immediately is the least precipitating it. I entreat that the court may be ordered to sit as soon as possible." The date for the court's convention, May first, had been postponed a month at Reed's request. Reed had complained that his evidence was still incomplete, which was certainly its chief fault, and added the threat of Pennsylvania's sensitive regard for her wagons. Arnold, with tempered execrations against his enemies, replied that the time was being used to prejudice the public against him. Every delay, he argued, held him back from rejoining the army, "which I wish to do as soon as my wounds will permit."

Washington, while he acceded to the demands of the Council as far as tact demanded, was sympathetic with the attitude of his stormy protégé. And although it was a member of the Commander-in-chief's staff who had discovered the trade agreement between Franks and Arnold, and the fact of the fire-eater's diversion into commerce was as well known in the army as elsewhere, the army was, on the whole, in sympathy with the accused fighter. There existed a certain mutual distrust between military and civil authorities. Congress had offended too often with delay, mismanagement and a refusal to recognize honor and the ethics of the profession of arms to be respected. As for Pennsylvania, General Lee summed

up a common opinion of her government in his reference to "the President of this abominable State and a Banditti of ignorant, obsequious, mercenary Clowns, his Satellites." Solid General Knox wrote contemptuously of "some highly colored charges," and doubted if one could be proven. Reed had made every effort to avoid appearing before the public as the accusing party, but his distinctions were too fine for the popular estimate to grasp.

In the family, life went on as smoothly as ever, with but one other discomforting element, the fact that it was running increasingly into debt. The General's accounts, sums which he might definitely feel the nation owed him, were still unsettled, although, greatly to their chagrin, the Council had been unable to find in them any evidence of fraud. With the court-martial further delayed by the return of its judges to the field, there was only the renowned siege of Fort Wilson, in the autumn, to relieve the tedium of waiting.

The trouble originated from the fact that food was scarce and expensive, that Robert Morris and others were known to have full warehouses and to be selling at a profit. The trouble was, in short, a mob demonstration against these in particular and all suspected Tories in general. On October fourth the mob determined to burn the house of James Wilson, a lawyer who had made himself obnoxious by pleading the cause of a citizen accused of treason. Wilson's friends gathered in arms to defend the house, closed the shutters, barricaded the doors and waited. Among them were men of known patriotism. The mob closed in around Fort Wilson, shouting, hooting, firing, surging up to the doors. The air was full of smoke and stones and loud, coarse voices. Unable to carry the defenses at the first assault, some were shouting to break open the warehouses and distribute the food. General Arnold, who, being no longer in command of the city, was under no obligation to risk his life in the matter, rode through the seething borders of the mob, calling on the people to disperse. Some men began to stone him, but fled before the threat of his pistols. There was a

clatter of hoofs on the cobbles and before it ran the cry "The horse! The horse!" as the First City Troop, with sabers menacingly a-glitter overhead, rode down upon them and ended the day. No, Neddy Burd informed the up-country relatives, it was not true that General Arnold had been at Wilson's house or that he was now in jail for treason.

General Arnold subsided again from the spotlight until, on the nineteenth of December, 1779, at Morristown in New Jersey the curtain was raised on the long delayed court-martial. President of the twelve judges, sat Major-General Robert Howe of North Carolina. Assisting him, there were Brigadier-General Knox, with an opinion already favorable to Arnold, Brigadier-General Maxwell, whose estimate of the fire-eater had always been a rather low one, one other brigadier and eight colonels. The chief actor appeared in all his splendid panoply. Short and ferocious, the fighting general stood forth before them in the buff and blue of a glorious and extremely handsome uniform, on his shoulders the epaulettes, and on the sword of Saratoga, the sword knots that Washington had given him. In the lines of the stern, dark face and in the clear light eyes were pride and that aggressive consciousness of upright intentions, and in his walk, a limp that had its dignity. Here was the general who had written classic pages in the military history of his race, marching through deserted wilds, holding superior forces within his lines of siege, raising a fleet and an army and hurling them against desperate odds, the general who had fallen on the breastwork of the enemy in the front of the charge, in that last wild hour of victory over Burgoyne. He appeared without counsel trusting in his name to plead for him.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of this honorable court:

"I appear before you to answer charges brought before me by the late Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It is disagreeable to be accused; but when an accusation is made, I feel it a great source of consolation, to have an opportunity of being tried by gentlemen whose delicate and refined

sensations of honour will lead them to entertain similar sentiments concerning those who accuse unjustly, and those who are justly accused. In the former case, your feelings revolt against the conduct of the prosecutors; in the latter, against those who are deserved objects of a prosecution. Whether those feelings will be directed against me, or against those, whose charges have brought me before you, will be known by your just and impartial determination of this cause.

"When the present war against Great Britain commenced, I was in easy circumstances, and enjoyed a fair prospect of improving them. I was happy in domestic connections, and blessed with a rising family, who claimed my care and attention. The liberties of my country were in danger. The voice of my country called upon all of her faithful sons to join in her defense. With cheerfulness I obeyed the call. I sacrificed domestic ease and happiness to the service of my country, and in her service I have sacrificed a great part of a handsome fortune. I was one of the first that have appeared in the field, and from that time to the present hour, have not abandoned her service." He lifts his eyes from the paper, no doubt, gazing before him in an impressive pause.

"When one is charged with practices which his soul abhors, and which conscious innocence tells him he has never committed, an honest indignation will draw from him expressions in his own favour, which, on other occasions, might be ascribed to an ostentatious turn of mind. The part which I have acted in the American cause has been acknowledged by our friends, and by our enemies, to have been far from an indifferent one. My time, my fortune, and my person have been devoted to my country, in this war; and if the sentiments of those who are supreme in the United States, in civil and military affairs, are allowed to have any weight, my time, my fortune, and my person have not been devoted in vain. You will indulge me, gentlemen, while I lay before you some honorable testimonials, which Congress, and the Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, have been pleased to give

of my conduct. The place where I now stand justifies me in producing them."

He read the grateful and congratulatory resolutions of Congress, and the letters in which Washington had praised and thanked him. It was boastful, but he might have added more. Then, with a brief allusion to the long and cruel delays, he turned to the charges and contemptuously reviewed them.

Of the matter of the *Charming Nancy,* he disposed with an ironical suggestion that Washington was not ignorant of the business. "I think it peculiarly unfortunate that the armies of the United States have a gentleman at their head who knows so little about his own honour, or regards it so little, as to lay the President and Council of Pennsylvania under the necessity of stepping forth in its defense. Perhaps it may be of use to hint,

'Non tali auxilio eget, nec defensoribus istis.'"

Washington, the court was assured, "will not prostitute his power by exerting it upon a trifling occasion; far less will he pervert it when no occasion is given at all."

Of the insinuations which the Council derived from the closing of the stores, he disposed briefly. "On the honour of a gentleman and a soldier, I declare to Gentlemen and Soldiers, it is false." For the complaints of the militia he could show scant respect. For his use of the wagons, he could only plead again that he was saving valuable property from the enemy, and point to the insufficiency of evidence behind the inference of the Council. He had a contemptuous allusion to the charge of Tory sympathies. "It is enough for me, Mr. President, to contend with *men* in the *field.*" And having, through it all, established himself as a miracle of unwavering patriotism, the dark little adventurer turned to the destruction of his enemy. He made use of the rumors that Reed had thought of changing his allegiance in the gloomy days of 'seventy-six.

"Conscious of my own innocence, and the unworthy methods

taken to injure me, I can with boldness say to my persecutors in general, and to the *chief* of them in particular, that in the hour of *danger,* when the affairs of America wore a *gloomy aspect,* when our illustrious general was retreating through New Jersey with a handful of men, I did not propose to my associates basely to quit the general, and sacrifice the cause of my country to my personal safety, by going over to the enemy, and making my peace."

Apologizing briefly for the form of his defense, he concluded with the last appeal to the camaraderie of arms. "I have looked forward with pleasing anxiety to the present day, when, by the judgment of my fellow soldiers I shall, (I doubt not) stand honorably acquitted of all the charges brought against me, and again share with them the glory and danger of this just war."

It was brilliant strategy and brilliant acting. Only one thing stood in the way of complete exoneration, and that was the overshadowing power of Pennsylvania. After balancing the evidence with this fact, the court announced its verdict, on the twenty-second of January: On the first charge, the pass to the *Nancy* was declared illegal. Of the second and third, General Arnold was fully acquitted. On the last, the use of the wagons, his conduct was judged imprudent and improper, but free of all intentional wrong. The sentence was a reprimand by the Commander-in-chief.

Arnold was in a black rage. Reprimanded? "For what?" He fumed. "Not for doing wrong, but because I might have done wrong; or, rather, because there was a possibility that evil might have followed the good I did." He sent copies of the proceedings of the court to the governors and legislatures of the thirteen states, that the nation might see that virtual acquittal lay behind the disgrace of reprimand. He did not intend his change of allegiance to seem a flight from justice. He even begged Deane, leaving the country under a cloud, to publish the trial in France. The verdict, moreover, brought an inevitable reaction of popular feeling in favor of Arnold, and even the Executive Council, with its finger ever on the public pulse, felt concerned. "We do not think it proper to

affect ignorance of what is the subject of public conversation," they began, humbly petitioning Congress "to dispense with that part of the sentence which imposes a public censure, and may most affect the feelings of a brave and gallant officer." But the plea came too late, and Congress confirmed the sentence. The reprimand was delicately, sympathetically molded to the proud temper of the fighting general.

"Our profession is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertance may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities for regaining the esteem of your country."

But delicacy and sympathy could not balance the stain of dishonor or the urge to revenge. From the petty quibbling of his judges, from the restraints and nuisances of debt, the proud warrior yearned for higher peaks of greatness. He was an actor now, somber and eloquent, his true self alone among enemies with a dream of power.

II. Mr. Moore and Company Engages in Business.

For those who are moved by adventurous romance, there has always been a fascination in Arnold's career, of bold and reasoned aspirations, of climaxes, vividly and narrowly decided, of destiny, painting a splendid, prismatic design. It is a career with the structure of a moral melodrama, and highly moral melodramas have been written of it, and, caught in its glamor, heightened its colorful scenes even to absurdity. It is this period that has had the deepest fascination, this period of fierce uncertainty and lurking danger,

leading into the mazes of intrigue, with the mystery of this sensitive, courageous soldier, in whom treason and honor were now so strangely blended. Some solved the problem by deciding that the man was a coward from the first, excited to valor by drunkenness. Others, scorning to recognize that one who was not of noblest qualities could have fought so bravely in Freedom's cause, preferred to believe that the hounding of his enemies, the persuasions of a Tory wife and her friends, had wrought a terrible change. The generation which followed him, with its clear conceptions of conscience and religion, thought most often of a hero, caught in the current subtle passions, a brooding ominous figure, whose months of indecision seemed like a choosing between Heaven and Hell, and brought to their minds the molten brilliance of perdition seething beneath him, the eyes of their inveterate God, peering into his soul, and the voices that may have asked him, "Where are you going, proud warrior?"

Actually, there was only one question to be answered in these months from the spring of 1779 to the spring of 1780, and that was a thoroughly practical one: "Where lie the greatest advantages?" There were obvious features of temperament which influenced his decision. There were mortification and the hot, vindictive anger, goaded by the agonies of illness and the shortened leg. His rise to fame had been hindered and opposed throughout, he had already endured the ignominy of a traitor. There was ambition, that vivid imagination, hopeful, impulsive, which drove him swiftly toward his desires and made them seem certainties, that optimism which led him so readily into speculation. There was the insatiable desire to rise. The necessity for action was a part of his being. If checked at one point, he expanded at another. His energy became only more violent under restraint. He had already endured suffering, anxiety, dishonor, with unflinching devotion; these he could bear without thought of disloyalty until practical advantage appeared upon the other side. And for practical consideration there were two aspects to his problem, the reasons for abandoning the wavering rebel cause,

and the reasons for entering the stable, well-rewarded service of the King.

The American arms in 1780, were suffering from conditions which, as Charles Lee observed of another matter, were enough to make Job swear like a Virginia colonel. At the bottom of the trouble were the lack of credit and the incompetence of Congress to meet the difficulties. Washington and Reed bemoaned and exhorted, patriots everywhere strove and sacrificed in vain, merchants agreed to take the paper at its face value, the Daughters of Liberty begged and worked, but all with surprisingly small results. People were losing interest and respect. In Philadelphia a dog was tarred and feathered with the worthless paper money. The Commander-in-chief had small coöperation from his government. "I am very confident there is a party business going on again," he wrote, "and as Mifflin is connected with it, doubt nothing of its being a renewal of the old scheme."

For the army, the winter of 1779 and 1780 had been one of greatest severity. The soldiers were miserably clad, were grumbling, by force of habit, for their arrears, and had eaten, as their commander confessed, "every kind of horse food but hay." Hunger was leading them out at night to pillage the farms. Arnold was not the only officer in touch with the enemy. Steuben foresaw the whole army melting away unless specie could be obtained. Only a few officers measured correctly the faith and endurance of the core of the little army. "I would cherish," wrote the young and chivalric Colonel John Laurens, who was to die among them, "those dear, ragged Continentals, whose patience will be the admiration of future ages, and glory in bleeding with them."

In the British service, on the other hand, a convert of high rank might expect to be welcomed with acclaim, and Arnold more than any other, for there was more respect for his prowess among the English than he had found in his countrymen. He was popular, too, with the rebel soldiery, and could hope if his stroke was successful, that many of them would follow his example. Once he

had turned to the serious consideration of a change of allegiance, the whole fate of the war seemed to lie in his hands. He became the figure of supreme importance on the continent. Successful, England would hail him the savior of the empire, and America as the restorer of peace and security. Success would remove the taint of treason, as it had done for Albemarle and for other soldiers of fortune.

As for Peggy, she was a woman, ignorant of the issues and incapable of rational decision. She was indulged only in small things, as one may infer from the plan for a manor in the wilderness, hardly suited to her city-bred temperament. She could not have endured the terrible perils of the treason. On the nineteenth of March, 1780, she became the mother of a son, Edward Shippen Arnold. Yet Margaret, for all her frailties, was not without usefulness. The adventurer had always had difficulty in trusting his subordinates and rarely inspired faithful service. The former Mrs. Arnold had managed many of his minor business concerns, the second could do as much, and Peggy, no doubt somewhat painfully at first, began to assume the character of a business woman.

Not only the Americans were tiring of the conflict. The ringing toasts of the English mess rooms, "A glorious war and a long one!" had given place to the sober hope, "A speedy accommodation of our present unnatural disputes." Proclamations, in which headquarters had still a strange faith, had proved ineffectual in winning back the allegiance of the errant subjects, and more subtle persuasion was under serious consideration. Estimates of the prices of rebel leaders were being discussed. The government had promised to make good any offers of money and rank. General Putnam, it was declared with assurance, might be had for a dollar a day. Elias Boudinot was offered ten thousand guineas or a dukedom. But here, in the spring of 1779, had come, unsolicited, the greatest opportunity of all. Clinton and André cultivated it with care.

The mysterious Gustavus had declared his dissatisfaction with the French alliance. He was out of sympathy with the Declaration

of Independence, as long as redress of grievances was assured. He was desirous of changing his allegiance and was willing to do so in a manner advantageous to the crown, could he be certain of personal security and indemnity for the losses which his act would cause him. Gustavus was answered with encouragement for his political feelings and assurances of greatness. The polite and chivalrous André, dazzled by the possibilities, worked with delicacy and enthusiasm.

The letters crept back and forth, carried by spies and Tory enthusiasts, sometimes enclosed in others, erroneously dated or in cipher. Gustavus, it seemed, worked in conjunction with Mr. Moore. Through long, close-written, tedious letters he talked in veiled language of speculations, partners, losses, gains and ready money. It was dangerous business, and the adventurer meant to strike a good bargain. He knew how necessary wealth might be to him in the British service. Twenty thousand pounds was the compensation Mr. Moore demanded. Mr. Anderson felt that he could talk business on a basis of half the sum.

In the meantime, at Philadelphia, General Arnold was looking about for a position from which he might make a definite offer of a *coup d'état.* In March there was under confidential discussion in the rebel congress and headquarters, a plan suggested by General Arnold for an attack on the enemy by sea. Washington was not unfavorable to the scheme but felt unable to spare the troops required. He expressed a preference that General Arnold should be with him in the field, but offered him leave of absence from the army should he desire, as he had suggested a voyage for his health, and extended his compliments to Mrs. Arnold "on the late happy event."

"If the men can be spared," Arnold assured Deane, an exile in France, "and the plan takes place you will hear from me soon." Otherwise he intended going to Boston to take command of a private ship. The men, however, could not be spared, and Arnold remained at Philadelphia. His debts were increasing. Punch, his

negro servant ran away. Hoping for a loan, he approached the French Minister, Luzerne, who was keeping the impoverished General Sullivan faithful by a pension, but it was gracefully denied him. He was borrowing money from scattered sources with the comforting prospect of being soon in a position where he would be able to pay but under no legal obligation to do so.

Unable to secure the independent command of an army, the adventurer's next move was toward some important fortification, and his choice fell upon the works in the Hudson River highlands, erected in the preceding year to stand against a northward thrust from New York or a new invasion from Canada. He begged his friends, General Schuyler and Robert R. Livingston, to bring the matter to the attention of the Commander-in-chief. He was eager to be in harness again, he assured them, but his wounds still made active service impossible. The two friends warmly urged his appointment.

Washington, Schuyler replied to Arnold on the second of June, "expressed a desire to do whatever was agreeable to you, dwelt on your abilities, your merits, your sufferings, and the well earned claims you have on your country, and intimated that as soon as his arrangements for the campaign take place, that he would properly consider you. I believe you will have an alternative proposed, either to take charge of an important post, with an honorable command, or your station in the field. Your reputation, my dear sir, so established, your honorable scars, put it decidedly in your power to take either."

At the same time, Arnold was given a part in the arrangements for the campaign. Washington had written with an encouraging assurance that there might yet be a new invasion of Canada and gave to Arnold the secret work of printing a proclamation to the Canadians which he and Lafayette had concocted. The proclamation was to be, however, merely a ruse of deceiving Sir Henry Clinton into the belief that the American objective was Canada and not New York. Arnold undertook the business promptly and

respectfully, Peggy attending to the final details after his departure for a brief visit to New Haven. And Sir Henry, through his private intelligence, was convinced that the objective was New York with such thoroughness that, at a later date, he had lost an army before he realized the possibility of a change. "The moonshine general," the rebels styled this painstaking officer.

On his return from Connecticut, Arnold came upon the main army as it was crossing the Hudson. Washington and the friend who was betraying him met on horseback on the heights above, and watched the last division ferried over. The adventurer asked if a place had been assigned to him.

"Yes," the Commander-in-chief replied, "you are to command the left wing, the post of honor." An aide was surprised to see a sudden change in the dark face. Arnold was not pleased.

Washington was eager to have him in the field, and there was but one alternative. He must plead wounds and general debility. He knew that he had suffered much and his wish would not be denied him. On the third of August, Washington wrote his instructions as Commandant of West Point. He proceeded at once to the post and established his headquarters at the rambling frame farmhouse, the country seat of Colonel Beverly Robinson, then at New York, one of Clinton's few confidants in the negotiations with Gustavus.

He invited Richard Varick to come as his secretary and promised that the duties would be light. "As this has the appearance of a quiet post," he added, "I shall expect Mrs. Arnold will soon be with me." Varick was grateful. "The presence of Mrs. Arnold," he replied, with true eighteenth-century distaste for scenic beauties, "will make our situation in the Barren Highlands vastly more agreeable and I am persuaded will more than compensate for any deficiency in nature." The General's friend, Colonel John Lamb, was at the post, and his old enemy, Colonel Hazen. General Wayne, who liked him none too well, commanded an important division of the defenses.

The garrison was taking things easily. "We make ourselves very Merry at this place," Lieutenant Enos Reeves confessed to his diary, "and as there is but few of the inhabitants worthy of our notice, we enjoy ourselves without them.

"The evening of the 29 ultimo several of us dressed in women's clothes and had a genteel Country Dance—spent the evening in great glee."

The famous Arnold became a familiar figure, limping about the headquarters with the help of his cane, or riding over the hills to inspect the works. An officer asked whether the enemy should be met at the works or attacked in the defiles. Arnold replied that he would strike them in the defiles. He was forming his plans, distributing his garrison so that it could be captured in detail. The work was carried on in the form of an elaborate preparation for attack. Signals were arranged, by which the scattered divisions were to coöperate. Washington, he announced, apprehends an intended assault. He ordered that Verplanck's and Stony Points be abandoned at the approach of the enemy, and their garrisons fall back to other defenses. He was worried by the knowledge that a resistance at these places might block the whole enterprise. He ordered that the great chain, placed across the river to prevent ships from passing, be repaired. A link was removed, and the ends so bound together that a vessel could easily break through. He was full of complaints. He besought Timothy Pickering, Quartermaster-General, for powder, ammunition and supplies, and, when this well was dry, turned querulously to Governor George Clinton, of New York, in the same laudable anxiety that Sir Henry should have the best possible bargain. Simultaneously, he continued to feather his own nest by exchanging his paper for specie.

Needless to say, the news of all these doings on the part of Mr. Moore was unraveled with infinite satisfaction at New York by Mr. James Osborn, otherwise His Majesty's Commander-in-chief, and Mr. John Anderson, in public life the Adjutant-General.

Definite suggestions were in order.

"A variety of circumstances," Mr. Anderson was informed on the thirtieth of August, "have prevented my writing you before. I expect to do it very fully in a few days, and to procure you an interview with Mr. M——e, when you will be able to settle your commercial plan, I hope, agreeable to all parties. Mr. M——e assures me that he is still of opinion that his first proposal is by no means unreasonable, and makes no doubt, when he has had a conference with you, that you will close with it. He expects, when you meet, that you will be fully authorized from your House; that the risks and profits of the co-partnership may be fully and clearly understood.

"A speculation at this time might be easily made to advantage with *ready money;* but there is not the quantity of goods *at market* which your partner seems to suppose, and the number of speculators below, I think, will be against your making an immediate purchase. I apprehend the goods will be in greater plenty, and much cheaper, in the course of the season; both dry and wet are much wanted and in demand at this juncture; some quantities are expected in this part of the country soon. Mr. M——e flatters himself, that in the course of ten days he will have the pleasure of seeing you; he requests me to advise you, that he has ordered a draft on you in favour of our mutual friend S——y for £300, which you will charge on account of the *tobacco.* I am, in behalf of Mr. M——e and Co., Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"Gustavus."

Both sides were eager for an "immediate purchase." The number of speculators below, which disturbed Gustavus, were the posts at Stony and Verplanck's Points. The details of the transaction could not be arranged in such veiled correspondence. An interview was necessary, in which Arnold could show his colors and decide his plans. The situation offered an opportunity for a counterplot and a disastrous surprise of the advancing "purchasers." The English, if a personal meeting were effected, could be finally sure of the identity of their secret ally, could bring to a head the wrangle over indemnification and form a definite program for action. The smashing defeat of Gates, "that hero," as Arnold mockingly called him in commenting on the event, had won the South for England. One French fleet was blockaded at Newport, another across the sea at Brest. The time had come for a conquering stroke in the North. General Knyphausen of the mercenaries and Admiral

Rodney were consulted. Off the city, a fleet of transports and ships of war of the proper draught, ostensibly bound on an expedition to the Chesapeake, moved with the gentle swell and moodily tugged at their anchor ropes.

III. Enter Melpomene.

An Englishman who had long trodden the dark mazes of atheistical thought, according to an anecdote popular in America's age of simple faith, was converted to Christianity by reading a history of the American Revolution, wherein he found irrefutable evidence of the hand of God working in the affairs of man. And the adventure which came to its climax at West Point is vivid with a sequence of strange accidents which might force a belief in a higher authorship. The dramatic narrowness with which the great plot failed, carried safely through myriad perils until the last possible moment, until it was wrecked by the last precaution against miscarriage, the tragic mischances by which the traitor escaped and a gallant young soldier was made to die the traitor's death, the utter failure of the long structure of intrigue giving new strength and encouragement to the cause whose ruin it had been designed to complete, all add brilliant color to the tragedy.

Early in September, a new player entered, to increase the contrasts of the scene. Mrs. Arnold, with the baby, a nurse, and Major Franks for escort, arrived at headquarters. The General had wished her to be spared the bustle of camp life during the summer, but winter quarters were being prepared and a quiet season was in order. Every day, however, there was lively company at dinner, her General, and Franks, and Varick, and Dr. Eustis, and gruff old Colonel Lamb, and others, among them a colorless gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. Joshua Hett Smith, who seemed to have the General's confidence but was disliked by the staff because of his reputed Toryism and his impudent, self-confident airs.

From her sickbed at Philadelphia where she had been left with

her one remaining nephew, Hannah wrote to Peggy "a splenatic scrawl," as she called it. "Harry," she wrote, "was inconsolable the whole day you left us, and had, I believe, not less than twenty violent bursts of grief; his little brother Edward seems to be the principal theme of his mournful song. . . . He says he wishes mamma would please to kiss Edward one hundred times for him, and when her hand is in, she may, if she pleases, give him fifty for his aunt."

Peggy's social pleasures as hostess of the post were varied by a correspondence with Major André and other officers of her acquaintance at New York. André found himself primly rebuked for seeking to monopolize her interest. The passage of these little gallantries, as well as of the General's concerns, was rendered more easy by the fact that Arnold was now able to maintain legitimate lines of communication with the enemy.

Arrangements for the plot's concluding interview were taking form. Arnold, considerate of personal dignity, at first demanded an envoy of equal rank. Clinton might have sent the veteran, Major-General James Robertson, who had handled some such matters, but André was the logical and a more competent man, and himself asked for the dangerous mission. Arnold, too, had at last suggested André as a fitting person. Clinton at first refused, for he loved the young man, and saw how closely the dangers balanced the advantages of the project. But the Commandant of the threatened fortress was insistent on an interview, and he at last consented, urging every precaution.

Arnold, anxiously waiting, was uncertain how to expect the emissary. He had suggested that the envoy enter the lines at a certain outpost, and had sent word there that Mr. John Anderson might arrive and was to be conducted immediately to him. On the tenth, he had been rowed down the river in his barge, passed the night at Joshua Smith's house, south of Stony Point, and then on toward a rendezvous where André and Colonel Robinson were waiting. But some British gunboats, without orders in the matter,

opened fire and drove him back, and both parties had returned to their headquarters.

On the sixteenth, the conspirators' ship, an old third-rater sloop-of-war, the *Vulture,* which had been on secret business of the kind before in her time, again crept up the river into the shadow of the mountains, and Robinson, in a dextrously worded note, announced his presence to the Commandant by requesting an interview. Arnold was at dinner when the letter arrived. He broke the seal, glanced over the contents, and remarked casually to the company that the enemy was seeking an interview. Lamb, brows lowered and lone eye sparkling, burst out with solid argument for refusing all but the most necessary communication with the dirty rascals. Arnold pocketed the letter and the subject was dropped without further comment.

Then a disturbing possibility entered his plans. Washington passed the post on his way to a conference with Rochambeau at Hartford. In a few days he expected to return. Arnold was not anxious for his presence at the time of the stroke, as he would undoubtedly take command of the works at the first news of an attack. The traitor met him at King's Ferry, and the two crossed together. This was on the eighteenth of September, toward evening. Arnold drew the letter from his belt and asked his advice. He replied in positive terms of the danger and indignity of meeting an envoy of the enemy in person. He examined through a glass the dark hull of the *Vulture,* anchored below them, and Arnold seemed uneasy. Lafayette mentioned a casual matter.

"General Arnold," he said, "since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen."

For a moment, the dark little man's mouth drooped and his light eyes stared in surprised confusion. His brows narrowed, and he hotly demanded what the question meant. Then he recovered himself and the barge slid on in silence. The farewells were spoken, and Washington and his suite passed on their way. In that moment,

the iron courage of Arnold had wavered, a courage which, through all the long ordeal had been well proven.

André returned to New York, still hopeful of high achievement. A baronet's crest and a brigadier's epaulettes would be his. It was known that Washington might be within range of the conquest. On the night of the nineteenth, Clinton and his staff, in scarlet brilliance, honored the occasion at dinner. André, when it came his turn to sing, gave them the carefree chanson that Wolfe had sung on the eve of his great victory at Quebec.

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?
For should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain.
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Makes all well again."

In the morning, the *Vulture* made sail and swung once more into the North River, creeping up into the highlands under a cloudy sky, her deck wet by passing rainstorms rolling over the mountains. They anchored in Haverstraw Bay, four miles south of Stony Point, and waited. But the night passed without signal or messenger.

Thursday, the twenty-first, passed uneventfully on board the *Vulture*. But Arnold was at Joshua Smith's house, preparing for an eventful night. Smith, who was probably left to conjecture just what it was all about, and in such case probably conjectured wrong, had some days earlier taken his family to visit friends at Fishkill, that the house might be free for General Arnold's important business.

Near midnight Smith left the shore in a heavy skiff, rowed by two of his tenants, whose unwillingness money and threats had narrowly overcome. He had passes from Arnold, and the watch-

word, "Congress," by which to pass the American guard boats. It was a clear night. The oars were muffled with sheepskins. The men tugged laboriously, but the ebb was carrying them forward, within sight, at last, of the black body and spars of the *Vulture,* her lanterns staring wanly across the still, misty water. The sloop's hail was answered, and the skiff slid into the shadow of her side. Smith was bluntly ordered on deck, and the ship's boy showed him into the cabin.

There he was received by Colonel Robinson, in his scarlet regimentals, who apologized for the rough greeting he had received, and introduced him to Lieutenant Sutherland, commander of the *Vulture,* lying ill on his berth. Smith presented a letter from Arnold, and Robinson retired to consult with André, who had been asleep. They had expected Arnold himself to come to the ship. The letter mentioned no emissary, but André was insistent on playing his part. He soon appeared in the cabin, a long blue coat covering his uniform to the boots. With Smith, he climbed down into the boat, and they were rowed to the western shore, near by, under a mountain called the Long Clove. The young officer was led into the deep shadow of a grove of firs, and there exchanged a courteous greeting with a thick, black-cloaked figure, Gustavus, the faint glow of a dark lantern on the ground beside him. Arnold was impatient and nervous. He bade Smith wait for them at the shore, and that gentleman retired to the boat, where his henchmen were already snoring, and waited, trembling with ague, fear and disgruntled pride.

Time passed quickly in the grove of firs, mapping the details by which the outposts were to be cut apart and taken and the main garrison surrendered. As for the reward, ten thousand pounds and a Major-General's commission were the most that could be offered. The darkness was waning through a heavy fog when Smith returned and warned them of the time, but a hot sun was burning the mist away when they were ready to go, and the boatmen, grumbling and hungry, refused to make the trip by daylight.

Smith, his two men, and his negro servant who had ridden

LEAVING THE VULTURE

From an engraving, in the New York Public Library, of the original drawing by Major André

down with the General, went north by water, the conspirators by road on the horses. At Haverstraw they were challenged by a sentry. André was within enemy lines but he could only smother his annoyance, his life in the hands of the dark man riding at his side. The morning sun was warm above them when they dismounted at the square stone mansion of Joshua Hett Smith.

In the meantime, Colonel Livingston, at Verplanck's Point, had shared the annoyance of his garrison at the coming and going of His Majesty's sloop, the *Vulture*. He had applied to Arnold for two heavy guns, confident that he could mount them on a hill and sink her. Arnold had refused with evasive excuses. But Livingston knew a good opportunity when he saw it, and dragged a four pounder out to the promontory of Gallows Point. There he was when the fog lifted, and his gun began to roar and the round shot to splash closer and closer to the offending ship as his gunners improved their aim. With Arnold and André watching from another window, on the other side of the river, the *Vulture* raised her anchor and glided out of range.

Smith came in, and breakfast was eaten, with casual conversation of military matters. The two conspirators retired to an upper room, and there settled, in final form, the plan of attack. André was given six papers, two of them in Arnold's hand, describing the force and disposition of the garrison. He might have noted their substance in a less easily comprehensible form, but the traitor was eager to prove his sincerity when sending them as they were, and suggested he hide them in his stocking under the foot. Before the clock had struck ten, Arnold had finished the business, given a parting admonition to Smith, and had ridden away.

The day passed uneasily, André walking the floor, the hidden papers an uncomfortable reminder of his perilous position at every step. Smith tried in vain to borrow an American uniform from a neighbor. He tried to worm some explanation of the secret conference from the young officer, but only departure interested André. Smith's men refused to make another voyage, and at last, late in

the day, giving André a long coat with a cape, which buttoned closely over his uniform, and a worn beaver hat, the two men, with the negro servant following behind, rode out upon the highway to the south, with its ancient sign-post, "Dishe his de Roode toe de Kshing's Fairy." They had passes from Arnold, but André had found himself obliged to break Clinton's most urgent cautions. He had entered the enemy's lines, he had accepted incriminating papers and he was in disguise. They crossed at King's Ferry, were halted in the night by an American patrol, and slept at a farm near by. In the morning, they rode on a few miles, and then Smith turned back, leaving André with some thirty miles of neutral ground between himself and his triumph.

On Saturday, the twenty-third, Smith was back at headquarters in time for dinner. Besides the General and his lady, Colonel Lamb, Major Franks, Colonel Varick and Dr. Eustis were among the company. Varick had been vastly annoyed by Smith's intimacy with the Commandant, and by his self-confident forwardness, and sat down with the fixed resolution to insult him at the first opportunity. There happened to be a scarcity of butter on the table, and Peggy ordered more. The servant replied that it had all been used.

"Bless me," said the General, affably, "I had forgotten the oil I bought in Philadelphia. It will go very well with the salt fish." The oil was brought, and Arnold remarked that it had cost him eighty dollars.

"Eighty pence," said Smith. "A dollar is no more than a penny."

This impudence was coldly denied by Varick in a manner which, as Colonel Lamb noted with pleasure, carried an intentional insult. Angry assertions and denials were slapped back and forth, Franks joining the game. And then Peggy, seeing the face of her husband hardening with rage, begged the gentlemen to drop the subject as it gave her pain. Varick, in an after-dinner discussion, assured Colonel Lamb that he intended to affront Smith at every opportunity and drive him from the house if he could.

Sunday passed, swept by heavy storms of thunder and rain.

Washington was expected to return by the middle of the week. Only the arrival of André at New York was needed to throw Clinton's waiting forces into West Point.

Monday morning found Margaret presiding primly at her breakfast table. Word had come that General Washington, returning earlier than expected, hoped to join them later at the meal. Across from her, Arnold seemed moody and sullen. It was the day on which he expected to be the guiding spirit in a scene of wild turmoil, a play of tragic defeat that was to be, in reality, his glorious victory. A horseman was at the door. It might have been the first news of attack. Lieutenant Allen entered with a dispatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson of the outpost at New Castle. Arnold rose to his feet, his fingers swiftly ripping under the seal. The letter briefly informed him that an officer of the enemy, calling himself John Anderson, had been captured in disguise and was being sent, under guard, to headquarters. Incriminating papers found upon him had been forwarded to Washington. The General excused himself. He walked to the door, limping quickly on his cane, and ordered a horse, any horse. He then climbed the stair to Mrs. Arnold's room, and sent for her. His explanation was brief, and as she paled, fainting in his arms, he laid her on the bed, near which the child was sleeping.

Down to the water side where his six-oared barge lay moored, the desperate adventurer rode at a gallop. He called hoarsely to the bargemen as he climbed aboard, and the craft glided out to midstream. He ordered them to row down the river and to waste no time, as he must be back to meet General Washington. He was priming his pistols. He remonstrated angrily when Larvey, the coxswain, told him the men in their haste had come armed with only two swords. All the way, he was nervously cocking and half cocking his pistols. He promised them two gallons of rum for reward. The men wet their breathless lips, and the barge sped through the water. Near King's Ferry lay the *Vulture,* waiting still for André. He tied a handkerchief to his cane, waved it, and ordered

the crew to row for the ship. Bewildered, they watched him climb over the vessel's side. In a while he was back again, with a smile of persuasion on his dark face.

"My lads, I have quitted the Rebel army, and joined the standard of his Britannic Majesty. If you will join me, I will make sergeants and corporals of you all, and for you, James, I will do something more."

"No, sir," said James Larvey. "One coat is enough for me to wear at a time." Two men, already deserters from the crown, accepted the terms. The others were allowed to return after a brief imprisonment.

Washington had been detained from Peggy's breakfast table on that morning, by a desire to inspect the lower fortifications on the river. Lafayette had remonstrated that their hostess would be waiting.

"Ah, Marquis," the big soldier replied, "you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. Go and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river." Lafayette, however, remained, and it had been an aide, Colonel Alexander Hamilton, who had brought the message to headquarters, and watched, unsuspecting, the hurried flight of the traitor.

He was glad that General Arnold knew of his coming, the Commander remarked, later, for his salute would have a splendid echo over the mountains. As they neared headquarters, Colonel Lamb appeared, with the news that Arnold had left on sudden urgent business across the river, promising to return immediately. At headquarters, Jameson's messenger, with the incriminating papers, at last overtook them. Hamilton read the tightly folded sheets, and hurried to the General, spoke to him urgently in a low tone and they entered the house together. In a few minutes, Hamilton was galloping down along the river, in the hope of intercepting the fugitive, and Washington was breaking the heartrending news in confidence to Lafayette and Knox, with a pitiable, "Whom can we

trust now?" They turned at once to preparation for the defense of the works.

In the little headquarters family, an air of mystery prevailed, deepening with the continued absence of the Commandant. The child's nurse had found his mother unconscious on her bed, and thus she had lain for more than an hour and, when she opened her eyes, it was in wild hysteria. Her clothing in disarray, her hair hanging about her shoulders and over her face, Franks and Varick and the old woman tried vainly to quiet her. She cried that she was alone, surrounded by murderers. They promised that General Arnold would soon be with her.

"Oh, no, no, no," she moaned, "he is gone, gone forever!" When Varick tried to assure her he would soon return with Washington, she cried, pointing to the ceiling, "General Arnold will never return. He is gone, he is gone forever, *there, there, there,* the spirits have carried him up there."

This stirred a suspicion. Some one had seen the General's barge headed down the river. Dr. Eustis had been called, and had found Peggy struggling in the arms of the two men at the head of the stairs. "Colonel Varick," she cried, "have you ordered my child to be killed?" and fell at his knees, pleading for the baby's life. They laid her on the bed in convulsions. The doctor begged them for God's sake to find Arnold or the woman would die. They took him aside and whispered their suspicion that Arnold had gone to the enemy.

With Peggy crying that there was a hot iron on her head and only General Washington could take it away, the tall Virginian, anxiety deepening the lines of his handsome face, came to her bedside. They told her it was Washington, but she could see only a big man come to murder her child, and they left her, screaming in a frenzy of terror that Colonel Varick was killing the child. The sad plight of Peggy, so affectionately nurtured and so cruelly stricken by fate, made her an object of compassionate interest, especially to the young Marquis. "As for myself," he confessed to

Luzerne, "you know that I have always been fond of her, and at this moment she interests me intensely. We are certain that she knew nothing of the plot." She came to herself at last, awakening from a stupor, and faced her situation, tearless and frightened, eager to return to her father.

While Washington was restoring order at the post, he received a communication from its absent Commandant. The letter was in a thoroughly characteristic style.

"On Board the Vulture, Sept 25th, 1780.

"Sir,—

"The heart which is conscious of its own rectitude, cannot attempt to palliate a step which the world may censure as wrong; I have ever acted upon the principle of love to my country, since the commencement of the present unhappy contest between Great Britain and the Colonies. The same principle of love to my country actuates my present conduct, however it may appear inconsistent to the world, who very seldom judge right of a man's actions.

"I have no favor to ask for myself; I have too often experienced the ingratitude of my country to attempt it; but from the known humanity of your Excellency I am induced to ask your protection for Mrs. Arnold, from every insult and injury that the mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought to fall only on me. She is as good and as innocent as an angel and is incapable of doing wrong. I beg she may be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia or to come to me, as she may choose; from your Excellency I have no fears on her account, but she may suffer from the mistaken fury of the country.

"I have to request that the inclosed letter may be delivered to Mrs. Arnold, and she permitted to write to me.

"I have also to ask that my clothes and baggage which are of little consequence may be sent to me. If required, their value shall be paid in money.

"I have the honor to be

"With great regard and esteem,

"Your Excellency's most obedient humble servant

"B. Arnold.

"N. B. In justice to the gentlemen of my family, Colonel Varick and Major Franks, I think myself in honor bound to declare, that they, as well as Joshua Smith, Esquire, who I know is suspected, are totally ignorant of any transactions of mine that they had reason to believe were injurious to the public."

After a week of trial and consideration, Major André received sentence to be hanged as a spy. The young officer, whose own ingenuous valor and scorn of cunning had betrayed him into his disguise and into the hands of the three freebooters whose good fortune it had been to capture him, was an object of general compassion. But for all that, he was a spy, and the chief accomplice in the conspiracy, and it was not a time for lenity. Before a great concourse, civil and military, he was executed.

The death of André must have been as sharp an agony to Arnold as it was to Clinton and the staff, but in a different way. He wrote again to Washington.

"Sir,—

"The wanton execution of a gallant British officer in cold blood may be only the prelude to further butcheries on the same ill-fated occasion. Necessity compelled me to leave behind me in your camp a wife and offspring, that are endeared to me by every sacred tie.

"If any violence be offered to them, remember I will revenge their wrongs in a deluge of American blood.

"Yours, etc.
"B. Arnold.

"New York, October 5, 1780."

As for Peggy, and the offspring, Washington had offered her the choice of New York or Philadelphia, and she had chosen Philadelphia.

IV. Providence is Congratulated.

The treason of Arnold threw all the American spies into a panic, "seems to have frightened," said Washington, "all my intelligencers out of their senses." Arnold, however, had but little on that score to reveal, and for the Americans, the advantages of his plot, so providentially thwarted, appeared immediately. It not only afforded conspicuous evidence of Divine favor, for which thanks were duly offered in public proclamation, it gave the cause what

long searching and experimentation had not until then discovered, a perfect villain. Arnold's example was expected to strengthen the loyalist party, but it only added infamy to the name of Tory. When Clinton sent emissaries with offers of wages and warm quarters to the revolting Pennsylvania Line, they spurned fiercely the idea of "becoming Arnolds," and the men were hanged.

In Philadelphia, the news of the treason brought an instant reaction of hangings in effigy. This pleasurable sport culminated in a grand public parade on the thirtieth of September, at the center of which, to the tune of Rogues' March, the figure of Arnold was borne upon a cart. For this representation the citizens had called for the services of their artist, Captain Peale, and the resulting float was an object of universal applause. Surrounded by elegant transparencies depicting the events at West Point, the traitor rode, seated, as had been his wont, with the left leg across a chair. He was double-faced, holding in his hand a mask. In front of him on a large green transparency, his crimes were set forth. Behind him stood the devil prodding him with a pitchfork and holding out a bag of money. Towns vied with one another in the exactness of their figures of Arnold and the devil, and the elaborate detail of their hangings or burnings. At his native Norwich, and elsewhere in New England, the traitor was henceforth substituted for His Holiness or Guy Fawkes in "Pope Day's" annual expressions of abhorrence.

In the human tendency to exaggerate a mystery, and to imagine vast ramifications to conspiracies, there was a hurried search for tangible victims among the Tory class. Had all who were arrested been active conspirators, the plot would have been an absurdly weak one, and against none who were tried, merchants of Philadelphia, Franks, Varick, and others, could proof be found. Of the traitor's family, his sons made their way to New York. A young cousin, whom Arnold had helped in his schooling, enlisted now and served with John Paul Jones. Hannah Arnold went home to New Haven. "Let me ask the pity of all my friends," she wrote

sadly. "Never was there a more proper object of it. Forsake me not in my distress, I conjure you."

In 1784, when Lafayette came to Fredericksburg to pay his respects to the mother of Washington he found her in simple, homespun raiment, a plain straw hat over her white hair, at work among her flowers. The young Marquis praised his General effusively. And to this the old lady replied, quite simply, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

Similarly, the people of Norwich and New Haven were never tired of reiterating that they were not surprised by Benedict Arnold, who had always been a remarkably bad one. Wayne had felt forewarned by the "peculate talents," and the "dirty, dirty acts," by which Arnold had made two ends meet in the last months. Samuel Adams and James Lovell and other of the critics of Washington dilated on their previous suspicions. But in spite of Arnold's rude breaking of all the ties of friendship, sturdy John Lamb refused to allow his reputation as a soldier to suffer. Arnold had offered his compliments by a flag of truce and Lamb had replied that when the traitor was hanged he would be willing to go barefoot to see the execution. He once deplored, at mess, that so capable a soldier should prove so despicable a villain. A brigadier of Gates' staff contradicted him.

"Consummate courage, sir! Where has he ever exhibited any proof of such qualities?" Lamb mentioned some instances.

"Pshaw, sir. Mere Dutch courage. He was drunk, sir."

"Sir," said Lamb, "let me tell you, that drunk or sober, you will never be an Arnold, or fit to compare with him in any military capacity." The table was hushed, a challenge in order, and hotly forthcoming, when General Putnam, in his guttural lisp, interrupted the dispute.

"Whatth all thith? God cuth it, gentlemen, let the traitor go! Here's Wathington's health in a brimmer."

To him who would most have enjoyed the pleasures of "I told

you so," they were denied. At the time of the treason, Colonel John Brown was in command of the militia near Stone Arabia, out in the Mohawk country. A few days later he was leading a small party through the wilderness. The men were halted by a sudden warning cry, followed instantly by a murderous hidden fire. And the officer, conspicuous by his sword and the bright sash around his waist, fell forward, pierced through the heart.

The Shippens now enlarged on their former hesitancy in agreeing to Peggy's marriage. They did all in their power to allay the suspicions of the Council. But the letter from André had been found, and a letter of Peggy's criticizing some ladies at a concert was deemed incriminating evidence. They pled that she was willing never to write to her husband and to submit all letters from him to examination. As for Peggy, she kept to her room, on the bed most of the time, in hapless misery. Late in October, the Council decreed that she leave the state within two weeks. There was a common feeling that the plot had begun with her marriage, and that she was at the bottom of it.

"Our correspondent," an editor sagely observed, in introducing the subject of Mrs. Arnold, "concludes with the remark on the fallacious and dangerous sentiments so frequently avowed in this city, that female opinions are of no consequence in public matters. The Romans thought far otherwise, or we should not have heard of the Clelias, the Cornelias, and the Anias of antiquity; and had we thought and acted like them we should have despised and banished from social intercourse every character, whether male or female, which could be so lost to virtue, decency and humanity, as to revel with the murderers and plunderers of their countrymen."

Peggy stayed her full two weeks, and then set out for New York, her father at her side. There were no angry demonstrations as the pale little woman came by. One village, where they stopped, even postponed its carting and hanging of the traitor that she might pass a quiet night.

CHAPTER XII

THE PROUD WARRIOR

I. A British Brigadier.

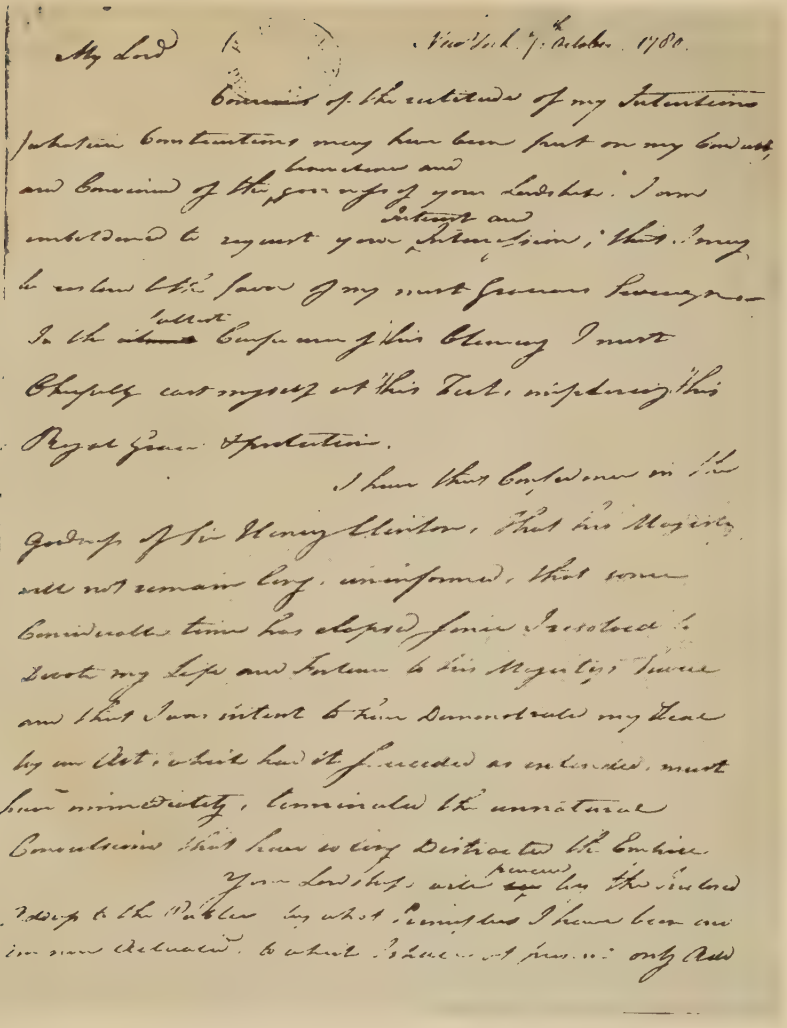
The pinnacles of Benedict Arnold's career stand in the five crowded years of war, between the Captain of the Governor's Guards, and the scheming Major-General at West Point. He came to New York, a refugee, at the mercy of the man whose dearest friend was to die in his place, and into a society that was unsympathetic and distrustful from the first. But there was no surrender or no weakening of purpose and the twenty years that followed are as vivid and romantic in their struggle as all that had gone before.

Late on the twenty-fifth, before a faint evening breeze, the *Vulture* crept up to the lights of the city, and dropped anchor in the still, black water. In the morning, an object of wonder and curiosity as the story leaked out, the renegade landed and was escorted to headquarters. "A lively little man," wrote Lord Loughborough, "and more like a Gentleman than nine out of ten General officers." He showed no awkwardness among them, but an easy and pleasant confidence mingled with his wonted formality. Repugnance, for a time, was smothered by strategic necessity. The delivery of West Point having failed, all the bargaining was void. It was necessary, however, to treat the traitor well, in the hope that his example and welcome might inspire other supporters of the wavering rebel cause to do likewise. The English press presented a flattering view of a man who had acted sternly under stern conviction. "The loss of such an experienced officer," a London paper declared, "must be severely felt by the Americans, and his known

probity will make that cause appear very bad, which he could no longer support with honour." Secret rebel sympathizers in the city were being arrested and, for all the sad plight of André, a feeling of optimism prevailed, even among those who could not admire the traitor. "The ship is sinking," people said, "when the rats begin to leave her."

Arnold was not without friends at headquarters, where it was currently reported that he had offered to return in exchange for André. The Americans had made a proposal of the sort to Clinton, but it was hardly in accord with his program for encouraging political conversions. Clinton cut down the promised ten thousand pounds to six thousand guineas and allowed him the rank of Brigadier-General of provincial troops. He penned a vindication of his actions, which was at once published as a broadside. He reported his conduct to the ministry, and offered a plan for future action. Assume the rebel soldiers' arrears of pay, he advised, and add a bounty for deserters, half down, the rest at the end of the war. Washington might succumb to a title. Form a commission with decisive powers to offer a liberal peace. Proceed with force against what opposition would remain. The rest of the document was filled with personal sufferings and their insufficient compensation.

New York, burdened now with barracks and prisons, was no longer the charming provincial town it once had been. The trees had been cut down, the ground torn up by fortifications, both British and American. Successive fires had destroyed many of the houses. Almost deserted at one time, its population had been raised again by an influx of Tory refugees. To young Nicholas Cresswell the flavor of the city was not a pleasant one. "Noisesome vapours," he observed, "arise from the mud left in the docks and slips at low water, and unwholesome smells are occasioned by such a number of people being crowded together in so small a compass almost like herrings in a barrel, most of them very dirty and not a small number sick of some disease, the Itch, Pox, Fever, Flux, so that all together there is a complication of stinks, enough to drive a person



"CONSCIOUS OF THE RECTITUDE OF MY INTENTIONS—"

A draft of the letter to Germaine, in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

whose sense of smelling was very delicate and his lungs of the finest contexture, into a consumption in a space of twenty-four hours. If any author had an inclination to write a treatise upon stinks and ill smells, he never could meet with more subject matter than in New York, or anyone who had abilities and inclinations to expose the vicious and unfeeling part of human nature, or the various arts, ways and means, that are used to pick up a living in this world, I recommend New York as a proper place to collect his characters." There were, however, a small but pleasantly sophisticated society and an orderly government in which the citizens were allowed to share. Important in the concerns of both, there walked an elderly, amiable individual, Major-General James Robertson.

Robertson had begun his soldier's life as a private. He was a plodding, careful Scotchman, with a good Scotch burr in his voice. "Jemmy" he was called, not always good-naturedly. In 1779 he had been made one of the Board of Commissioners for restoring peace, and had succeeded Tryon as civil governor of New York. He was full of plans and ideas on both of these subjects, which he delivered to the public in successive well-intentioned proclamations. He entertained the mistaken opinion that the flood of refugee Tories into the city represented a general desire to live under British civil government. In New York society he was known for his love of a good table. In the town he was suspected of using his position for profit and was exposed to a popular abuse similar to that of Arnold at Philadelphia except that he received it without any noticeable perturbation or remark. He was pictured groveling before young girls as he poured his ill-gotten wealth at their feet, and it was common to speak of a clipped coin as a "Robertson." He had, in point of fact, had a finger in the trade with the rebels, in which concealment was but a formality, for it brought in valuable supplies, and he did enjoy a chat with the ladies. He had come in contact with the rebels in varied capacities. He had a part in the maintenance of the American prisoners, which put him in a position to offer advantageous terms to such errant subjects as might be

persuaded to return to their allegiance. His only success in this field, however, was with General Parsons of Connecticut, who insisted on keeping a leg on each side of the fence. He had been one of the Committee that had gone up the Hudson to plead for the life of André. It was at his house in New York that Arnold found his first quarters, and there he received the famous General with a courteous interest.

A legend went abroad to prove that the guest was not a welcome one. It was the duty of the aides and general officers in turn to accompany Arnold on his rides through the town, and Robertson's aide objects, swearing he will not be seen with such a scoundrel.

"Hut! hut! mun!" says old Jemmy, giving a hitch to his breeches, "what do ye think of *my* feelings?"

Three brigadiers now commanded the provincial auxiliaries, Oliver DeLancey, Courtlandt Skinner and Benedict Arnold. Their commands, however, were small, for the American loyalists, while great in number, were far behind the radical party in martial ardor. They were wont to rely upon His Majesty's seemingly inexhaustible supply of troops, much as the patriots were coming to rely upon the support of France. Several bodies had been raised, however, and had served with distinction, notable among them for their fine *esprit de corps,* Colonel John Graves Simcoe's Queen's Rangers Huzzars, coated in green with blue collars and cuffs, and crowned with tall leather caps. Simcoe was popular with the American loyalists, a splendidly efficient soldier with a brilliant career in state and army before him. Arnold at once began the organization of a similar force, the American Legion. The promise of a dashing cavalry corps attracted a number of stalwart young men, and the General's three strong sons, mere boys as they were, received commissions. Within two weeks, seventy-five troopers were on the muster rolls. These briskly moving activities the rebels were now making a desperate effort to interrupt.

During the Revolution the English and Americans had amused themselves with the sport, uncommon in other wars, of stealing

one another's generals. The Continental army had been relieved for a while of a dangerously overrated officer when some of the troopers of his old command in Portugal had roused Major-General Charles Lee from his bed and carried him off to New York. A few months later, in July, 'seventy-seven, General Robert Prescott, commanding the British forces in Rhode Island, had been spirited away by a daring Yankee officer. The English, however, had slapped last when a small party slipped up the Sound to Fairfield and seized the person of General Gold Silliman, of Ridgefield fight. Immediately on the desertion of Arnold large rewards had been offered for his capture, for, costly as the business might prove, no amount of hangings in effigy could replace the satisfaction to be derived from a genuine execution. There were several attempts at an apprehension. One has become justly famous for its story of adventure. Beneath it lay the repressed, the long-lived, deep burning anger of Washington.

A plan was formed before the end of September. The Commander-in-chief consulted Major Henry Lee, in whose famous Partisan Legion it would not be difficult to find a young man with the cool daring needed for the scheme. To Sergeant-Major John Champe, of tried courage, the honor was accorded, a tall Virginian of twenty-four years, powerful of body and with a quiet, thoughtful countenance that was not easily read. Washington was well pleased with the young man, whose dark face lighted with excitement as the mission was explained. He was to enter New York as a deserter and enlist in a loyalist corps. He was to test the truth of recent evidence that another American general was negotiating with the enemy, and, with the aid of spies in the city, he was to form and execute a plan for the capture of Arnold. Glory and a more mercenary reward were promised. There was only one obstacle. Up to that time but one dragoon had deserted from the Legion. The Sergeant refused to be known to his comrades as the second turncoat, and only with the greatest difficulty were the two officers able to persuade him that a point of honor might at times be disregarded.

Sergeant Champe, accordingly, became the second deserter, pounding at a gallop through a dark night, down the west bank of the Hudson toward New York. Light Horse Harry did what he could to delay the chase, but the men soon found the mark of the Legion's horseshoes and were hot on the trail. Again and again the pursuers came within sight of the rider, and once they all but cut him off. Two British galleys lay on the river near Bergen. Champe dropped from his horse and raced across a swamp, drawn sword in hand, calling at the bank for help. He was swimming for his life upon the river when boats slid out from the ships and opened fire on the infuriated dragoons.

Champe was welcomed at headquarters. He presented the orderly book of his corps, and gave information that might be proven correct. Now that Arnold had changed sides, he asserted as his opinion that the rebels would soon be deserting in regiments. He was introduced to Arnold, who listened with pleasure to the story of his escape and gave him the rank of Sergeant-Major in the American Legion. He next found the spies, who thereafter kept him in touch with headquarters, and he soon proved that the charges of further treachery that had worried Washington were false. He was urged to hasten the capture of the apostate, in the hope of substituting him for André. Timothy Brinly Mount, a storekeeper in New York who had once been pressed into service in a Tory regiment, made it his business to learn Arnold's habits. By day and by night, the traitor was shadowed through the streets, and the house watched. Mount had a bill against Arnold for liquor, which enabled him to enter the quarters. By these means it was discovered that the General returned thither at twelve in the evening, and, before retiring, walked to a shaded enclosure at the rear of the garden behind the house. There, hidden by the shrubbery, he could be seized and gagged. Ten days had elapsed. Word was sent to Lee, who was to be waiting in the woods at Hoboken with a few dragoons. Palings in the tall fence around the garden were loosened for their entrance. The streets were chosen by which the

prisoner could be carried to the waterfront. If stopped, they would tell a story of a drunken soldier being carried home. Champe had five men to aid him with the final act.

But the act was never played. On the day before, Arnold moved to quarters nearer the river, where he could supervise the embarkation of troops destined for a raiding expedition. As the American Legion consisted chiefly of deserters, and what had happened once might very logically be expected to happen again, the little corps was the first to be ordered into the transports. John Champe, in futile fury and disgust, found himself a British soldier on a British ship of war, and without him the adventure was not attempted. There the old ballad ends its tale.

"Full soon the British fleet set sail!
Say! wasn't that a pity?
For then it was brave Sergeant Champe
Was taken from the City.

"To southern climes the shipping flew,
And anchored in Virginia,
When Champe escaped and joined his friends
Among the picinnini.

"Base Arnold's head, by luck was saved,
Poor André was gibbeted.
Arnold's to blame for André's fame,
And André's to be pitied."

Unconscious of how narrowly he had been spared to her, Peggy came in from Philadelphia to stand again by her husband's side and watch him across the table. She was a woman, untroubled by detached ethical standards, and in his care fears were quieted again and she loved him still. She was followed into the city by tales of marital infidelities inspired by her husband's political faithlessness, but her devotion and dependence were too apparent for them long to survive. She was received in headquarters society with distinction,

and had, as a good gossip set it down in writing, as much attention paid her "as if she had been Lady Clinton." She seemed saddened, the good lady observed, not in accord with the life of plays and gaming and amorous adventuring which the presence of the army's gay and gallant young officers had brought upon the town. "P— A— is not so much admired here for her beauty as one might have expected. All allow she has great Sweetness in her countenance, but wants Animation, sprightliness and that fire in her eyes which was so captivating in Capt. L.'s wife." She became a heroine of the expected movement for returning to the King's allegiance, and, as it seemed to be the custom to measure such actions in pecuniary terms, received the sum of three hundred and fifty pounds for her "services," which, as Sir Henry Clinton assured the world some years later, were "very meritorious."

Three hundred and fifty pounds, however, were not sufficient to appease the General's outraged consciousness of the justice of his intentions. There was an inevitable coldness between Clinton and Arnold which necessity forbade either to express. Arnold, with all his fire and tactlessness, had pled with Sir Henry to march out of the city and crush Washington and Rochambeau in the field, and when the plan was rejected, offered to deliver the stroke himself with five thousand men. "It would be much better now," an Englishman observed, "for General Arnold to be in London than at New York." Clinton had Gates' contempt for unnecessary risks. His forces were insufficient for certain conquest, or even for outposts such as those attempted at Newport and Philadelphia. It was therefore his policy to send out successive formidable expeditions to destroy the American commerce and economic life, a policy which served only to exasperate the country, and had already destroyed all possibility of a reconciliation.

The old men at headquarters, Robertson and Admiral Rodney, were also a nuisance to the harassed Commander-in-chief. Concerning Robertson, he wrote, "People put strange things in his head, as you will see by one of his proclamations about opening courts

of law. I give him all power, patronage, everything but what would ruin us, Civil Government in our present state. Between the two old gentlemen I am almost Mad, but Robertson is more tractable and above chicane." Robertson had returned from England in April, 1780, and had set himself at once to do what he could toward the restoration of civil government in the few acres that still remained to His Majesty, and in this work Arnold joined him with enthusiasm, and included the idea in his suggestions to the Ministry. Malicious rumor insisted that it was merely a plot of Robertson and his friends to put themselves in better position for exacting graft. There is no evidence, however, to doubt the sincerity or the modest ethics of the old Scotchman, and Arnold had no time for petty gambling. He must prove his worth to the lagging British cause. Clinton saw in the scheme for civil government only a foolhardy attempt to saddle him with some such blundering Congress as that which was burdening the rebels. But Arnold knew the American militia system well, and believed that if the loyalists established the same, supported by a democratic civil government, the old conservative party, which still lay inactive throughout the country, could be brought into the field, a rising which the struggling little rebel army could not withstand.

Clinton was suspicious of Arnold, and knew that he would be held responsible for him. Nevertheless, it was policy to honor him with a post in the field and convenience to get him out of New York, and he was assigned to the command of an expedition to Virginia, his zeal in preparing for which had already saved him from the young Sergeant-Major of his corps. Colonels Simcoe and Dundas, in the complete confidence of Sir Henry, were to watch for signs of treachery and guard against rashness, and what Simcoe remarked was Arnold's "gasconading disposition and military ignorance." His orders were to destroy the public resources of Virginia consisting, notably, of tobacco. On the tenth of December the fleet sailed.

Scattered by a furious gale, the ships were forming again on the

thirteenth off the capes of the Chesapeake. With three transports still unsighted, Arnold sailed up the James, landed at Westover on the fourth of January, and marched for Richmond with eight hundred men, half of his complete array. Virginia was taken by surprise, utterly unprepared. Governor Thomas Jefferson offered a reward of five thousand pounds for the traitor. But the militia, a scant two hundred, were utterly inadequate for resistance. On the fifth, the invaders were at Richmond, a mere village then, and Arnold, with his eye for a saving and a bargain, sent word to the Governor that if his ships were allowed to pass unmolested up the river and bring down the captured stores, the warehouses would not be fired. This was refused. In a haze of tobacco smoke, drunken soldiers roared merrily through the streets for a while. Arnold was seizing private property to supply his army, paying half the current price. Hatred greatly exaggerated the extent and ruthlessness of the destruction. The discomfited Virginians were preparing a great fireship, the *Dragon,* with which to destroy his fleet, but it came to nothing. Burning a few foundries and magazines in the neighborhood, Arnold returned with fleet and army to Portsmouth, and there entrenched for the winter.

There he had established a base from which the work of destruction might be concluded in the spring. But the mere presence of Arnold doubled the interest in the campaign, and circumstances continued to increase its importance. A plan was projected for a French flotilla to destroy Arnold's fleet and leave him at the mercy of the gathering militia. The ships were sent, but found themselves unable to attack at an advantage, and returned. In the meantime, Virginia had brought some four thousand men into the field, and on the nineteenth of March, General Muhlenberg brought five hundred men into action in a hot skirmish before the works at Portsmouth. His advance was checked at a narrow dyke by a Hessian Captain with a scant two score chasseurs. "On these occasions," Captain Ewald theorized, "we must screw the heels of our shoes firmly to the ground, and not think of moving off, and we

shall seldom find an adversary who will run over us in such a position." Ewald was wounded in the knee, and Arnold visited him after the fight. Angrily, in his thick accent, the German demanded why he had not been reinforced. Arnold replied that he had thought the position untenable.

"So long as one chasseur lives," the wounded man retorted, "no damned American shall come over the dyke." Arnold was piqued, and refused to mention the chasseurs in his reports, until the complaints of officers forced him to do so, with an apology.

In the meantime, the Marquis de Lafayette, with a body of picked troops, was marching south to take charge of the operations before Portsmouth, to create a diversion favorable to the plans of General Greene in South Carolina, and with orders, should the traitor fall into his power, to put him to death in the most summary manner. In answer to this challenge, three thousand men were dispatched from New York, under Major-General William Phillips. Phillips, the haughty conquerer of Ticonderoga, was not an officer to regard General Arnold as his social equal. He had been exchanged for Lincoln, whom Clinton had taken at his capture at Charleston, and now, outranking the energetic brigadier, he superseded him in the command. He arrived on the twenty-sixth of March. A month later, the combined armies marched inland on Petersburgh, for a new compaign of fire and devastation, enlivened by sharp skirmishes. They defeated a rebel force and took Petersburgh. There John Champe had at last the pleasure of deserting to the motley army of Continentals and militia under Lafayette, which was dogging the traitor's marches but still too weak for resistance. Arnold was detached against an American squadron on the James, which, with his round shot thundering across close to the surface of the water, he soon saw scuttled by its crews and abandoned in flames. Phillips, meanwhile, marched to Manchester, and a new conflagration was lighted, the sweet scented smoke rolling over the river to Richmond where Lafayette waited, too weak to risk an action. On the seventh of May, Phillips

fell ill with a fever, and Arnold succeeded to the command. On the thirteenth, the army returned to Petersburgh, where, on that day, Phillips died. When Lafayette heard of the event, and learned that a communication on the exchange of prisoners was from the hand of Arnold, he expressed a polite regard for the English army, but refused to hold any intercourse with the traitor. Arnold was in a blustering fury, full of futile threats of vengeance. To further his annoyance, there was a common rumor that he had poisoned Phillips to get control of the army.

At the same time, the face of the campaign was changing again. Lord Cornwallis was in North Carolina with nearly three thousand men. He decided that before dealing with Greene, to the south of him, he would join Phillips, to the north, and complete the conquest of Virginia, on whom Greene was depending for supply of reinforcements. With Arnold's help, the junction was easily effected at Petersburgh, Lafayette unable to offer any serious resistance. Arnold, in spite of Cornwallis' friendly interest in his career, was not eager to continue in a subordinate command, away from Peggy, from headquarters and the prosecution of his plan for reuniting the empire. He at once asked, and received, permission to return to New York. For him the campaign had ended. For Cornwallis it continued to October and culminated in the capitulation at Yorktown.

He returned in June, his fortune increased by more than two thousand pounds prize money. In July he called on William Smith, Chief Justice under Robertson's civil government, and expressed himself on a few points. He was disgusted at the inactivity. Washington was moving about the outskirts of New York with entirely too much freedom. Cornwallis, in Virginia with only seven thousand men, should be reinforced, and he himself would be willing to march to his support with any force they would give him. With a command and a free rein, he would by this time have driven the Congress out of Philadelphia, and made His Majesty's power felt throughout the Colonies. The Virginia raids had obvi-

ously accomplished nothing to his satisfaction, and he was embittered by the lack of any sweeping success following his change of allegiance.

He had proven himself a vigorous and efficient officer, and yet he had done nothing to clear his name of the shadow upon it. His proclamation in Virginia summoning the inhabitants to join him in repelling the rebel "banditti" had failed of any effect. His zeal to prove himself worthy and loyal, on the other hand, by a prompt and rigorous prosecution of his orders, had brought upon himself and his men an undeserved reputation for wanton barbarity. Conscious of the difficulties of his situation, he had taken pains to protect the inhabitants from plundering or other irregularities popular among invading armies. It was essential, however, that he raise no doubts of the fidelity of his new allegiance by any lenity in carrying out his instructions. The reputation for barbarity was none the less acquired, and reflected to the troops he commanded.

The British soldier, whom the Americans now regarded as a monster of brutality, was, quite frequently, a good, hymn-singing Methodist, and a good fellow among his comrades at all times. He was more thoroughly part of a military machine than the American fighter, but was not always, even in action, swayed by the passion to kill. Young Nicholas Stoner, full of the devil and rebellion, as wild a boy as ever came out of the backwoods, never forgot the big grenadier who pulled him out of the way of a comrade's bayonet thrust with a ponderous, "Vast, shipmate, it's only a child." The English soldiers had their opinions and ideals, and General Arnold, much as they may have admired him as an enemy, was not easily to win their respect.

On the twenty-seventh of August Margaret's second boy was born, and they christened him in honor of James Robertson. A soldier's son, with a soldier's name, he was to win distinction in the field, and then at Court, and to rise to the highest rank in the army. A week later, the father sailed in command of a new

marauding force, the record of which was to complete his reputation for truculent ferocity.

Large deposits of stores were carried at New London, poorly defended. Of especial interest was the British armed ship, *Hannah,* with a cargo valued at eighty thousand pounds, captured that summer by the New London privateer, *Minerva.* Arnold was eager for action, and his knowledge of the country fitted him for the work.

In the first hour of the morning of September sixth his ships were struggling with an unfavorable wind off the threatened harbor, and the sun was up before they could beat into the channel. New London, on the west bank of the Thames, had only the feeble defenses of Fort Trumbull, but across the water, on the high eminence over Groton village, Fort Griswold offered a more difficult problem. Griswold was firing the "'larum" to the countryside, two guns at regular intervals, and Arnold destroyed the effect of this by bringing in, properly timed, a third salute from one of his own ships. Two miles below the town, at about nine in the morning, he landed his men, a division on each side of the river. One division marched for Groton Heights. He himself, with the other, took Fort Trumbull without difficulty and entered New London. The people were moving their ships out of reach up the river. This it was impossible for him to prevent until Fort Griswold fell. Fort Griswold, moreover, was annoying the new garrison of Fort Trumbull with a bombardment to which it was unable to reply. Arnold had been told that the works at Groton were unfinished and manned by a force of twenty or thirty. He and his staff rode to a hill above New London to watch the capture, and there realized immediately that the little earthen redoubt, its cannon bellowing in confident defiance across the river, would not be taken as easily as he had expected. He dispatched an aide to countermand his orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre to attack, but the message arrived too late.

Eyre had already received a refusal to his summons and was advancing on three sides of the works in solid columns, broad gaps

repeatedly torn in his ranks by a murderous fire of great shot from the fort. He fell wounded, but his men pushed on irresistibly, gained lodgements in the outer defenses, and, with the battle nearly an hour old, broke through a last desperate stand, and poured into the open parade of the fort. The little garrison of a hundred and fifty was at the mercy of the infuriated men, who had now their first chance to avenge their losses in the assault. The Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel William Ledyard, advanced toward the victors, holding his sword by the blade, raising and lowering it in sign of surrender. It was thrust through his body as the wave of scarlet swept over, and there followed a brief orgy of vengeance. An officer ran wildly about, waving his sword, screaming, "Stop! Stop! In the name of Heaven! My soul can't bear it!" A young Yankee sergeant found himself pleading for his life from a big soldier stabbing blindly at him with his bayonet and roaring, "Bejasus, I'll skipper ye!" Captain Bromfield, now in command of the victors, came upon some of the maddened men shooting down the rebels who had fled into the magazine and beat them back with his sword, shouting to them, "Stop firing! You will send us all to hell together!" The massacre was quickly over. Bromfield retired with about sixty prisoners, half their number wounded, and the fort was blown up behind them.

Arnold immediately turned to the burning of the warehouses, and these, with a shift in the wind and explosions of gunpowder, fired the town. In the rush and confusion there was no hope of controlling the fires, which offered the Americans one more atrocity for their formidable list, and was deeply regretted by Clinton. The massacre was but a normal consequence of such an attack, but the burning of New London and the outcry that followed it seemed to prove that General Arnold could not be used to advantage in the American war.

"Arnold did not return until yesterday afternoon from New London owing to Head Winds," Justice Smith confided gloomily to his diary. "It is a bad symptom that the Army thinks their

Losses greater than the Rebels. G. R. talks in this pitiable Strain. He is a Dotard and abandoned to Frivolity. He has Parties of Girls in the Fort Garden, in the midst of his and our Fears, and the Anxieties of the Hour."

Arnold was back in New York in time for the parades and banqueting that welcomed the visit of the young Prince William Henry, a pleasant boy with a taste for sports, later to become King William IV, the freedom of whose activities inspired the Americans with the hope of a kidnapping. On the nineteenth of October, to the popular rhythm of *The World Turned upside down,* Yorktown was surrendered with seven thousand men, and the Ministry abandoned all hope of continuing the war. Lord Cornwallis, exchanged for Henry Laurens, then a prisoner in the Tower of London, returned to New York. Arnold, for want of other occupation, concocted a plan to steal the journals of Congress, but his spies were betrayed by an accomplice. He himself was in constant danger of capture or assassination, and it was decided that he should go to England. Clinton provided him with a letter to His Majesty's Secretary of State for the American Colonies, Lord George Germaine, "earnestly commending him to his Lordship's countenance and protection." On the fifteenth of December they sailed, Arnold on board the warship *Robuste,* still endeavoring to persuade his fellow passenger, Cornwallis, that the war was not over, and Peggy, with the children and her servants, in more comfortable quarters on a merchantman.

II. The Fire-eater Comes to Court.

England's welcome to the dark little American adventurer was the matter of political allegiance. The supporters of the Ministry, whom adverse circumstances had greatly decreased in numbers, could excuse or tolerate. The Whigs, however, were unsparing in their denunciations of the purchase of this burdensome, blundering, American butcher's son and horse trader. The Ministers, faced by

defeat at home as well as abroad, received him kindly and listened to his plans. He was presented at Court, and won the intimate confidence of the King. The soldier of fortune and the harassed old monarch were united by the same passionate desire to retain the American Colonies in the Empire, on which the honor of both depended, by the same inability to face the shame of defeat. The Queen desired the Ladies of the Court to pay especial attention to Mrs. Arnold. The General's finances were strengthened by annual pensions of five hundred pounds for his lady and of one hundred for each child. He had many private conferences with the King, at whose request he set forth his plans for reconciliation and reunion. His *Thoughts on the American War* was based on the assumption, not wholly unfounded, that there were men throughout the Colonies not in sympathy with the new régime. Only under civil governments of their own would these loyalists take arms to reëstablish order.

"Nay," he insisted, "an American Husbandman will no sooner quit his farm and family, to become a common Soldier at six pence a day wages with rations, than an English Gentleman of £500 a year. He will not lend his hand to erect a military Misrule over himself and his friends, and put all his Property at the Discretion of an Arbitrary Police, that has cut the throat of the King's Interest wherever it has been set up." The new movement, he suggested, should begin with the conquest of the highlands of the Hudson, close to the base and commanding a favorably disposed region. At the same time, a new peace commission, composed of men of rank, statesmen, not soldiers, should reërect the legislatures and treat with the rebel government, whose members would prove amenable, he felt sure, could they be secured, "from the vindictive rage of the Multitude they have misled, oppressed and ruined, as well as from the resentment of the crown."

The plan interested the King, but a change in the government was imminent, and the nation, which would not have begun the war had it been experimentally minded, was weary of the conflict.

Germaine had already resigned. The most notable event of that statesman's marplot career had been his conviction of cowardice and insubordination on the field of battle. Now his place in the King's confidence was filled by another military scapegrace. The Ministry fell in 1782, and after a year of waiting and discussion, the peace was concluded. On a crisp November day, in 1783, the garrison of New York took to its ships, and Washington, with the ragged Continentals, came in behind them, marching down the Bowery to Broadway in the last review. Down to the harbor the procession moved, and took possession of the Battery. There the King's ensign still flew, and the last act of the long drama was to raise "Old Glory" in its stead. Here, however, there came a comic interlude, for the Britishers, watching delightedly from the water, had taken down pulleys and tackle from the flagstaff and greased the pole against all climbers. But a sailor with hammer and cleats made the ascent at last, and the new standard rose in the thunder of salutes. And through the subsequent toasting and feasting and fireworks, the fame of the apostate was prolonged in uproarious roastings and hangings in effigy. With perfect truth, Arnold could introduce himself to the inquiring Talleyrand as the only American who had not a friend in America.

In England, the Treaty of Versailles had ended his last shadow of military importance. The new Ministry protested against his employment and it was reported that they had exacted from the King a promise that British troops should not again be entrusted to his command. He could win personal friends among such as were not too scandalized to speak with him. There was a story that the Earl of Surrey, seeing him in the gallery of the House of Commons, had asked the Speaker to have him ordered out. There had been hot little controversies in his detraction or defense, at least one of which was carried to the field of honor. There were no insults, however, of which Arnold felt that he could with dignity take notice. He tried to renew the friendship of Silas Deane, who had come to London after the treaty. Deane, exiled and im-

poverished for his honesty, had allowed himself to be rescued by English agents, who had paid him liberally for writing a series of defeatist letters to friends in America where they were published to the Americans, as having been captured in transit.

Poor Deane had scarcely been established in his English lodgings, chatting with a number of gentlemen, when General Arnold walked in, unannounced. A few polite questions passed back and forth, Deane putting and answering them with as cold a civility as he could muster. Arnold begged him to come to dinner. Deane replied that it would be impossible for them to meet on the same terms as formerly, but expressed a hope that he might be able to call on Mrs. Arnold, from whom he had received so many courtesies in Philadelphia. The American press, however, gloating over the discomfiture of traitors, insisted on coupling the two men as "bosom friends," and kept Deane writing to Franklin and every one who might help, insisting that he had seen Arnold only the few times he had called in this abrupt manner, or passing through the streets in his coach. Deane wished to be known as an American still.

The General's little family found life in London much more expensive than in America, especially if one was to maintain one's dignity in the Court functions and the proper attiring of a Court lady, and the General was not a man to neglect his dignity nor to shun expense. Passing through Grosvenor Square in their carriage one evening, at about eight o'clock, a horseman swung in from the darkness, and with a guttural flood of threat and profanity, demanded their money, drawing a pistol from under his coat. Peggy was terribly frightened. The General shot forward from his seat in an effort to seize the man's arm through the window, but a sudden movement of the carriage jerked him away. The lights of another coach appeared, and the incident, a momentary flurry of angry voices and trampling hoofs, was over, as the rider wheeled and fled.

They visited Bath, and sought temporary retreats in the country. Peggy was much of the time saddened and unwell. A daughter,

Margaret, born in 1783, had lived but a short while. And a boy born in the following year and christened in honor of their royal patron, George, lived but a few weeks. Their desultory life of social contacts in London and in occasional visits to the country was suited neither to Arnold's temper nor to his modest fortune. His friend, Cornwallis, who had done as much to aid him as could be inconspicuously effected, was being urged by the new Ministry to assume the Governor-Generalship of India. There was a province, war-torn, wealthy and remote, an ideal field in which to rebuild his broken fortunes. In July, 1784, Arnold wrote to Commodore George Johnstone, a Director of the East India Company, who had served with distinction in both America and the East.

He had desired only a redress of grievances, the fire-eater insisted, and had taken his new stand only when definitely assured that the Crown had renounced all intention of taxing America. The candid must consider his conduct in the war "perfectly consistent with the strict rules of honor."

"Situated as I am, sir, unconnected and unsupported, having nothing to recommend me but my poor abilities as a soldier, I will notwithstanding venture to tender my services to the East India Company, provided I am honored with your approbation and patronage, without which I shall give up any idea of the matter. I am sensible, sir, it is a favor I have no right to ask or expect. My wish to serve the Company faithfully and make some provision for a numerous family is the only apology I can make for the request, and I trust from your Honor, politeness and good nature, you will think it a sufficient one."

Johnstone's reply was lengthy and filled with terms of admiration and respect, but it summed up the problem with broad finality in one brief statement of fact. "Although I am satisfied with the purity of your conduct, the generality do not think so. While this is the case, no power in this country could suddenly place you in the situation you aim at under the East India Company."

In the summer of 'eighty-five, the adventurer's only surviving

daughter was born and given the name, again in grateful deference to the royal house, Sophia Matilda.

At about this time, if a diplomatic anecdote can be trusted, Arnold made the acquaintance of the British Consul at Tangier to whom, having some influence at the Court of Morocco, he suggested fitting out some ships of war, with which the Emperor, who had yet no treaty with the United States, could prey upon the American trade. Arnold knew the trade routes and promised fortunes for all concerned in the business, but the Englishman, it seemed, who related the story for the edification of an American envoy, was above such crude persuasion. Arnold had friends but they could not help him. The wags jeered,

> "For camp or cabinet you're made,
> A jockey's half a courtier trade,"

But the humiliating deferences and dependence on rank and favor of a courtier's life were unsuited to his nature.

"I saw Genl. Arnold the other day at court," a visiting Englishman wrote home to his wife, "but his Lady was not there. I had a good sight of him; his name was called over, and he passed in a hurry; he is taken very little notice of. You remember the circumstance of his meeting a relative that was to leave him a fortune; I am informed the man is a capricious mortal, and has now changed his mind and is on no terms with the General, but has taken up his old relations again; however, as the chap was rich, I wish he would consider Mrs. Arnold, for by all accounts she is an amiable woman, and was her husband dead, would be much noticed, which at present it is impossible for them to do, except by one sett."

The General was still supporting Hannah. Ben and Richard and Harry were drawing the half pay of retired officers, but the two younger seemed to have no military ambitions. His efforts to secure a fuller reimbursement for his losses from the Board of Loyalist Claims promised nothing. It was necessary that he maintain the

household of an English gentleman and that the younger children be reared as the station demanded. There was but one solution, a return to the old trade he had learned so well, Canada, and the Caribbean Sea. There, thanks to the war, he would now have no competition from his former countrymen. Within a few months, he had a good deck under foot, with England behind him, the gray clouds of canvas overhead, adventure and opportunity on the broad seas that lay before.

III. Lord Lauderdale is Sorry.

There were airs and evidences of social prestige which Benedict Arnold, the rebel of New Haven, could not afford to display, but which Benedict Arnold, the English gentleman, could use at his pleasure. He revived, accordingly, the family coat of arms, with its lion crest. But in place of the old motto, "My Glory is on high," he chose two words from an Ode of Horace, "never despair," *"nil desperandum."*

Handicapped as he was by prejudice, the General was not fighting with his back to the wall, or suffering from agonies of conscience or from the prospect of what he might have been in victorious America. It was enough for him to hate America and all his enemies, to drive forcefully forward in his new environment, conscious, as ever, of the rectitude of his intentions. Only Washington seems to have realized that he was not suffering the torments of a mental hell, that he lacked that sentimental refinement called, in those days, "feeling." The persistence of the picture of Arnold's life as an Englishman, passing in a torment of morbid regrets, may largely be laid to the author of our Liberty Bell legend, the lurid young romanticist of the roaring 'forties, George Lippard. His new career was not completely a return to the old trade of New Haven. He was an officer now of the world's greatest empire, a commercial empire, a friend of its King and one of its merchants. Greatness was not yet to be attained in England, but Canada would

offer the field for a new beginning, and, this time in peace, he turned again to Canada for the making of his fortunes.

In November, 1785, the General's brig, the *Peggy,* dropped anchor off Halifax. A gentleman of that city announced his coming to Ward Chipman, the leading citizen of St. John. "Will you believe General Arnold is here from England, as he says, reconnoitering the country. He is bound for your city, which he will of course prefer to Halifax, and settle with you. Give you joy of the acquisition."

Ward Chipman, a lawyer and refugee loyalist from Massachusetts, had settled in New Brunswick, where he was to rise through sundry offices, to be President and Commander-in-chief of his province. Chipman was above prejudice or fear of popular disapproval, and a personal acquaintance with Arnold grew into a lasting friendship.

General Arnold, therefore, settled at St. John, where he was joined by Richard and Henry. He purchased a lot near the waterfront and built a store. His house was furnished in a style suiting his taste and importance, "mahogany four post bedsteads, with furniture," according to a subsequent inventory, "a set of elegant Cabriole chairs, covered with blue damask, sofas and curtains to match; Card, Tea and other Tables, looking-glasses, a Secretary desk and bookcase, fire screens, girandoles, lustres, an easy and sedan chairs, with a great variety of other furniture. *Likewise:* an elegant set of Wedgewood gilt ware, two tea table sets of Nankeen china, a variety of glassware, a Terrestrial Globe." Sometime in the year that followed, there was born to him a natural son, who received the name, John Sage, who lived, as he grew older, under the care of Richard and Henry Arnold, and who was to receive due provision in his father's will.

The General enlarged his business by entering into partnership with a merchant of St. John, Munson Hayt. In May he purchased a new ship, not yet launched, and watched her slide down the ways, christened the *Lord Sheffield,* in honor of the British econo-

mist and statesman who was successfully opposing the relaxation of the trade laws against the United States. Leaving his affairs at St. John in the hands of Munson Hayt, he sailed in her for the West Indian ports of trade.

Simultaneously, in the United States, his coming was a matter of interest and excitement. It was reported that he was preparing to enter an extensive smuggling trade with the land of the free. Liberated America exulted in a continual flood of reports of how "the American Syphax" was despised by all about him, "countenanced by none, excepting their Britainic and Satanic majesties and such of their adherents respectively, who are looking for promotion under their royal masters."

In the meantime, his affairs in England were in the trustworthy hands of Margaret Arnold, now as able a supporter in practical affairs as the other Margaret had been at New Haven. Peggy had not encouraged, in her letters to her family in Pennsylvania, the belief that she lived in subjugation to a monster in human form. "General Arnold's affection for me is unbounded," she would write, and, "He is the best of husbands." She found England cold and unfriendly without him, herself burdened with worries, with a lawsuit which, at least, she had the satisfaction of winning.

"My Dear and ever Honoured Papa:

". . . . I am still in the most unhappy state of suspense respecting the General, not having heard from him since the account of his ship's being lost. . . .

"I assure you, my dear Papa, I find it necessary to summon all my philosophy to my aid to support myself under my present situation.

"Separated from, and anxious for the fate of the best of husbands, torn from almost everybody that is dear to me, harassed with a troublesome and expensive lawsuit, having all the General's business to transact, and feeling that I am in a strange country, without a creature near me that is really interested in my fate, you will not wonder if I am unhappy."

She soon heard from him of his safety, and he returned directly to England from the Indies. A translation of the Marquis de Chas-

tellux' *Travels in North America,* highly offensive to Arnold, had appeared, and was now answered by a pamphlet of *Remarks,* which has been attributed to the aggrieved soldier of fortune, and which, if all of its religious and political deductions are not his own, must certainly have been the work of some one closely in touch with him. The little work is solidly hostile to the French in general and to the Marquis in particular. It declares in terms of the most positive conviction that Joseph Read contemplated treachery. It depreciates Washington, presents the victory of Saratoga as the only great American triumph and incidentally, mentions Gates as "the nominal conqueror of Burgoyne."

"Who would have enjoyed the blessings of this age," it inquires in reference to the failure at West Point, "the active, enterprising American Arnold, or the cool, designing, frenchified Washington?"

Together with this duty to fame behind them, with Edward and James and little Sophia, a healthy, handsome baby of whom her mother was extremely proud, they boarded the *Peggy* in the summer of 1787 for St. John. In August, they were comfortably settled in the handsome house on King Street. And early in September, another son was born, and named, a more substantial compliment to the reigning monarch, George. In Canada, they were busy, and had the pleasant sense of progress. Arnold invested in a schooner sailing for the West Indies, but touching at an American port, where it might have met with a very poor reception had his share in the venture been known. Congenial society, to be sure, was small, for the people of St. John took pride in their detestation of the traitor, and when these two were out on their rides together, the General and his lady found themselves a target for pointing fingers and unfriendly eyes.

They visited England in 1788. The General's friends there had fortunately persuaded him to insure the Canadian property, for during their absence the warehouse at St. John burned to the ground. Henry had been sleeping in the building at the time, and barely escaped with his life. There were voices from the crowd,

calling on Arnold to tell them if the fire resembled that at New London. The incident afforded excellent material for a scandal, and was seized upon for that purpose. General Arnold, according to the popular decision, had fired the warehouse to collect the insurance. Munson Hayt, whose partnership, like most of Arnold's business relations, had ended in mutual enmity, was among the frankest in declaring his opinion, and the General, some months later, brought suit against him for libel. Ward Chipman conducted the prosecution, and won his case. The Jury, however, allowed the plaintiff the satisfaction of only twenty shillings damages, and the legal victory did not alter the conviction that General Arnold had burned down his warehouse to collect the insurance. From every circumstance of the fire a hostile inference was drawn. Even from the narrow escape of Henry it was argued that he was waiting inside to give the fire the best possible start. Nine of the jurors were for allowing sixpence only. Hayt was a popular hero.

"The General, however," a citizen wrote to a friend in Boston, "bears all without showing the least symptom of discomposure, and would, I doubt not, if sentenced to the gallows, make his exit like a true Tyburn Nero."

In October, the eccentric old King lapsed into temporary insanity. His death would end the pensions to Margaret and her children and, as his affection for Arnold was universally counted among his peculiarities, there would be no hope of renewal. Margaret still suffered from occasional nervous attacks, during which her reason would sometimes leave her for days, and, no doubt, suffered from the rather violent methods employed by her physicians to relieve them. But time and the ever-present concerns of her husband or her children had strengthened and matured her. She was proud of her husband, immensely proud of her strong and comely children and of her ability to work for them. She had a courage and a sense of responsibility which the timid little Peggy of Philadelphia had never possessed. On her sister's advice, she decided not to increase her family further, that her health might

be spared for the children already in her care. She was still close to her family, especially to her father, writing to him long affectionate letters, filled with a mingling of family news and business detail.

Ever since the removal to St. John, Edward Shippen had hoped that she might come home to Philadelphia for a time. For months, the possibility had been planned, discussed and postponed. In the autumn of 'eighty-nine, however, the decision was made at last, with Margaret still hesitant to leave a husband perplexed by business cares, and the General urging his complete willingness that she should go. He purchased her a passage on the best packet sailing, and early in November, with her maid and one child, she arrived at New York. The parties which welcomed her home, at Christmas and through the spring months, were marred by an aloofness and coldness among many of the family, born of an exacting sense of patriotism or of a morbid interest in her tragic romance. She was no longer one of them. Crowds would gather in front of the house on Fourth Street to watch her enter or leave the door. There were rumors through the country that the British were plotting a new war of conquest, that their ships were watching the Eastern ports, and their agents arming the savages for a war in the west. In 1786, a little furore had been created when Arnold had crossed the border to visit a friend in Maine. Now there were tales that he had reviewed the Canadian militia at Detroit. He of all Englishmen would most desire the subjugation of the infant republic. To many, Mrs. Arnold might be a plotter of treason still, and her English airs and grateful, respectful references to "His Majesty" did not create a congenial atmosphere.

In April, Margaret left them for the last time, sailing to meet her husband at St. John, where that vindictive gentleman was busy with preparations for the libel trial against Munson Hayt. The outcome of the trial, in September, 1790, was but one indication of the disfavor by which he was held by his neighbors. Provincial disfavor, it appeared, was more robust and unqualified in its ex-

pressions than the snubbings that England had offered. Even Thomas Paine, his old enemy of the Deane controversy at Philadelphia, sympathized now with the traitor, who, he insisted, had been driven by ill-treatment to his fall. Paine knew what it meant to be an outcast in this age of easily outraged convictions. The property at St. John was sold, late in 1791, and the family sailed to make its home again in England.

"I have taken the liberty to send you a small parcel," the inveterate warrior wrote back from London to Ward Chipman, "containing flannel hose, socks and a pair of gloves, which I beg you to accept. Should you again be attacked with the gout, you will find them serviceable; I most sincerely wish it may be the case. I certainly would not, had I the power to transfer the disease to some of my *good friends at St. John.*"

Again a citizen of London, the General was no longer in the humor to listen in silence to honor wantonly aspersed. It had been by the advice of his friends, as he confessed, that he had at first ignored detraction. Since then, he had defended himself, once in print, and once in a court of law. The cartoonists still linked him to whomsoever they might wish to defame. Squib and lampoon still echoed the old, contemptuous distrust.

"Our troops by Arnold thoroughly were bang'd,
And poor St. André was by Arnold hang'd;
To George a rebel, to the Congress traitor,
Pray what can make the name of Arnold greater?
By one bold treason more to gain his ends,
Let him betray his new adopted friends."

Ill health had not improved the General's temper. He was rather a stout figure now, a short figure, limping from the old wound, gouty and testy, but as erect and broad shouldered as ever, but with bright, clear eyes in the lined face. He welcomed now the opportunity to defend his reputation upon the field of honor.

On the thirty-first of May, 1792, there occurred in the House of

Lords an acrimonious debate, which, a circumstance of no remark in itself, furnished the opportunity for the reëstablishment of wounded honor. The King's proclamation against seditious meetings was before the House, and James Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, having offered the only opposition to a vote of thanks to His Majesty, proceeded to the defense of his opinions in a heated discussion. The Earl's long face, with its heavy features, the thick curly hair, and the whiskers on his cheeks failing utterly to conceal a pair of large ears, with its strong chin and big mouth and large, deep-set eyes, showed a whimsical kindliness when not hardened by the expression of strong convictions. He was a shrewd, eccentric man of thirty-three years, with a fluent tongue, a furious temper and a broad Scotch accent. In the course of the debate his Lordship, with unpolished irony, declared his pleasure at the military promotion of the noble Duke of Richmond, for, he reasoned, if apostasy could deserve advancement he was the fittest man for the post, "General Arnold alone excepted."

When the report of the debate appeared, the Duke of Richmond publicly declared that were a satisfactory apology not forthcoming, only a hostile meeting could satisfy his wounded self-esteem. An explanation sufficed. The Earl declared that he had intended no reference whatever to his Grace's private character, that his criticism was wholly of a political nature. That the injury to the noble Duke had resulted in a challenge rendered it impossible for General Arnold to avoid the same recourse with honor. It was, moreover, an opportunity for him to manifest to the nation, in a most conspicuous manner, his consciousness of the justice of his intentions. His Lordship was temporarily out of town, and the days passed somberly for the General, and in trembling anxiety for his lady.

Lord Hawke ("who is the most respectable peer and our particular friend," as Peggy afterwards assured the family in America) volunteered his services, and carried to the Earl General Arnold's message offering the alternative of an apology or a meeting. The Earl had intended no reflection on the private character of General

Arnold in his rhetorical references to the depths of apostasy, but such an explanation was not here acceptable. An apology was refused. The *rencontre* was arranged to take place on the following Sunday, the first day of July, at seven in the morning.

The respectable peer, Lord Hawke, had taken part in the opposition to the Earl of Lauderdale in the debate over the King's proclamation, and his prominence in the business gave a certain political character to the encounter. General Arnold, as it might be argued, was moreover upholding the dignity of His Majesty. He was certainly on the popular side in the mere fact of his calling to account one of those troublesome Scotch interlopers who, greatly to the vexation of all good Englishmen, were taking a very serious interest in the government of the Isles.

Among the few who had a previous knowledge of the impending engagement was Margaret Arnold. Even before the challenge had been sent, the papers had announced the death of Arnold at the hand of Lord Lauderdale. But for this poor woman, with the "violent attack in my head" an ever-present possibility to wreck her peace, deprive her of memory and reason and perhaps, as it seemed, of life itself, for her was reserved to know all the facts of the offer of combat, its acceptance and the meeting. As eager as she was fearful to learn, she discovered the details. All that Arnold would tell or promise her was that he would do nothing rashly. "But I call all my fortitude to my aid," she confided to her father, "to prevent my sinking under it, which would unman him and prevent him acting himself. I am perfectly silent on the subject; for a weak Woman as I am, I would not wish to prevent what would be deemed necessary to preserve his honor." Peggy had learned to be a soldier's wife.

She was feigning sleep on a Sunday morning, when her husband rose quietly from the bed, dressed, and limped from the room, with his case of pistols under his arm. For her there was nothing but to wait, to listen to the ticking of the clock, and answer in agony the questions of the servants and the children. The men were meet-

ing at Kilburn Wells, a short distance out of London. They were on the field, face to face, at eight, watched by Lord Hawke and a surgeon, Charles James Fox, second for the Earl, and a surgeon, the faces hardened by a stern intensity.

Fox was to give the signal for fire. Lauderdale's pistol was empty. He had no intention of discharging it upon an antagonist for whom he had no personal enmity. Arnold, a dark figure before him, ominously rigid, had bitterness enough, and wrongs enough to avenge, and this was his first chance to avenge them in blood. But, as he must have known, to have killed his adversary would have consequences far worse than to have ignored the insult. A wound, and preferably a slight one, was needed. The word was given and Arnold's pistol rang out.

The smoke drifted and vanished in the fresh morning air. Arnold was glaring at the Earl's weapon, pointing in scornful silence at his body. Hawke, supposing it had missed fire, cried out to him to fire again. Arnold called on him sternly to fire. The Earl declined, explaining that he had no enmity toward General Arnold. In that case, Hawke suggested, he would have no objection to saying that he did not mean to injure the General's character. The big Scotchman, however, was now complete master of the situation. He refused to explain what he had said, and General Arnold might fire again if he chose. Arnold and Hawke protested that this was impossible. He must fire or he must apologize. He replied that he could not retract what he had spoken, but he was sorry if any man had been hurt by it.

"That is not a proper apology, such as I would make myself in a similar situation," and Arnold again demanded that he fire.

A brief conference followed, after which the Earl stepped forward and said, "I have no enmity against General Arnold. I did not mean to asperse his character or wound his feelings, and am sorry that General Arnold or any other person should be hurt at what I have said."

"Lord Lauderdale," the General replied, "I am perfectly satisfied

with your apology, provided that our seconds, as men of honor, will say that I ought to be."

The two seconds glanced at one another and agreed, heartily glad to see the affair ended. Arnold had not secured the retraction of the reference to apostasy, he had far from humbled the enemy. But the sense of victory was there, to ease the weariness that comes of pride's long conflict with contempt. As the gentlemen were leaving the field, a servant arrived with the message that Mrs. Arnold was terribly ill from anxiety for the General. At this the Earl expressed his concern and regret, and begged that he might be permitted to wait upon Mrs. Arnold with his apologies for having been the cause of her apprehension. The General, however, feared that she would be unable to receive a visitor.

With her maids struggling to force the glad news of triumph into her frightened mind, her white face staring from a window in the house at Gloucester Place, she was watching, perhaps, as the old soldier marched up the steps and through the door.

IV. The Last Call to Arms.

The General issued a bald and uncolored statement of the affair at Kilburn Wells, that the public might know precisely and in what manner honor had been upheld. Peggy was happy and proud. "I was confined to my bed for some days after," she told her father on the sixth, "but I am now so much better that I shall go out for an airing this afternoon. It has been highly gratifying to find the General's conduct so much applauded, which it has been universally, and particularly by a number of the first characters in the Kingdom, who have called upon him in consequence of it. Nor am I displeased with the great commendations bestowed on my own conduct on this trying occasion."

"Your father," she assured Richard, "has gained very great credit in this business, and I fancy it will deter others from taking liberties with him." In the long run, however, the duel accomplished noth-

ing whatsoever for injured honor. To dislike General Arnold was a part of one's ethics, and dislike was the mother of calumnies. It was reported in America, where one nobleman suited the purpose as well as another, that Arnold had been insulted at a Royal audience by the Earl of Balcarres, whom he had challenged.

"Why don't you fire, my Lord?" the traitor cries after discharging his own weapon.

"Sir," says the Earl, turning on his heel, "I leave you to the hangman."

The story eventually returned to England, where it served in good repute the moral embellishment of conversation.

On the first of February, 1793, the French Revolutionists declared war: war, again, and throughout England, the excitement and bustle of armed preparation. Ben was on the active list and would see service, but his father had no evidence on which to base a hope for the nation's reliance. Argument, by pen or sword, could not remove that cold distrust, and his pride would not allow him to invite a new rebuff. Privateering, however, was a likely and a patriotic investment, for which he had the taste and experience, and he put some of his capital into this risky business. But the forced inactivity of life in England was hard to bear, and he bought and fitted out a vessel for the West Indies. There were always trade possibilities in the sugar islands, and now they were to be, as they had so often been before, the prizes in a struggle for dominion. The French Republic would probably fail to hold these remote possessions and there would follow valuable captures and valuable trade opportunities. There would be confiscations and cheap buying from the government. There was certain to be upheaval and adventure, and the chance for an opening. Again the fire-eater sought the distant fields of conquest. His ship was on the Channel, and as the tides of war were varied in that quarter, he sailed himself by packet from an Atlantic port, in which good fortune was mingled with bad, for his vessel fell a prey to the enemy before she was in the open sea. He was bound for the

Leeward Islands that form the arched western border of the Caribbean Sea, from Porto Rico to Trinidad, and his immediate destination was the English island of St. Christopher—St. Kitts, they called it then—where Mt. Misery and its brood of wooded summits looked down around them on a rim of fertile pasture land and broad stretches of sugar cane.

He found the prospect favorable for business. He accepted an opportunity to take part in provisioning His Majesty's forces, which, in addition, were broadening the fields of trade. A small flotilla of frigates and lesser ships of war was cruising in the Leeward Islands, landing forces to attack the French garrisons, capturing first Martinique, and sailing thence for Guadeloupe. This little fleet was under the command of a seaman, who, if the song which the sailors sang of him can be relied upon for evidence, was an officer of distinctly superior talents.

"You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk,
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going:
All pretty lads and brave and rum
That seed much noble service;
But Lord, their merit's all a hum
Compared to Admiral Jervis."

The land forces with whom he was coöperating were under the command of a lean old soldier, a bald and long-faced, pompous English general, Charles, Earl Grey. Grey had distinguished himself in the American war in his bayonet surprise of Wayne's rear guard at Paoli, where, for his precaution against any random shots betraying his approach, he had won the title of "no-flint Grey." Brigadier-General Francis, and Major-General Thomas Dundas, formerly Colonels in Virginia, were with the force, and Colonel Simcoe, of the Queen's Rangers, was now Lieutenant-General and Commandant at San Domingo, not far away. Clearing the long

swells of brilliant sea, the fleet came down on the French islands of Guadeloupe, a line of smooth black hulls, each with its broad white stripe broken regularly by the square ports from which her cannon, tompion out, were scowling in readiness for battle, and over each a cloud of straining canvas, and above it, her flag, a flash of fiery color, the red cross of St. George of England. Down they come upon their prey, the green island with its cloud-crowned mountains, their copper sheathing flashing above the line of foam as they bend to the tack, the gunners at their posts, a gleam of lantern or match through the dark ports, the men crowded at quarters on the decks, with musket and cutlass, the officers on the quarterdecks with their cocked hats and sparkling epaulettes.

On the twelfth of April, Fleur d'Epée was stormed with pike and cutlass by Dundas' light infantry, and carried. Pointe-à-Pitre and Fort St. Louis fell, and, yielding to the tide of conquest, the remaining garrisons accepted honorable terms. Jervis and Grey returned to St. Christopher, leaving Dundas in command of the new possession. With the news of victory, Arnold set out for Guadeloupe to find what fortune might offer him. He carried with him some five thousand pounds in cash, largely the fruit of his work for His Majesty's commissary.

Fortune, however, held for him an event very different from a bargain in sugar or provisions. Hardly had the English ships departed than a French squadron came upon the scene at Guadeloupe, cruising its waters, landing the ranks of shaggy republicans, with their red cockades and tumultuous enthusiasm, capturing post after post, till only a handful of English were holding desperately to a narrow foothold. Hugues, with his French and his equally ferocious battalion of freed slaves, was attacked in vain by the French royalists and the English. The war subsided into skirmishing, reconquest hopeless unless the British could be well reinforced. In the meantime, General Arnold had sailed into Pointe-à-Pitre, to find himself in a French town, faced by the prospect of a French prison or, perhaps, guillotine. Instantly, he became Mr. John

Anderson, an American citizen. One must perforce wonder at the choice of pseudonym. The five thousand pounds multiplied as many times the danger of his position. With recognition or search an ever-present peril, he secluded himself and waited.

On the fifth of June, news of the victories of Hugues reached St. Christopher, and back to Guadeloupe came the fleet of Sir John Jervis and Sir Charles Grey, anchoring off the harbor of Pointe-à-Pitre. One dark night not long thereafter, a little raft was paddled to the side of the frigate *Boyne,* Jervis' flagship, and, in answer to the hail of the watch, General Arnold announced himself, ordered the men to be extremely careful in helping his baggage aboard, and climbed up with it to the deck. And Peggy, who had heard, of course, that he had been made prisoner, was soon relieved by the joyful tidings of his escape. The island, which had been a bone of contention between French and English for over a century, could not now be regained for Britain, and Sir John and Sir Charles confined their efforts to withdrawing the imperiled garrisons on the shore. They gave Arnold a part, and learned the value of his swift audacity in covering the retreat of some of the forces.

It was not until December, however, that Guadeloupe had been completely abandoned by its English invaders, and General Arnold did not wait to see the end. He was on his own again, cruising the islands in search of trade, St. Christopher, and the Isle of Pines, and Martinique, and southward to Grenada. In October, a clerk robbed him of a heavy sum. "I am extremely distressed," Margaret wrote sadly to Canada, "that your father is likely to be so ill-rewarded for all the risks he has run . . . there seems to be a cruel fatality attending all his exertions."

If business was disappointing, the General, for all his fifty-three years and persistent high living, was enjoying an unprecedented freedom from gout, "untouched by the yellow fever, of which many were dying," and taking a great deal of pleasure in his adventures. At one place, it is related, he was actually arrested by the French as a suspicious character and placed for security on board a prison

ship. Outwardly, of course, he was again the outraged American citizen, but he learned from a sentry that the story was not allowed a worthy credence and that he was suspected of being a British officer. Perhaps because of the lightening gray in his dark hair and his tendency to stoutness they did not guard him strictly. At all events, he found a few planks to serve as a float, slipped into the water one night, and made his escape to a British cruiser.

Through January and February, 1795, he was at Martinique, governed then by General Prescott, of Rhode Island fame, at the Town of St. Pierre, a flourishing little city, the foremost trading port of Antilles, the jungle-clad mountains smoldering ominously in the distance. Thither, from the fertile plantations behind, came sugar and cotton, ginger, indigo, chocolate and coffee, a wealth of merchandise for the dark hulls rolling in the harbor. But Arnold was again building up his capital by supplying the royal commissary, bringing a large part of his beef and other provisions, by obscure channels, from the United States.

Peggy, managing the family's affairs in London, heard from him at every opportunity. She was most worried now for Ben, who was with the forces in Jamaica, but from whom there had been no word for some time. Two letters to Ward Chipman at St. John, revealed the changes that time had wrought in the General and his lady. In one, Benedict Arnold speaks fondly of peace, and in the second, Peggy Shippen is writing sagely and pleasantly of business and politics.

"Martinique, 14th Jan'y, 1795.

"Dear Sir:

"A few days ago I had the pleasure of receiving letters from Jonathan Bliss and Ebenezer Putnam, who informed me my friends are all well, among whom I rank you and Mr. Parker. You will all, no doubt, be glad to hear that, after the variety of scenes I have passed through in this country, and some of them very hazardous, I not only escaped, but I am in the enjoyment of good health.

"You seem placed in a corner of the world where you are free from the alarms and misfortunes of war, which is a great blessing. I expect to embark

for England in April, considerably improved in fortune and infinitely more in health than when I left England; and though I have experienced the distress of burying two-thirds of my acquaintances in these Islands since I came out, I scarcely had an hour's sickness.

"I hope you have been fortunate to collect the few debts of mine left with you, and remitted to Mrs. Arnold.

"Sincerely yours,
"B. Arnold."

"London, Queen Ann's Street, East,
"4th June, 1795.

"Sir:

"Mr. Robbins having sailed sometime ago for America, I take the liberty of enclosing you the protest. The bill shall go through the regular form, and be returned to you to take proceedings. General Arnold is not yet returned to England, but I expect to see him in the course of a month. You have no doubt heard of the many wonderful escapes he has had, some of which could only have been effected by his uncommon exertions.

"With respect to politics, I am a miserable croaker, and ought not, perhaps, to touch them.

"The desertion of our allies places dear old England, in my opinion, in a very critical situation; and the late unpopular measure of bringing the Prince of Wales' debts before Parliament, added to the heavy taxes that must unavoidably be paid for the prosecution of the war, creates a great uneasiness at home. But at present, we certainly could not make peace upon honorable terms.

"I hear much of the gaiety of your little city, but find party spirit, especially among the ladies, still rages with violence. I shall always regret my separation from many valuable friends, among the first of whom I shall always reckon Mrs. Chipman. Please have the goodness to make my best compliments to her, and believe me, with much esteem,

"Yours, etc.,
"M. Arnold."

Arnold met with another heavy loss before his departure for England, and was busy for a while collecting every available debt. But when he at last set sail from St. Pierre, later than the longing Margaret had expected, it was a hope for the rebirth of fame and honor. He had seen active service again. He had obtained from the Standing Committee of West India Planters and Merchants a reso-

lution expressing their high appreciation of his work in provisioning the forces and in his assistance to Sir Charles Grey at the abandonment of Guadeloupe. Sir Henry Clinton had already been requested to make clear the honorable character of the West Point conspiracy and had acquiesced with courteous formality if without enthusiasm. Clinton was still haunted by the tragic outcome of the plot and could not regard Arnold as a friend. But now, with new proof of his loyalty and zeal, they might throw prejudice aside, and use him in some desperate venture.

Not long after his return to England, an agent of the government brought to his house the sword of a young British officer. One can see him take it in his hands, a rocklike firmness in the mouth and the deepening lines of his face, gazing upon it as if to count the scratches on the black leather of the scabbard and the brass and silver of the hilt. In October, 1795, at Iron Shore, in the Island of Jamaica, Ben had died of a wound in the leg. He had doggedly refused to allow the surgeons to amputate, as his father had done at Saratoga. The old General, despised beyond the assistance of his friends, outranked now by so many of his old subordinates of the American war, had proved his loyalty in the field and with the life of his eldest born. Give him now a few ships, a few men, a free rein, and he could turn the balance in the islands, and he knew it.

In October, 1796, Spain declared war, and by December, General Arnold had formed a plan by which to profit from this new enemy. A few ships of the line must be spared from home waters until the heavy naval armament of France and Spain in the southern seas could be overcome. As for the land forces, he could raise an army of his own around a nucleus of trained soldiers, as he had done in the American service and had hoped to do again under Sir Henry Clinton.

"I will pledge myself, with such a covering fleet as I have mentioned, and five thousand effective men, to begin operations; I will raise so formidable an army of natives, creoles, and people of

colour, that no force that Spain has there, or can send to that country, will be able to resist or prevent their freeing the country from the Spanish government."

Cornwallis brought the project to the attention of the Ministry, who considered and rejected it through an unwillingness to detach forces from the closer fields of action, where General Buonaparte was shifting the balance of power to France, and where the struggle must be decided, and because of the old distrust of the traitor. Should the reckless daring of the American bring defeat, a dangerous reaction against the government would follow.

From the first of June, in 'ninety-seven, the impatient fire-eater begged again for a command. Austria had been humbled by the French armies, and England's navy torn by mutinies. "Having had some experience in conducting naval, as well as Military Operations," he announced briefly to Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, "I think it my duty at this alarming Crisis, to tender my Services to your Lordship, to be employed as you may think proper. Whether they are employed or not, I presume my zeal for his Majesty's service will apologize for the liberty I take in addressing your Lordship."

A year later, in April, with the wave of French conquest overflowing into Egypt he offered himself, for the last time, a laconic plea to Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, then displaying a conspicuous lack of military talent at the head of the British armies, and, for the last time, was apprised that his services could not be accepted. And in that year, the only recognition of his services in the Caribbean, the King granted to General Arnold a tract of thirteen thousand acres in the barren wilderness of northern Canada. The requirement of residence was generously dispensed with. In June Margaret's last child was born, William Fitch Arnold, christened in honor of a friend of the family.

Thenceforward, as far as the public was concerned, General Arnold could be nothing but an object for curiosity, distinguished by a limp, and his large clear eyes, by a handsome wife and still

more handsome children. He was seen once in Westminster Abbey, with Margaret, reading the inscription on the monument that had been erected to André, displaying, the observer noted, a distinct lack of emotion. He divided his time, as usual, between London and the country. The family had still its pensions, but business was bad. Gouty and ageing, the General's speculative impulse had not left him. Privateers were fitted out at great expense, and, while they brought in prizes from time to time, the litigation attending their condemnation proved costly, and the profit was small. Arnold, moreover, was as ever unable to find a trustworthy subordinate, and his captains cheated him outrageously. Gloomy and sour, the old warrior never relinquished the hope of bringing in a fortune from the high seas. Margaret, with her father's deliberate conservatism, distrusted the business: "the *vile privateers,*" she called them, but not to her husband.

For her, unable to bear the snubs and morbid curiosity with her husband's stolid disregard for her, with her love of good things and good society, the struggle was harder. On their uncertain income, she must keep up with the best people of their acquaintance and rear the children according to their station. Lord Cornwallis was seeing that the boys were well placed in their military education and in the army. But anxiety and the strain of constant effort brought back repeatedly that nervous collapse, which seemed to bring death suddenly very near, and which the doctors were treating according to a theory that the cause lay in an excessive quantity of blood in the head.

Richard and Henry were struggling to wring a living from the soil of upper Canada. One by one, her own sons sailed away to the outposts of the empire. There was no thought of any other calling than the army. Even little Sophia Matilda was to become, at a post in Bengal, a soldier's wife. Tenderly, placidly watchful over the two young men in Canada, Margaret's pride and comfort was in her own five children and what she was making them. And despite the distances between them, the family remained bound together

in closest intimacy by an unselfish, an ingenuous and unconcealed affection.

Most difficult of all for her to understand and care for was that dark, determined gentleman, her General. "He is at present," she wrote, "in the most harassed wretched state that I have ever seen him." Gout and a disease of the lungs were tearing away his strength, but the physicians, sagely uncertain, did not disturb her with fears. Oppressed by cares and the anxious waiting that attended his ventures on the sea, he could sleep but little. His fortune would amount to nothing if the debts were paid.

In February, 1801, one of their privateers, the *Ferret,* brought in a Spanish vessel, said to be worth twenty thousand pounds. There followed a brief rest and exultation, until the new triumph had dwindled into the realization of a new failure. In the spring they moved again to the country. In June the General could not leave his bed, laboring for breath, his legs stretched stiffly before him in swollen agony, and Margaret, who had herself but three more years of life, realized that he was dying. For a while he assured her that he would soon be up again, out on his horse for some more long rides through the country. But hope subsided into careworn complaints, the fear that the family would be left without provision, that Hannah would lose her little pension, until there were only delirious mutterings to keep up the fight, to answer for the unconquered soul, until, at last, the tired voice had faded into silence.

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Bibliographies have two apologies to offer: they can show on what foundation a study is based, and they can suggest broader or more detailed views of the subject. In consideration of both of these objects, this list is composed of the principal books on which the work has been built, but with the inclusion of a few, such as Moore's *Diary,* Simm's *Trappers of New York,* and Elijah Fisher's delightful *Journal,* which have but scant reference to Arnold and yet deserve some favoritism because of their colorful pictures of scenes and people of his time. Many works of minor or of indirect importance in discovering the clues and penetrating the mysteries of the traitor's career have been necessarily omitted, and only the most important items in periodical literature are given.

Of fundamental interest, of course, are the manuscript sources, the Shippen papers at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Gates papers at the New York Historical Society, the Schuyler papers at the New York Public Library, the Pickering and Knox papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society, the military correspondence at the Library of Congress, and the wealth of varied material at these and other hospitable institutions. The Sir Henry Clinton papers at the William L. Clements Library, University of Michigan, containing the treason correspondence, are not yet fully prepared for public perusal. Among the published collections of manuscripts are Peter Force's *American Archives,* B. F. Stevens' *Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives,* the *Deane Papers,* among the publications of the New York Historical Society, and the *Writings of George Washington* and *Journals of the Continental Congress,* both edited by W. C. Ford.

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